This fast stepping 22-footer is one of the 1939 "torpedo type model" Chris-Craft that can travel at a 37-mile pace with a 135 horse power engine

VOL. LXIV

NO. 4

YACHTING

OCTOBER

1938

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Testimonial Dinner to "W. P."

ON the occasion of his 84th birthday, the Bayside Yacht Club tendered a testimonial dinner to one of the youngest men in the sport of yachting — W. P. Stephens, of Bayside, L. I. Generations have come and gone since "W. P." first took the stick of a sail boat or with equal skill picked up a pencil to write of the exploits of other amateurs. He went to the Centennial in 1876, in a canoe which he had built himself; he reported his first America's Cup race in 1885; he built his present boat, *Snickersnee*, in 1903; he retired from direction of *Lloyd's Register of American Yachts* a few years ago, and he is still a keen and interested yachtsman. At the dinner, which was attended by fifty members, Commodore Frank Koch and William H. Johns made speeches of welcome, while Herbert Podeyn spoke of the inspiration that "W. P." has been and still is to the youngsters of the neighborhood. The young man himself, his snow white hair belying the expression of youth which is incarnate in his pink cheeks and clear eyes, spoke briefly on the favorable changes in the spirit and the substance of yachting that he has witnessed in seventy years of participation. The dinner was a great success and there is every indication that it will have many happy returns.

\+ + +

New Gasparilla Club Plans Races

A group of sailors under Commodore Fletcher Cawthon has gotten together to form the Gasparilla Yacht Club, with headquarters at 309 Franklin St., Tampa, Fla. As an opening gun in the realm of sport the new club is sponsoring what it hopes will be an annual overnight race from Tampa down and around Egmont Key, a distance of approximately 65 miles. The first race is scheduled for 6:00 p.m. of Saturday, October 22nd, and the distance and other conditions are such that the contestants should finish between 6:00 and 9:00 a.m. of Sunday. About a month later, on November 27th, the Gasparilla Club will also inaugurate an annual 32-mile race from Ballast Point around Pinellas Point Light and return, the event to be divided into classes for cruising yachts from 25- to 40-foot over all length and for open boats ranging from 25 feet down to 16 feet. Besides Commodore Cawthon, officers of the club include Vice Commodore Oscar Davis, Secretary Richmond Starbuck, Treasurer O. K. Kickliter, and Sergeant-at-Arms James Dowling.

\+ + +

"Rissa" Wins Sullivan Trophy

Although Bromley Stone's *Teal II* scored a handsome win in the City Island Yacht Club's annual 150-mile race around Cornfield Lightship, beating her nearest competitor by forty minutes, sentimental interest in the event was captured by Seward De Hart's schooner *Rissa*, which finished first and so entitled her owner to one year's possession of the Walter Sullivan Memorial Trophy. Walter's death last winter terminated a career of intense activity and deep interest in the development of handicap racing, and the memorial trophy was offered by his clubmates in appreciation of his services. Special efforts which were made to turn out a big fleet for this year's double event to Cornfield and to Stratford Shoals were crowned with success when 41 starters crossed the line in four divisions. Eligible for the trophy, however, were only the nine contestants in the first division of the auxiliary class, and of these *Rissa* was the oldest and the most closely associated with Sound auxiliary racing. For more than ten years Seward De Hart has been racing her down the Sound and up, and if Walter Sullivan were here today he would undoubtedly remark out of one corner of his mouth that he was damn glad to see *Rissa's* name the first to be inscribed on the circlet of silver which surrounds the replica of his old yacht *Mopsa*.

\+ + +

Orienta Yacht Club Comes Back

For the first time since 1929, the Orienta Yacht Club, of Mamaroneck, N. Y., was host in a big way to racing craft from the western end of the Sound, and on a Sunday in August started and finished 98 boats in its annual regatta. Nearly all types, from Internationals down to Snipes and dinghies, were represented; but, thanks to a close finish between Lyman Smith's *Prudence* and Walter Cooke's *Norseman*, racing at scratch, the special handicap division furnished the biggest thrill. *Prudence* finished only one second behind *Norseman* but, having eight minutes tucked away in the leach of her mainsail, won with time to spare. Mamaroneck, by the way, is settling down to a fall and winter of pleasant expectations, the hope being that by next season harbor excavation and reclamation will have progressed to such an extent that the town will have itself a genuine marina. As is, what with local boats moored bow and stern, there's hardly room to swing a strange cat (var. *nauticus*); but if the improvements go through Mamaroneck will develop into an ideal harbor.

\+ + +

Storm Trysail Club Has Dilemma

The Storm Trysail Club, which began in a modest way last winter with occasional meetings in one of New York's Third Avenue eating joints, and with Geoff Smith, Fred Gardiner and other celebrities as its founders, is faced with a dilemma which may become serious. Some members wish to endow the club with a large burgee, a whopping big membership, and its corollary, a handsome mortgage; while others desire it to remain a friendly organization where men who have sailed under a storm trysail in blue water cruising may foregather and swap seagoing reminiscences. If the club goes pretentious, we'll be among the first to let you know.

\+ + +

Gar Wood, Jr., Mops Up

Outboard pilots from New York to Iowa participated in the annual Central Divisional championships of the National Outboard Association, at Chicago August 21st, but Gar Wood, Jr., son of the Detroit Harmsworth defender, led them around the course. Defending the Gold Cup (for outboards) and the Commander Eugene McDonald Trophy for the second and third times, respectively, young Wood scored 2400 points to win all but one event in the amateur division. He won in Classes A, B, and C, and Don Frazier, a student of Rantoul, Ill., took first in Class F. Art Wuellschlager, of Larchmont, N.Y., placed second in each of the four races to finish second for the Gold Cup with 2119 points.

Frank Vincent, a veteran of Tulsa, Okla., won Classes A and B in the races for "pros," with Paul Wearly, of Muncie, Ind., taking C. Bob Guttman, of Manitowoc, Wis., captured the Class F race. Eddie Pabst, of Oconomowoc, Wis., defeated Elmer Schneider, Jr., of St. Louis, in the Midget Class.

\+ + +

New Officers Elected

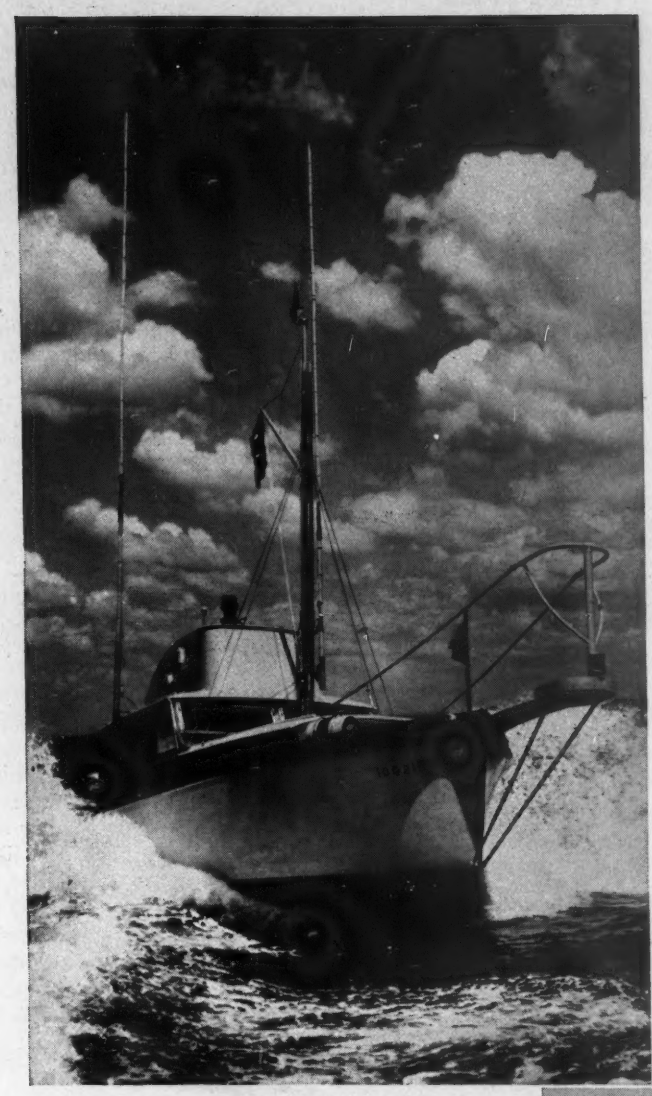
James Mullen, Jr., of Richmond, Va., a senior at Princeton, has been elected commodore of the Eastern Intercollegiate Outboard Association. Others chosen are: Vice commodore, Roy Straley, Georgia Tech; rear commodore, Bob Rowland, William and Mary; secretary, Miss Mollie Tyson, Temple University; treasurer, Jack Clarke, Williams.

CALENDAR

October 1 — "Columbus Day" Rendezvous of Cruising Club of America, Oyster Bay, L. I.
October 8–9 — Treasure Chest Hunt, 45-Foot Class, Los Angeles, Calif.
October 13–16 — International, National, and Sectional Championships for Moths, Elizabeth City, N. C.
October 22 — Egmont Key Distance Race, Gasparilla Y. C., Tampa, Fla.
November 27 — Ballast Point-Pinellas Point Light Race, Gasparilla Y. C., Tampa, Fla.

1939

February 11 — Lipton Trophy Race, Biscayne Bay Y. C., Miami, Fla.
February 14 — Miami–Nassau International Ocean Race, Miami Y. C., Miami, Fla.
February 18–22 — Southern California Mid-Winter Regatta, San Pedro Bay. (Tentative.)



Good news for FLORIDA FISHERMEN!

This year Elco has something special to offer sportsmen who plan to taste the thrill of deep-sea fishing and cruising down South on their own boats.

Through "Port Elco of Florida," a direct factory branch office at Miami, special facilities are available. You can inspect the superb new Elco Angler fishing models up North—*now*—arrange all details concerning the boat you want—and have your new Elco delivered through our Florida branch.

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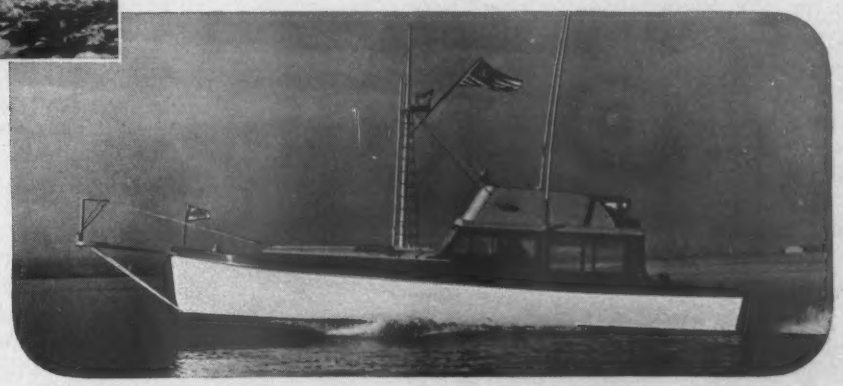
For full information on the new Elco sport fishing cruisers and the service offered at Port Elco—Miami, visit Port Elco of New York (where six new Elco models including a fully-equipped Angler are on display)—or drop us a letter.



(*Above*) **ELCO ANGLER 32**—a splendidly seaworthy smaller cruiser, with remarkably complete fishing equipment. (*Right*) **ELCO ANGLER 41**—a three cabin cruiser . . . able, spacious, ideally suited to extended cruising. These and other Elco Anglers are available with every conceivable feature or piece of equipment you might want for any type of big game fishing—developed to a high point of perfection through years of practical experience and the counsel of leading professional and amateur fishermen.

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★ ★ ★ ★

ELCO CRUISERS, INC. — *County Causeway, Miami, Florida*

IN THE WIND

N. L. TELANDER'S new cutter *Islander*, cruising on Lake Huron recently, had a hard 40-mile beat to wind'ard in a 25-mile breeze and everything got soaking wet. . . . Hans Kramer, who had stowed his dress suit case in the fore peak, was aware that a good deal of water had been shipped in that locality but thought nothing of it until at the end of the run he opened the bag and began to unpack. . . . His expression of bewilderment changed to one of dismay, then to horror as he removed the sopping contents of the limp and squishy bag while ribald shipmates offered an unsympathetic running comment on his predicament. . . . The last item he salvaged was a book, its pages sticking together, its cover warped — its title: *Roughing It*, by Mark Twain. . . .

And *still* Hans didn't see the humor of the situation. . . .

I gathered from the recent hexa-meter proceedings off Oyster Bay that "the *Goose* points high." . . . And lets the opposition go hang. . . .

Gordon (Stentor) Raymond has earned himself a new nickname. . . . He put a yacht aground in a long distance race in the Chesapeake (in the only spot she could possibly have been hung up in five or ten miles of close reaching), so he's now known to fame as "Ground-Gripper." . . .

Query by telephone: "I want to build a lighthouse on Lake Mahopac. Can you tell me where I can get the plans?"

John Barker, of Fall River, Mass., submits an AP despatch culled from the *Providence Journal* recounting how Clifford D. Mallory turned the tables on the Coast Guard by rescuing a chief boatswain's mate and three surfmen from the eastern breakwater jetty at Nantucket where they'd been stranded after their boat was wrecked. Incidentally, Commodore Mallory's yacht *Bonnie Dundee* is described in the yarn as an "auxiliary sloop," whereas she's a ketch-rigged motor-sailer. . . .

And speaking of *Q.E.D.*, which I did last month in no complimentary terms, I saw another horrific sight off the Dumplings at Newport the other day. . . . She is *Moby Dick*, of Saunderstown, R. I., and she looks like a sailing submarine — but maybe I'm just old fashioned; maybe everything *should* be exstreamlined in a world that's in extremis. . . .

LOBSTERS ASTOR'S GUESTS
ON VOYAGE TO BERMUDA

"Oh, lobsters come and cruise with us!"
The Vincent Astors said,
And so unto the *Nourmahal*
The glad crustaceans sped.
But many were live-broiled en route
And were their faces red!"

Don Houser, of the Buccaneer Yacht Club, down Mobile way, suggests it didn't make much difference *what* they called the sticks in the seven-masted *Thomas W. Lawson* "as she made all her cruises under tow except the last one, when she cracked up on her first voyage under sail." . . .

His informant on the matter, he adds, "has a very large picture of her with all her lowers set and from the looks of her it was a miracle if she tacked in anything under about 14 points. She had so many masts she looked like a picket fence." . . .

The late A. Lincoln, of Springfield, Ill., filed application for a patent on "a new and improved manner of combining adjustable buoyant air chambers with a steamboat or other vessels for the purpose of enabling a draught of water to be readily lessened to enable them to pass over bars or through shallow waters without discharging their cargo." . . .

Nothing ever came of the scheme, but later on, when some critics suggested that it might be a good idea to lessen General Grant's drafts of whiskey, Abe came back with the celebrated crack about wishing he knew the brand so he could send it to his other generals. . . .

Swordfishermen are going to take up fencing before next season, I understand, because of the dexterity that's been manifested by their game during the past few months, when the finny tribesmen have been sticking their double-edged blades into boats and vulnerable portions of the enemy's anatomy at an alarming rate. . . .

Roy Chapman Andrews, of the American Museum of Natural History, is aroused about the situation because he discovered only last July that swordfish is edible, not to say delectable, and he doesn't want the supply cut off due to the hazards involved in the capture of the belligerent creatures. . . .

"Able-bodied, robust Americans unafraid of the Antarctic and work" have been invited to join a whaling expedition initiated by the Western Operating Corporation which is sending the American-built "factory ship" *Ulysses* and ten Norwegian 140-foot "chaser boats" after the leviathans for the three-month season starting December 8th. . . .

Americans, who were tops in the whaling industry when it flourished nearly a century ago, will be outnumbered 3 to 1 by the squareheads in the personnel of the expedition because the lads from the Scandinavian Peninsula have made themselves masters of the art of modern whale-fishing. . . .

Blyth Young, of Ottawa, says I ought to stick to the channel and not venture over the shoals of the unfamiliar. . . . He points out that in my reference to Jascha Heifetz last month I implied that the eminent virtuoso was a conductor because I referred to his "magic baton" and assumed it might supply the direction for the rudderless little boat in which he was pictured. . . .

Now, I was quite aware that Mr. Heifetz is a violinist (perhaps the world's greatest) but I bet he's conducted an orchestra *some* time or another, however informally, and I couldn't have applied a "magic bow," as Mr. Young suggests, to a stern. . . .

Solenta, the Bermuda entry in the international hexameter proceedings, wasn't trimming 'em. . . .

Caption for a photo in a contemporary sports mag:

One of the crew climbs the mast to fix the *jib cable* during the races for the L. I. Women's Yachting Championships at the American Yacht Club in Rye, N. Y. . . .

And, meantime, what was happening to the anchor halliard?

That quick maneuver of George Nichols which caught the Brothers Trimingham of Bermuda napping (or so it seemed to me) but which resulted in the Committee's disqualifying *Goose*, was reminiscent of an incident of the "J" Classic on the occasion of Tom Sopwith's first visit, but in this case there were no sequent hard feelings. . . . George and Eldon, the two rival skippers, went in to hear the verdict arm in arm. . . . Captain Nichols later remarked with a philosophical smile: "'Tis better to have luffed and lost than never to have luffed at all." . . .

So all the way from the Vineyard to Nantucket this omniscient skipper kept telling his fair freight (the gal who tells the yarn) that even *she* might aspire to becoming nautically efficient — that the difficulties involved in developing into a crack sailor are very much overrated and mostly lugged into the discussion by the second raters — that, in fact, there are only four things you have to know to be an expert. . . . What they were this gal never did find out. . . . But when she got ashore she made a tactful inquiry as to his reputation for proficiency, only to be told (as she rather expected) that in those latitudes he was known as "The Menace." . . .

Here's to the new rendezvous of the Cruising Club — Oyster Bay — with regret that the fall festivities were too late for chronicling in this issue. . . .

The model of *Ranger*, fashioned by the expert hands of Joe Appleton, nearly suffered the same fate as her big sister on her maiden voyage. Proceeding (in a truck) from Brooklyn to the New York Yacht Club, she parted a shroud and Joe feared the mast might go by the board at any moment. Fortunately he got things under control and the model safely berthed in her niche of fame. . . .

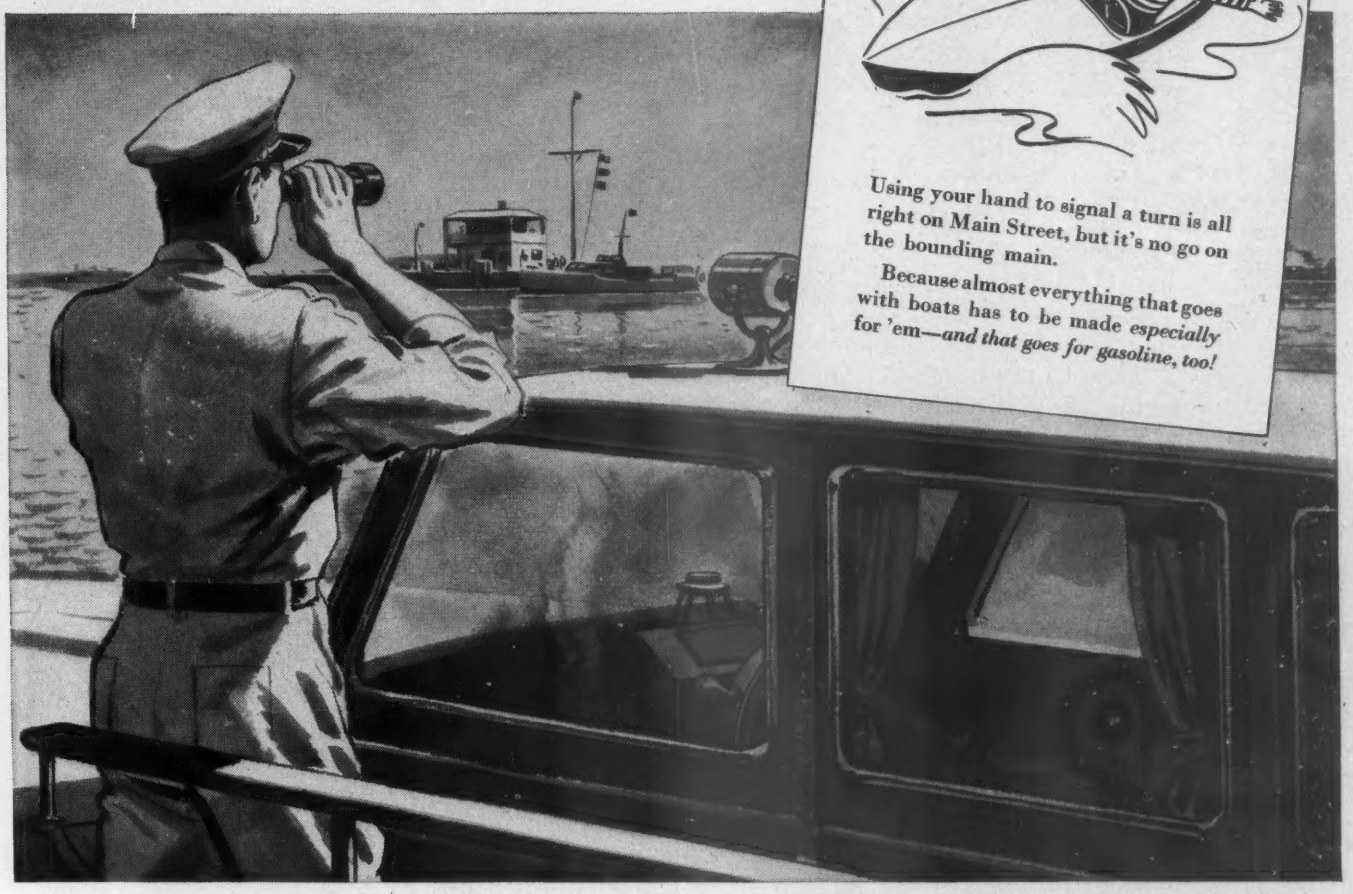
New Bedford's whaling industry probably was at its peak about 1860 when there were upwards of 330 vessels and 15,000 men engaged in the fishing. . . . In Frank T. Bullen's "Cruise of the Cachalot" the bark *Bertha* was the actual heroine. . . . She and *Morning Star*, *Morgan* and *Wanderer* were the last of the grand fleet. . . .

(I'm aware that I'm laying myself wide open to a challenge from the Old Dartmouth Historical Society — and here's hoping.)

At Sea. . . . A passenger aboard this Bermuda packet has just inquired if that's Nantucket Shoals Lightship we're abeam of now, so I wasn't surprised when "Scotty" Milroy, the chief engineer, informed me he had been mistaken for the hostess on the cruise. . . .

TELLTALE

GOOD-BY LANDLUBBER GASOLINE!



Using your hand to signal a turn is all right on Main Street, but it's no go on the bounding main.

Because almost everything that goes with boats has to be made *especially* for 'em—*and that goes for gasoline, too!*

GULF MARINE WHITE is *one* gas that's designed for *one* purpose only... to make marine engines run better and safer.

Right from the start Marine White has been engineered to deliver more heavy-duty power, more quick, easy starts, than any other gas afloat!

But the main thing is—*Gulf Marine White won't form hazardous gum in your copper tanks or fuel lines!* Why? *Because it can't.* Gulf Marine White is chemically inert with copper.

Mind you—this swell marine fuel is no more expensive than conventional "auto" gas. So why buy anything else? Say "Good-by Landlubber Gasoline" and "Hello" to better, safer operation—at the Sign of Gulf Marine Service anywhere on the Atlantic Coast.

P. S. Gulf Marine White works mighty fine in blow torches and for general shipboard purposes.

One of these evaporating dishes (A) was filled with ordinary gasoline, the other (B) with Gulf Marine White Gasoline. A piece of copper wire was placed in each and the gasoline allowed to evaporate. Note the gummy residue left by the ordinary gasoline... and note that Marine White, because it is absolutely chemically inert with copper, left not even a trace of foreign matter!

GULF MARINE WHITE GASOLINE

Use GULFPRIDE MARINE OIL—Ace companion to Marine White Gasoline and to Gulf Marine Diesel Fuel (SOLAR)

THE AMERICAN SHIP "SEMINOLE"

By CAPTAIN PHINEAS B. BLANCHARD

WE HAVE been seeing quantities of ship pictures in recent years in galleries and art dealers' windows, and many more keep appearing. Ships dashing through and over foaming billows, some carrying enough canvas to take the sticks out of the vessel if she didn't completely roll over first, evidently painted in response to a demand, real or imaginary, for pictures "with lots of action."

Your deep water sailorman whose memory goes back to other days, the days when the ships were here in great numbers, is apt to be critical, to say the least, of representations of phases of sea life that were a large part of his own. He wonders if some of the artists painting sailing ship pictures today ever really saw a ship at sea, or even in port, or whether they have simply "gone down to the sea in books." But I am digressing from the purpose of this article, which is to call attention to the picture by Charles R. Patterson reproduced as the frontispiece of this issue of YACHTING.

This, to my mind, is primarily a sailor's picture, painted by a man who knows his subject from first hand experience. I was instinctively drawn to this canvas and my memory went back to the days when sights such as these were common. Common! Yes! But never uninteresting.

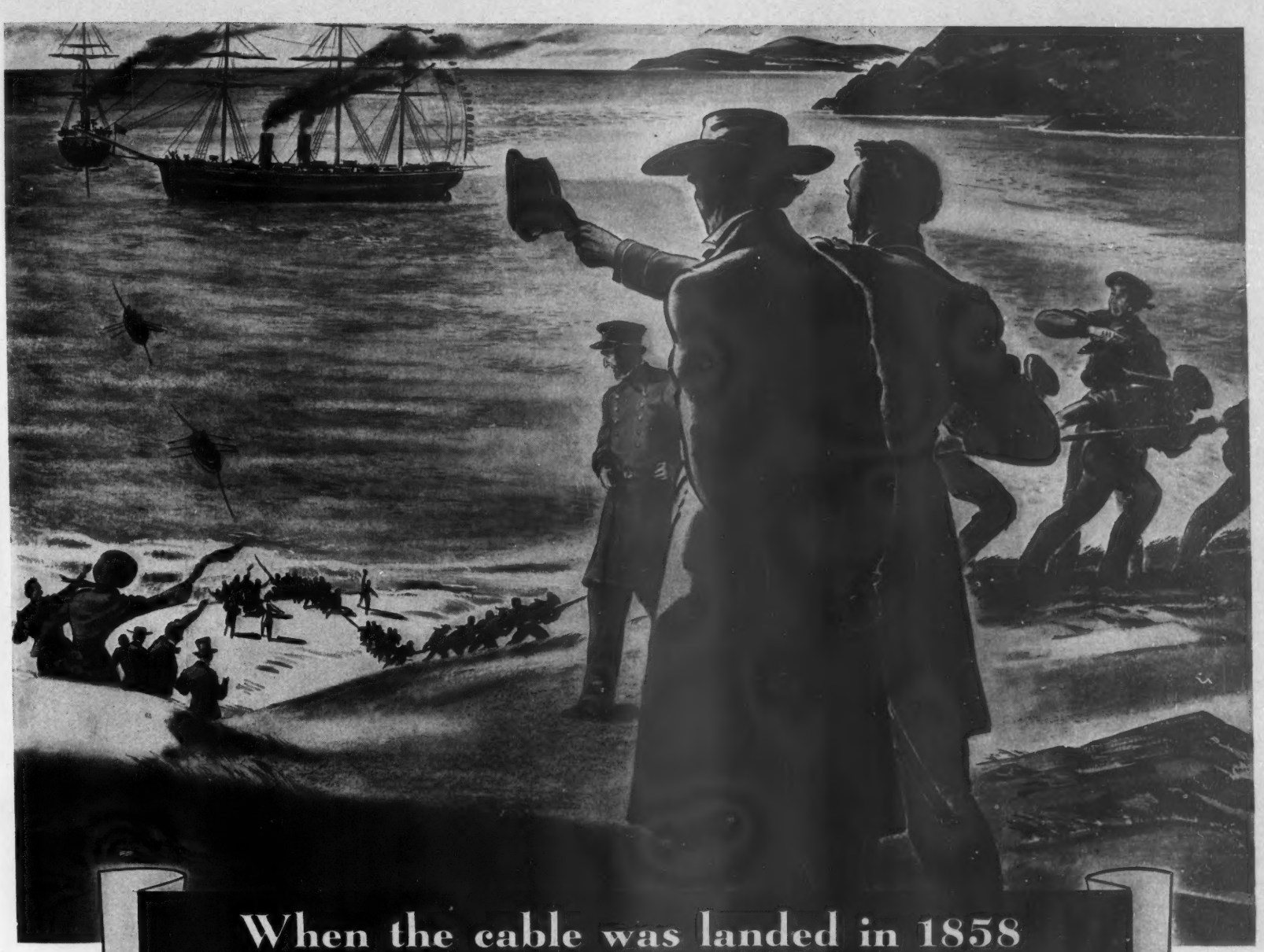
Here Mr. Patterson has shown the American ship *Seminole* outside Sandy Hook in the late afternoon of a day near the end of May, 1887. The ship, probably bringing china clay, or chalk, from England as ballast, is bound to New York to load general cargo again for San Francisco, around Cape Horn. With yards braced up to a dying breeze, and little more than steerage way on, the skipper, having just driven a bargain with the towboat captain, is pleased to see the tug begin to take up the slack on the hawser, though he may not show his pleasure. Over the ship's weather quarter, making up on the horizon, are indications of impending change in the weather, an added reason for his satisfaction.

Several factors in this painting make for historical interest as well. In the middle ground we see the old White Star liner *Baltic*, still able to set a lot of canvas, while in the foreground is shown the tugboat *E. Luckenbach* owned by the Luckenbach Company. At the right of the picture a coasting schooner is drifting away to the eastward. In those days schooners were numbered by the hundreds and played an important part in the economic life of the seaboard states.

The ship *Seminole* was built especially for the California trade and, until she was sold on the Pacific Coast, late in 1887, all her outward voyages were from New York to San Francisco. Launched in July, 1865, at the yard of Maxon, Fish & Co., Mystic, Connecticut, the *Seminole's* model closely approached that of a medium clipper; more so, in fact, than did the models of many later day ships, often, in error, called clippers. In her prime she carried studding sails and had a good turn of speed. She disappeared from the register about 1900.

While great changes have taken place in life ashore, still greater and more revolutionary ones have come over practically all phases of life at sea. There is little afloat today to bring back memories of sea life of even thirty or forty years ago. Sail and sailing craft are confined almost exclusively to yachting, and undoubtedly more and more sailing yachts are being built each year.

[*Captain Phineas B. Blanchard was born at sea on board his father's vessel, the "Wealthy Pendleton." He had three brothers, all of whom were also born at sea and afterwards became shipmasters. He was captain of several deep water sailing vessels, the last one being the ship "Bangalore." Captain Blanchard is actively engaged in the stevedoring business in New York, is a member of various marine societies and a member of the Board of Governors of Sailor's Snug Harbor. Ed.*]



When the cable was landed in 1858 Atlantic was 16 years old

"Universal Shout of Joy"

When Cyrus W. Field's efforts to lay a trans-Atlantic cable were finally successful "the entire country gave way to rejoicings. Bells were rung, business ceased, illuminations sprang up, the press became jubilant. Rarely has there been heard so universal a shout of joy."

Service was inaugurated with a congratulatory message from Queen Victoria, to which President Buchanan replied.

The cable proved unsound, however, and ceased to function within a month. With the Civil War intervening, it was not until eight years later, in July, 1866 that a new, improved cable was successfully laid.

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THE landing of the first trans-Atlantic cable at Trinity Bay, Newfoundland and at Valencia, Ireland on August 5, 1858 found Atlantic well established in the insurance of ocean hulls and cargoes.

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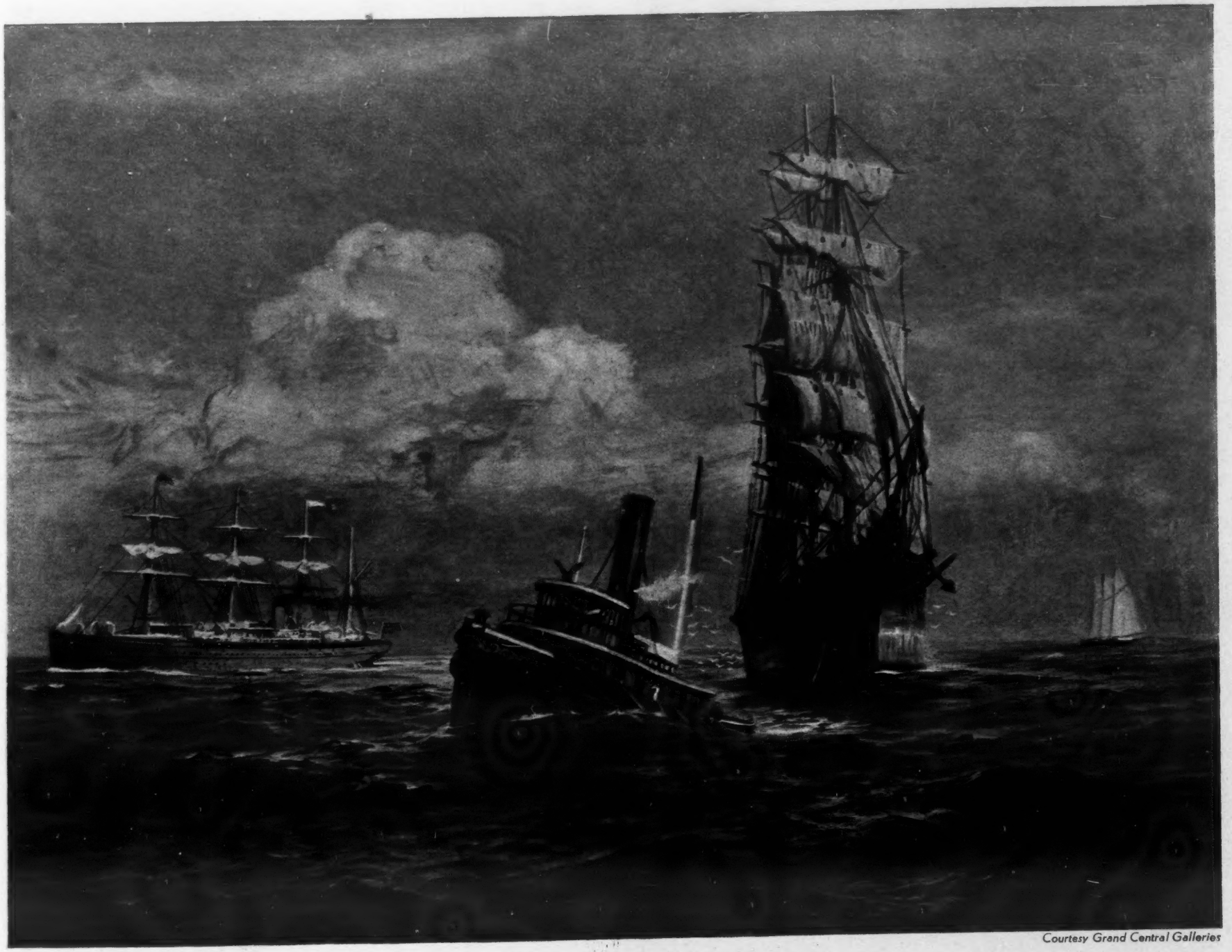


Courtesy Grand Central Galleries

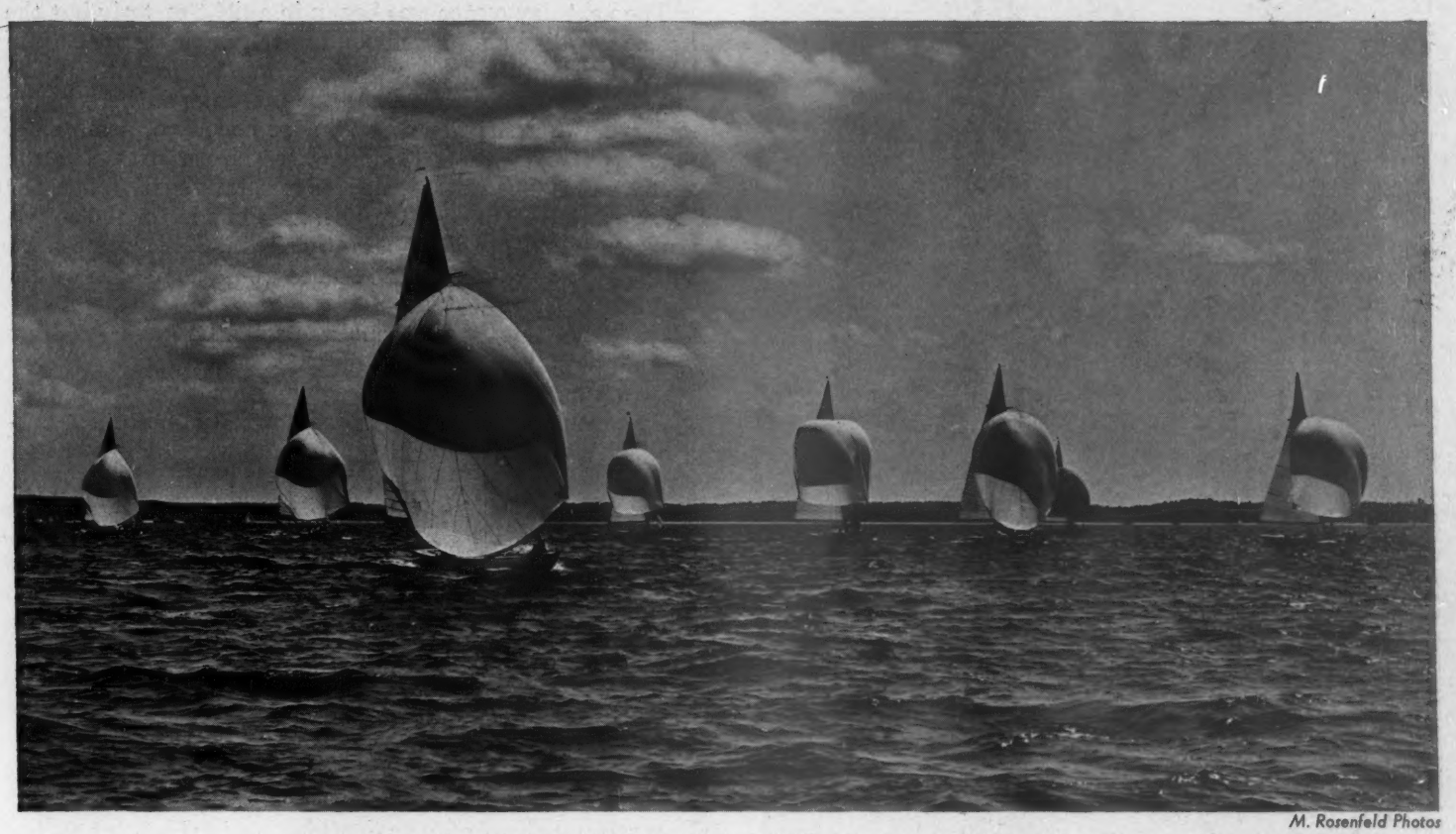
MAKING PORT

The American Ship "Seminole" Outside Sandy Hook

From a Painting by Charles R. Patterson

YACHTING

Volume LXIV OCTOBER + 1938 Number IV



M. Rosenfeld Photos

H. S. Morgan's "Djinn" leading the fleet of "Sixes" in a race off Oyster Bay

FOREIGN "SIXES" DO BATTLE ON SOUND

Scandinavian Gold Cup, British-American and Seawanhaka Cups at Stake off Oyster Bay

By ALFRED F. LOOMIS

THERE used to be a saying in England that a good way for the British to win an Anglo-American match was to shoot Sherman Hoyt with the starting gun. But the redoubtable Sherman was not on hand in the three series of international Six-Metre races which brightened the closing days of the season at Seawanhaka to the exact extent that they darkened the prospects of the overseas contenders, and so the old saying no longer applies. The difficulty is more deep-rooted than it used to be, and wherever I lend an attentive ear I learn that it is not so much a matter of sailing as of towing — towing scale models in an experimental tank. All our bright designers tow models in a tank and the best of the Europeans do the same in equivalent tanks. But they're off on the wrong tack. What they ought to do to defeat our boats is tow Olin Stephens and Billy Luders in a double tank. It wouldn't take long. Five minutes at the outside.

Now take the match for the Scandinavian Gold Cup which, on August 27th, inaugurated the lugubrious proceedings at Oyster Bay, Long Island. The defender was *Goose*, designed by Olin and owned and sailed by George Nichols. Nichols is a past master in the art of racing, but so, when you come down to it, is Eldon Trimingham, who sailed the British challenger *Solenta;* and so also is Sven Salen, who tooled *Fågel Blå* around the course. While we're on the subject, Rolf Svinndal, helmsman for the Norwegian Crown Prince's *Norna VI*, and E. Olofson, who skippered G. Kyntzell's Finnish entry *Anitra II*, are not at all bad at racing "Sixes." *Norna VI* won the One-Ton Cup before coming over here, and *Anitra II* was runner-up in that important contest. But when the four challengers met *Goose* in their individual efforts to win three races, they were unanimously goose-egged and so permitted the Gold Cup to remain for another year in Seawanhaka's trophy locker.

In the match which, on September 8th, succeeded the Gold Cup, three Scottish "Sixes" were added to *Solenta* to comprise a British team, and three American boats joined *Goose* in defense of the British-American Cup. Then implications tended to show that Luders is no less deserving of being towed in an experimental tank than Stephens. For although *Rebel*, owned by Paul Shields and sailed by his brother Corny, was the only Luders-designed "Six" in a quartet otherwise composed of Stephens boats, she succeeded in finishing first in one of the five races which comprised the match and in piling up the highest score for the American team. The Americans won the match, four to one, but we can come to that later.

As I write this, the Seawanhaka Trophy match, the third important event of Long Island Sound's international racing,

"Fågel Blå," the Swedish challenger, was sailed by Sven Salen, one of his country's outstanding helmsmen

has yet to be sailed, but the Editor has kindly promised that if the ceremonies are concluded in time he will summarize the series on a page which goes to press at the fifty-ninth minute before publication. All indications point to the victory of *Goose* over *Circe* but, as prophecy is a mug's game in yacht racing, I commit myself no further.

Returning now to the Scandinavian Gold Cup and, in fact, backing up a year for atmosphere and a little warmed-over excitement, it was successfully defended in 1937 by Briggs Cunningham's *Lulu* in the seventh race of an unusually closely contested match. *Lulu* won the first heat in that event but sailed five difficult races more before she got another winner's salute from the attendant fleet. At that juncture the score stood two races each for Finland, Sweden, and the United States. The conclusive race was sailed in half a gale of wind and, while *Lulu* led from the start, the heat was fraught with the uncertainty which always attends a contest between the frail gear of racing boats and the wind's lusty strength.

So much for past performances. With this record to build up from, the return of Scandinavia to the fray and the addition of Bermuda promised the finest type of racing. I may as well admit that I wasn't on hand the first day of the Gold Cup match and that I only know by hearsay that it wasn't half bad from the interest standpoint. At least, with *Goose* leading at the leeward mark, the coincidence of a sharp squall made spinnaker trouble, so that when the flurry passed by she was at the bottom of the fleet. This gave George Nichols opportunity to demonstrate his skill when the need was great, and one by one he climbed through his competitors to win with a margin of two minutes over the last of them to be overtaken — *Solenta*. *Anitra II*, the Finnish entry, made (as it eventuated) her best showing of the match by finishing next to the Bermuda boat, while Sven Salen came fourth in his *Fågel Blå*, and *Norna VI* was disabled in the final leg.

The next day a race was begun in a light easterly but the breeze dawdled and dwindled, and the affair was called off when *Goose*, in the lead, was three minutes from the finish line. She crossed with a bit of red bunting in her rigging indicating that she was protesting somebody or something. It proved to be the latter, for her skipper protested the course and claimed that it was longer than the 2⅓ miles per leg stipulated in the deed of gift. Had one leg of the course not been too long, the disputant claimed, *Goose* would have finished within the time limit and so would have been within one race of victory.

However, the disagreement was smoothed out, for they have a taurine abhorrence of red rags in international racing at Seawanhaka, and go to unimaginable lengths of diplomacy and persuasion to settle disputes informally and off the record. I know not what blandishments were employed to soothe the embattled bosom of the protestant, although I do know that if the reporters had been asked for an opinion they'd have said the match was already in the bag, so why bicker over another day of sailing?

And now on the third day of racing — this time in a 10-mile east northeasterly — *Goose* won her second race and gave rise to the impression that it would have been a fine series if the challengers had been permitted to fight it out among themselves. The Finnish entry got the start, being close to the line and at the windward end with the gun, and the defender's position at this important moment was as poor as *Anitra II's* was good. Yet, twenty minutes later, *Goose* was out ahead of *Solenta*, which, up to this point of the match had given her the closest competition, and, a short while after, when the three Scandinavian "Sixes" overstood the windward mark, the Nichols boat's lead was well established.

Again the red bunting fluttered from *Goose's* shrouds as she approached the committee boat *Ilse III*, and this time her protest was countered by the Finnish "Six," the altercation involving tacking room on the first leg of the standard Gold Cup windward-leeward-triangular course. It happened that among the dignitaries who comprised the special committee in charge of the match there was none who spoke the Finnish language with consummate ease, and that in Mr. Kyntzell's crew there was only one who had more than a smattering of English. But this one, meeting informally with Nichols and an aide-de-camp, had recourse to the rule book and the difficulty was amicably adjusted.

Thus the result was unchanged and the score stood two for the defender and none for the challengers at the outset of the fourth day's meeting. This, the third and last race, came mighty close to being an exciting one. The air was light from the south southeast when the competitors started from a line off Greenwich Point. *Norna VI* got the start and, with the Swedish boat, the American, and the British to leeward of her, began a long starboard tack down the center of the Sound. The Finn, starting a few seconds late, promptly tacked to port on a wind- or luck-hunting venture toward the Long Island shore. Presently the Swede tacked and crossed astern of the Norwegian, pursuing the Finn's tactics but demonstrating a higher ability in cashing in on them. When, after a slow fifty minutes, the competitors closed with the windward mark, the Swedish *Fågel Blå* had the lead, closely followed by *Goose* and then after a few seconds by *Norna VI*. The Bermudian *Solenta* had not done well in this extremely light going and rounded fourth, followed after a wide interval by the Finnish *Anitra II*.

"Vrana," owned and sailed by J. H. Maurice Clark, was a member of the British team. Upper right, George Nichols' "Goose," winner of the Scandinavian Gold Cup. Right, F. T. Bedford's "Fun" was handled by Briggs Cunningham and an exceedingly able crew

On the spinnaker run home, *Goose* jibed three times in her attempt to gain the lead and came within three seconds of so doing, rounding the leeward mark for the second beat that much astern of *Fågel Blå* with *Norna VI* fifteen seconds later. Now a shift of tacks eliminated Sven Salen from his leading position and placed the Norwegian on top of *Goose.* But the ball game was over when, in a freshening breeze, *Goose* worked through *Norna's* lee and beat her to the windward mark. In the remaining two reaches of the triangular section of the course, she widened out length by length and finished thirty seconds ahead, with *Norna, Fågel Blå, Solenta* and *Anitra* following after.

One of the stipulations of Gold Cup racing requires every competitor who has not won a heat to withdraw at the end of the third race. Another requirement places victory with that boat which wins three races. I'm not sure whether *Goose* retained the cup because she won three races or because all her competitors were eliminated for not winning any — but at least she proved that she was in a class by herself when the series ended.

Hope springing eternal, the spectators no less than the participants arrived at Seawanhaka's perennial rendezvous off Center Island buoy on September 8th for the start of the British-American match with the thought that something more thrilling than a game of mumble-the-peg would now commence. You don't catch an aggregation of Scots freighting three wee boats across the Western Ocean unless they expect to go places in them, and the "Sixes" which they

(Continued on page 103)

THE A.P.B.A. GOLD CUP TURNS TO BRASS AGAIN

Count Rossi's Fast "Alagi" Only Boat That Stayed Together for 90 Miles at Detroit

By EVERETT B. MORRIS

TRADITION and the glamor that grows around the event with the passing years, like ivy on the walls of a college hall, have made the annual race for the gold-plated silver urn that bears the impressive name of the "American Power Boat Association Gold Challenge Cup" preëminent in this country's speed boat sphere.

The pity of it is that the race itself so seldom is worthy of either its elaborate setting, deafening ballyhoo or the prominence it achieves.

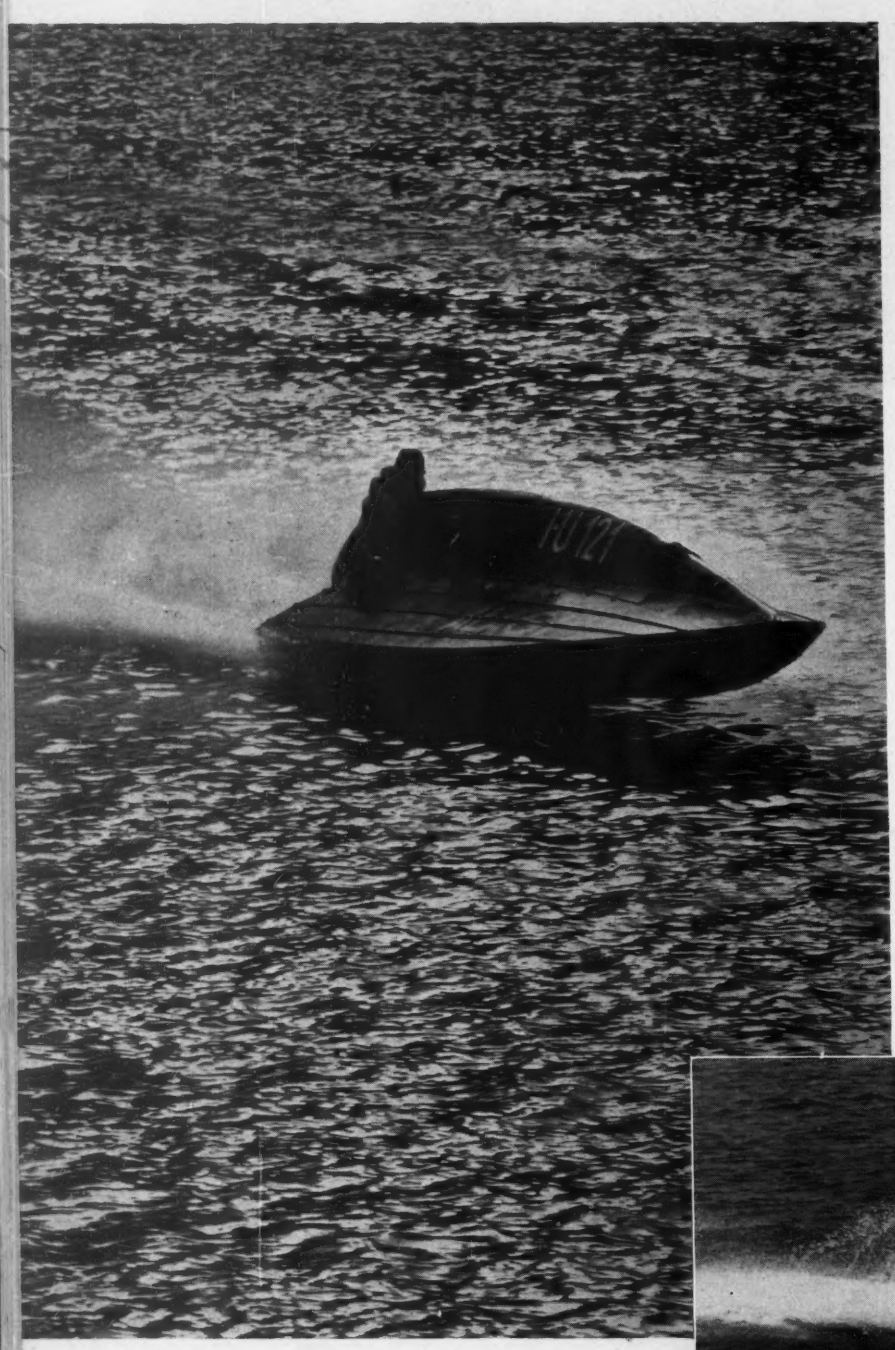
The thirty-fifth race for the Gold Cup at Detroit on Labor Day was no exception. It fell into the pattern that has become familiar ever since the class lifted its restrictions and gave the boys free rein in hull design and construction and the "souping up" of engines in an effort to match European success in the Twelve-Litre hydroplane category.

For ten miles it was a boat race that aroused and excited the tens of thousands of hopeful persons who lined both banks of the Detroit River until there wasn't sitting space for so much as a marine borer. After that, it was the usual shambles of shipwrecks and mechanical breakdowns through which Count Theo Rossi di Montelera, the Italian challenger, guided his record-breaking *Alagi* to a victory which he readily confessed gave him neither thrill nor pleasure.

By no stretch of imagination was it Rossi's fault that "America's premier speed boat classic" was a flop of proportions exceeded only by the gargantuan collapse of the show at Lake George two years ago. He came to Detroit with a fast, perfectly tuned and painstakingly assembled motor and a boat that did everything asked of her without falling apart. Had his American rivals been as well prepared for what is supposed to be their biggest day of the year, we might have had a boat race as good as the Gold Cup and President's Cup contests of last year when Rossi made the show by chasing Herbert Mendelson's *Notre Dame* to a flock of records.

But there was no *Notre Dame* there on Labor Day to match speed, reliability and endurance with *Alagi;* no Clell Perry to battle Count Rossi on the corners and match leaden throttle feet on the straightaways. *Notre Dame*, an ill-fated successor to the 1937 champion, was at the bottom of the St. Clair River and Perry, her designer, builder and driver, was in a hospital with a mess of bruises and broken bones. Disaster overtook them on a trial run the day before the Gold Cup Race.

Two other newcomers to the Gold Cup field, Zalmon G. Simmons' *My Sin*, an Apel-designed, Miller-powered boat from Greenwich, Conn., and *Warnie*, which had won the



In winning the Gold Cup, "Alagi," ready and tuned to the minute, set new records for the fastest lap and the best time for the 90-mile course. Right, second place went to "Miss Golden Gate," the only other boat still in the race when Rossi's flyer got the winning gun

The "225's" put on the show of the regatta with a lot of lively racing. The Edenburn Trophy went to J. J. Taggart's "Tomiann II," Canton, O.

"Miss Canada III," Ernie Wilson's new hope from the Dominion, was pressing "Alagi" in the fourth lap of the first heat when her oil scavenging pump went sour

Bottom, "Excuse Me," Horace E. Dodge's new racer, began to disintegrate on the first lap, finally coming apart and sinking on the third circuit of the course

Photos by M. Rosenfeld

special race for the Ohio River 725-cubic-inch Class only two days before, never got to the starting line because of engine collapses that could not be repaired in time. Horace Dodge's five-year-old English-built *Delphine IX* refused to start until the second heat. So, out of eight entries, there were only four on the course when the starting gun fired for the first 30-mile test.

That quartet included, of course, *Alagi;* Ernie Wilson's beautifully running *Miss Canada III,* a new hope from the Dominion; Dodge's radical new *Excuse Me,* driven by the incomparable Bill Horn, and *Miss Golden Gate,* a new three-point suspension type hull brought from Oakland, Calif., by a couple of youngsters who were neophytes in the Gold Cup game.

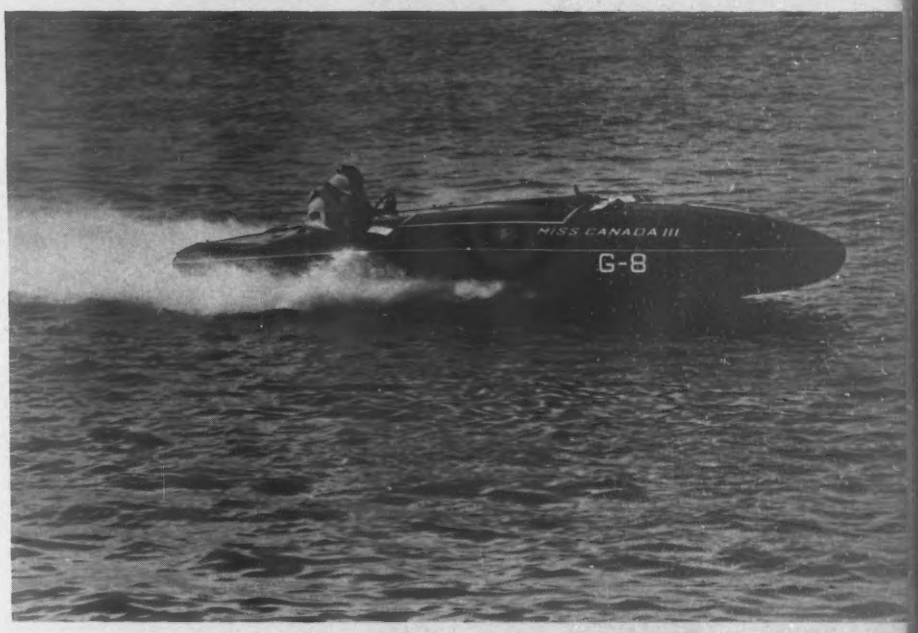
In the light of subsequent events, it is fortunate that Dan Arena and his equally youthful partner, Dan Foster, brought their little yellow flyer across country to Detroit. They provided most of the color that relieved the drabness of the match and theirs was the only other boat still in motion under her own power when *Alagi* got the gun signaling her third straight heat victory.

And they had a narrow squeak from joining the non-finishers, too. Early on the third lap of the final heat, the fittings connecting the foot throttle with the carburetors went adrift. So, for the last 24 miles of the race, *Miss Golden Gate* purred slowly around the course with Foster hanging out of the cockpit into the engine compartment holding the gas controls open with his hands.

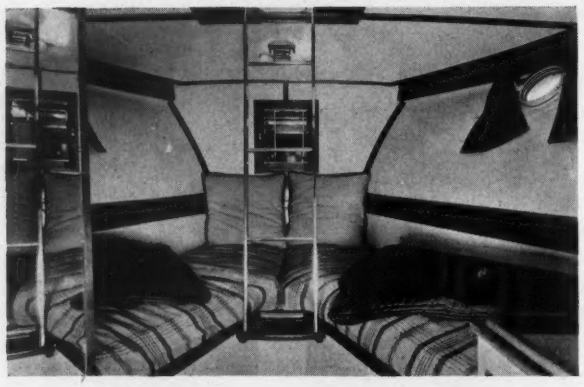
That is how the California gamesters earned second prize, the fruit of second places in each of the three heats. They had a smart, sweet-running hull, but their old Wright Hisso motor was inherently too slow to hold the pace set by Rossi's supercharged, 6-cylinder Issotta Fraschini engine that pulls around 500 horse power at 3,000 r.p.m.

Now to account for the three other boats which made appearances of varying brevity on the course. *Excuse Me,* which is shaped (or rather was shaped) more or less like a humpbacked ping pong bat, fell apart and sank before she had run three laps. Her supercharged Packard Gold Cup motor, built up to 732 inches displacement a few days before the race, was not functioning too well in the beginning and

(Continued on page 100)

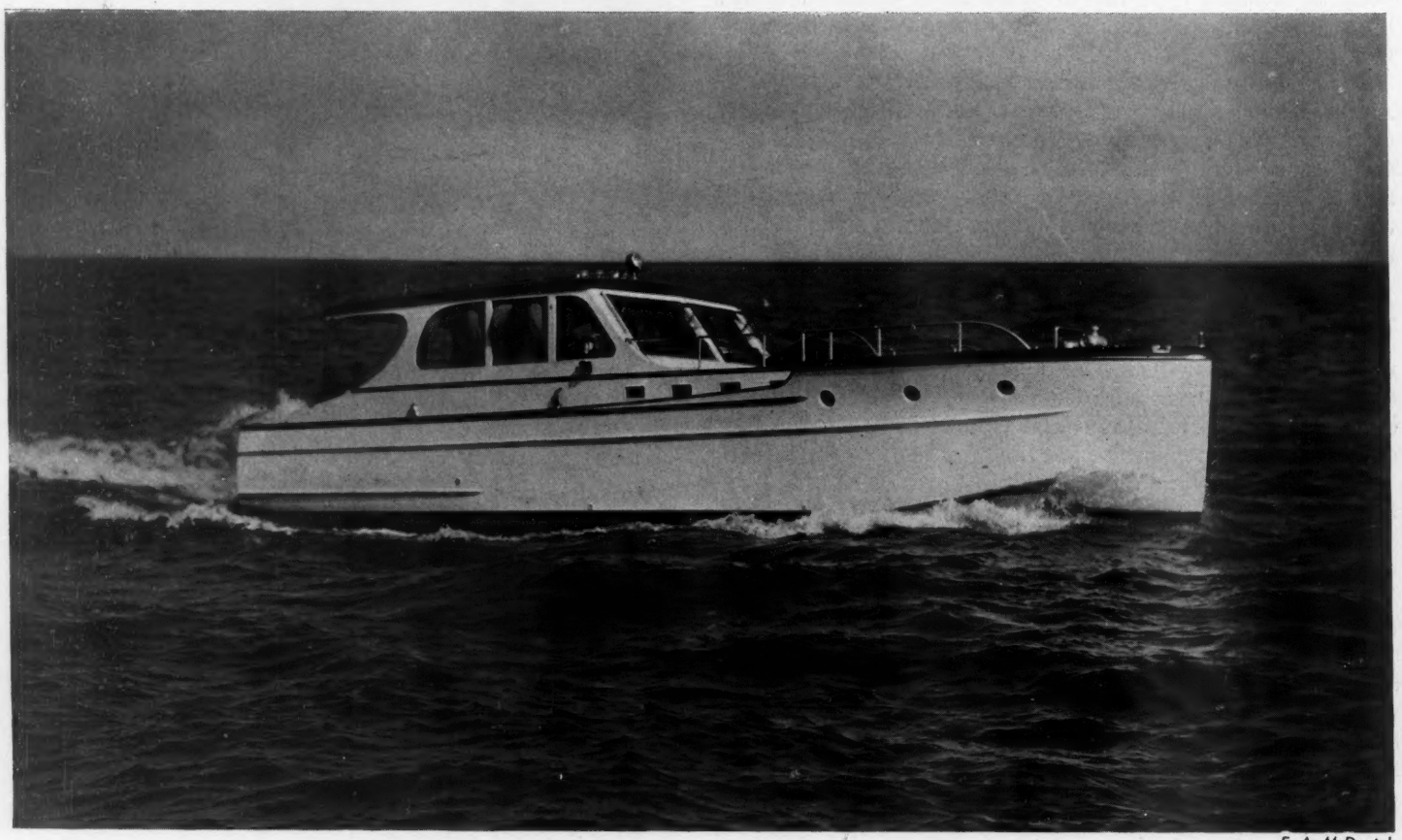


"CHARLOTTE"



Owned by Morris Steinberg, of New Orleans, she was designed and built by Higgins Industries, Inc., of that city. "Charlotte" is a husky boat, with heavy framing, closely spaced, and with keel and all longitudinal members in one length. There are no exposed beams below deck. Special attention has been paid to ventilation, including the spaces between plank and ceiling and below the cabin floor. All compartments are sound proofed.

The engine is one of the new Sterling Crankless Diesels which develops 150 horse power at 1200 r.p.m. Running at only 900 revolutions, this drives "Charlotte" at a 13-mile cruising speed. She has made a number of cruises in Lake Pontchartrain and out into the open Gulf.



F. A. McDaniels

RADIO NAVIGATION IS EASY

Of All Comprehensive Methods, It Requires the Least Mental Effort

By FREDERIC M. GARDINER

Part I

Taking bearings at sea. The radio compass ships in tracks on deck and may be stowed out of the way below when it is not in use

Ellsworth Ford

WHEN, in 1896, just over forty years ago, Signor (later Marchese) Gugliemo Marconi slipped unobtrusively into London and came away with the first patents for wireless telegraphy ever issued, it is doubtful whether he or Sir William Preece (Engineer in Chief of the British Telegraph System), who backed him, had any idea of the manifold uses to which his invention would eventually be put. Nor have we reason to believe that we have seen the end of the development of what today goes popularly under the name of radio.

Of the various branches of the science, radio navigation has become of vital importance to those who go to sea. Besides its more ordinary usage for transmitting messages, radio is of particular value to the navigator in checking his chronometers, in supplying him with weather reports, and in assisting him in fixing the position of his vessel.

It is the last with which we shall concern ourselves in the present discussion. The use of the radio compass (radio direction finder, radio pelorus — take your choice) has been common on board large vessels for a number of years and its value for taking bearings on invisible beacons is well recognized. But it is only comparatively recently, with the development of small, efficient, reasonably priced instruments, that radio navigation has been made available to small yachts, fishing boats, and the like, and many owners of such vessels do not appear to be thoroughly familiar with the benefits of the method.

The great value of radio navigation, as compared to other methods of navigation, lies in the fact that it enables the navigator:

1. To fix his position at sea during overcast weather when no sights can be taken, provided he is within a reasonable distance (50 to 300 miles, depending on ship, equipment, and strength of signal) of the beacons.

2. To navigate "on soundings" during thick weather, when no other method of navigation is as reliable.

It has been wisely said that a good navigator not only finds out where he is, but where he is not! In other words, when a navigator takes sights, bearings or otherwise attempts to fix his position, it is not only important for him to find his position but to determine how accurate that position is, and *how important accuracy of position is* under the immediate circumstances. Importance of accuracy depends, of course, on proximity to navigational dangers. It is obvious, for example, that in the open ocean, 100 miles or so from land, an error in position of 15 miles is of minor importance compared to the same degree of error when making a landfall.

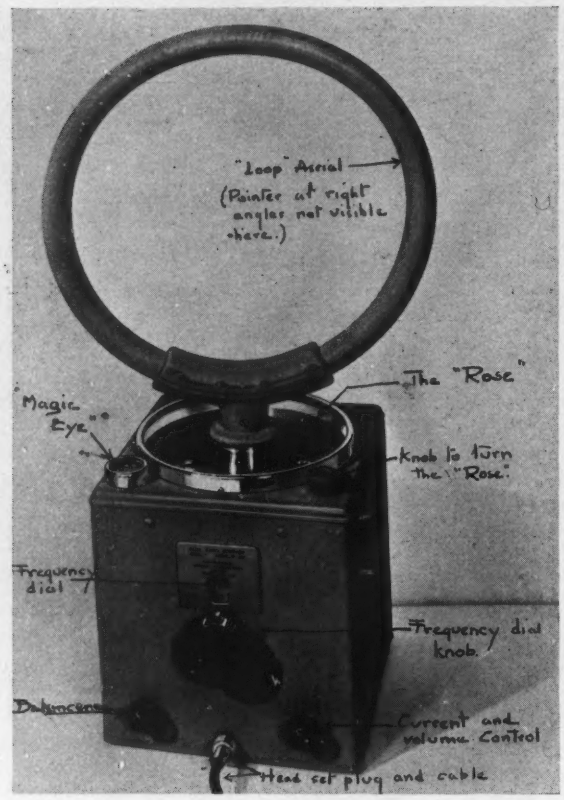
The foregoing applies to radio navigation to exactly the same extent that it does to any other method. And it is just as necessary to use the radio compass intelligently, for reliable results, as it is so to use a sextant. After all, you wouldn't try to eat soup with a fork, and the idea that some have started out with, that you can run below, shoot a quick bearing on a radio beacon, put a dot on the chart, lay a course, and run hell for leather for your landfall, has proved disastrous in more than one instance. A radio compass is designed to do certain work, but not to perform the impossible.

Start Right

The problem of the yacht owner who wishes to put a radio compass on his yacht, consists of:

1. Selection of the equipment.
2. Installation.
3. Operation.

Recent engineering practice has brought equipment appropriate for small yachts to a point where the principal difference between it and the equipment for large vessels is in



A typical radio compass for yachts, fishing craft and other moderate sized vessels

range. For most yachts, a set which is accurate up to 75 miles from the radio beacon is all that practical considerations require. In choosing your radio compass, you should get one which is simple to operate; accurate within the ranges specified by the manufacturer; and ruggedly constructed and well protected.

While some combination sets are manufactured, *i.e.*, sets which combine direction finding with broadcast receiving, such sets will not give as good results in taking bearings as will sets built solely for that purpose.

Strong construction is essential, particularly for the smaller types of yacht, to withstand the strenuous conditions which may be encountered on the water. Rolling, pitching, pounding, even excessive engine vibration, will affect the efficiency of a radio compass *if it is not strongly put together*. The set should also be protected as thoroughly as possible against dampness, salt air corrosion, flying spray, etc., if you wish it to be long lived.

Accuracy within the set depends on precision in construction, care in marking the roses, squaring the loop, etc., and in sensitivity. For these you must depend on the reputation of the manufacturer. The results you get when you try out the set will demonstrate its value. Most manufacturers will be glad to put a set on your boat, your final acceptance of which will be subject to the accuracy of performance they claim for it.

Installation

Accuracy also depends on great care in installation. Nobody but a competent radio engineer should attempt to install a radio compass. In fact, the owner, or operator, need have nothing to do with the installation beyond picking out the location for the instrument. Even the location will probably have to be a compromise between the owner's convenience and the requirements of radio reception.

It is essential, however, that some one (preferably the owner or captain) who is familiar with the normal arrangement of the vessel, be present during the installation and calibration of the set. Calibration is to a radio compass what "swinging ship" is to a magnetic compass; the error above compensation must be found for each heading of the vessel. During calibration, all metal on the vessel which is *above* the radio compass, and within seven or eight feet of it, must be in the position it will normally occupy. This is because metal *of any sort* will affect reception, if in the vicinity of the set; this applies particularly to metal sheets or broad bands.

For the same reason, the set must always be operated from exactly the position it was in when calibrated. If it is necessary to move it, a new calibration curve must be made. Material other than metal has no effect. The errors found by calibration are usually marked on the ring just outside the "rose" of the set, and each correction to be applied is marked + or −, so that the error can be applied to the bearing at once. Some sets are "compensated," but the ship should be swung, nevertheless, for residual error.

In connection with the installation of the set, you will want to equip your yacht with all the paraphernalia necessary for radio navigation. In addition to regular navigation equipment, such as compass, log, charts, parallel rulers, etc., complete equipment will consist of:

1. Radio compass complete, with enclosed, "loop" aerial (usually circular or rectangular); frequency dial marked in kilocycles; "rose" marked in points and degrees, exactly like the compass card; headphones and cord, etc. Some sets are now equipped also with what is called a "magic eye," which enables you to take bearings by looking instead of listening. It requires considerable practice to use accurately and, until thoroughly familiar with the general use of the radio compass, it is better to use the phones.

2. Battery (usually storage but occasionally dry) and connecting cable.

3. Charts of radio beacon systems of the United States, published by the Lighthouse Service, Department of Commerce, Washington. These charts are in three sections: Atlantic and Gulf Coasts; Pacific Coast; and the Great Lakes. They contain complete information regarding the radio beacons shown.

A well installed apparatus. Note the radio beacon chart tacked up on the bulkhead

4. *Radio Aids to Navigation*, H.O. No. 205, Vol. I. This volume contains (pp. 7 to 12 incl.) instructions for taking bearings, discussion of errors, etc., etc. The rest of the book principally includes a complete list of the radio beacons of the world. It is kept up to date by frequent issues of addenda, and you should have your name placed on the list to receive these.

5. Bowditch's *Navigator* (for tables).

6. Notebook, or Radio Compass Log.

7. Calibration curve. Calibration corrections are usually marked on the rose of the set.

8. Book of instructions from manufacturer.

9. Spare tubes, and tools for adjusting or repairing set.

"Take a Bearing, Mister!"

Radio navigation is entirely a matter of taking bearings. When the plane of the enclosed, or loop, aerial is at right angles to the bearing of the sending station (radio beacon),

Ellsworth Ford

Identifying the radio beacon on the chart

the signal is at a minimum or entirely silent. The point of silence is called the "null." A pointer is attached at right angles to the loop and at the null or minimum should be pointing in the direction of the beacon. The accuracy of the bearing depends, among other things, on the width of the null. That is, the number of degrees over which the pointer can move with the signal inaudible or at a minimum. If you can move it only 1°, you are within ½° of the actual bearing. But if you can move it, say, 10°, without hearing the signal, you are 5° off. By splitting the difference, *i.e.*, taking the middle point of the 10° arc, you can narrow this down to 2° to 3° each side of the middle point.

To take a bearing with the radio compass, the operator should proceed step by step in a logical manner. Until thoroughly practiced, when the operation will become almost automatic, the following sequence will be found advisable:

1. Before starting to take bearings, post the radio beacon chart of the waters you are operating in on a bulkhead, as near the radio compass as practicable. Near it, have a time piece set to the standard time of your locality; a wrist watch is excellent.

Foto-Ad

A neat installation on board the motor yacht "Archimedes," of Chicago

2. Turn on the set to warm it up (this takes about 45 seconds).

3. Consult the radio beacon chart and select a beacon which is transmitting, or about to transmit, using the time of your watch, preferably the nearest beacon to which this applies.

4. Set the rose to the ship's magnetic or true course.

5. Plug in the headset cord and put on the earphones.

6. Turn the kilocycle dial to the frequency designated on the chart for the station you have selected. Radio beacons broadcast on frequencies between 284 and 316 kilocycles, unless assigned a temporary special frequency. (For the Bermuda Race this year, GYG, Bermuda, was assigned 320 kc. for the period of the race.)

7. Swing the loop, and "fish" with the frequency dial control, until you bring in the signal.

8. Have the helmsman sing out "On . . . on . . . on . . ." all the time he is steady on the course. Some operators call "Bearing!" when they get a null, and the helmsman gives the course he is on at that instant. On small yachts, however, which have a good deal of motion, the lag in the compass makes this method less accurate than the former, and it is recommended that the former be used on that class of boat.

9. Turn the loop until the signal disappears or reaches a minimum. The bearing on the rose under the pointer (at right angles to the loop) is the bearing of the beacon, or it *may* be a bearing 180° from the beacon. In an aeroplane, due to its high speed, it is sometimes impossible to tell which, but on a vessel there should be no difficulty in telling, unless you have been asleep at the switch. From your dead reckoning position, you should at least be able to tell whether the beacon is ahead or astern; or on the port or on the starboard beam. If, however, for any reason you are in doubt, you need only bring the beacon on a broad bearing (from 60° to 90° from ahead or astern) and run a short distance, noting the change of bearing. The bearing *toward* the beacon will change toward the *stern* of your vessel; the bearing *away* from the beacon will change toward the *bow*.*

10. Repeat the operation of swinging the loop several times; as many times as you can accurately during the time the station is sending. Most U. S. radio beacons operate in groups of three, arranged geographically for fixing position, ten minutes to each group. Each beacon sends one minute,

*Cf. *Triangulation with the Radio Direction Finder* by Alexander Forbes. YACHTING, June, 1938.

(Continued on page 105)

"Uldra," just under 33 feet over all, was built in 1905 as a cutter

TROPIC LANDFALL

"Uldra" Voyages from Sandy Hook to St. Thomas

By

GEOFFREY OWEN

WE rode easily to the swell with an occasional jerk as *Uldra* snubbed up to her anchor chain. Below, we were stretched on our bunks reading, the mantle lamp on the table between us sizzling away, the warming coal stove making quiet noises as it shed its ashes. We were decidedly comfortable and happy. Our first day had been uneventful. The hazards of Hell Gate and the East River had been run successfully and we now lay off the Coast Guard Station inside Sandy Hook.

"I think Watson wants a run on deck," Nick said.

In the galley beyond the cabin was the back view of a little wirehaired terrier, staring patiently up at a hatch that had been closed against the November chill.

"In a minute," I said heartlessly, turning back to finish the chapter.

"Oh! Go on. The poor little thing," she persisted.

"Look," I said, holding my book up. "Just two more pages."

"Well, I suppose *I* will have to do it." Nick made elaborate efforts to slip from her bunk.

"No-no," I said quickly, leaping up. I clipped the chain on Watson's collar, pulled back the hatch and pushed the dog out before me. In only a matter of seconds I had thrown him back into the galley and was yelling to Nick to come up on deck. Watson's needs were secondary to those of *Uldra* for, less than twenty yards astern, the swell was breaking on an unenticing shore of big cement blocks and dilapidated concrete piles.

"Our anchor's dragged, we must run out a kedge; get the dinghy over!" I cried, thoroughly shaken and unnerved.

With feverish activity we launched the row boat, almost holing her on a stanchion as we lowered her. From the foredeck, Nick paid out the rope as I rowed out ahead with the spare anchor, dropping it over the stern of the dinghy when I had taken the full scope of the rope. But the holding ground was wretched, the anchor failing to grip in the loose, sandy bottom.

Minutes were becoming precious. Slowly, persistently, the onshore wind and swell were pushing the yacht towards the inhospitable beach.

"What about the engine?" queried Nick.

"It might," I said doubtfully, remembering its apathy earlier in the day. For ten minutes I swung and primed and cursed the unresponsive motor while Nick shivered in the cold outside.

"We're getting awfully close," she said at last, "and we're still dragging." She pointed to a lamp on a nearby pier which, abeam a short while before, was now beyond the port bow.

"We'll try to get a line to that pier," I said. We worked madly, knotting several lengths of line together. Nick paid out as I rowed towards the black centipede legs of the pier. At last I found a pile with a spike in it that would give me footing and enable me to clamber up. Running the rope out along the pier as far as possible, I made it fast to a bollard and returned to the yacht. For the moment we were safe but we would be happier away from the place and, with that thought in mind, we once more tackled the stubborn engine. Three hours of dosing it with ether, changing spark plugs, cleaning the carburetor, and constant cranking, with no reward but a handful of painful blisters. We gave up and spent the last few hours of the night in alternate anchor watches, not at all certain what we should do if our pier line broke, praying that the wind would shift and blow off the land.

In the first faintness of day a Coast Guard motor boat ran down to us. Within half an hour they had whirled us away from our predicament, towing us a few miles down the coast and depositing us in the quiet waters of a little cove. Protected on two sides by snow-covered marsh and sand, on the third by the bleak, steel wall of a laid-up destroyer, we enjoyed the relief of safety after danger. We felt gloriously sleepy.

For a week we lay in the cheerless cove while the wind swung to the south and resolutely stayed there. Whenever the breeze freshened, the destroyer would strain at her moorings, groaning and creaking as if sullenly restive. The repair man we had summoned from New York enticed our engine into activity after an hour's hard work and magic. We employed our time making a canvas cover for the forehatch, splicing this rope, whipping that. Slowly my blistered hand healed.

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"It's hell below," Nick shouted, wedging herself in the companionway against the mad lurches of the yacht. "Poor Watson's sitting on a pile of wet blankets in the middle of the cabin looking desperately at the bookshelf. They've come loose and every now and again one flies down at him."

Wrestling with the tiller, I was steering *Uldra* in for Cape Charles and the Chesapeake. The nor'wester that had blown us down the coast from Sandy Hook had risen to a screeching, malicious lunacy. Lee deck awash, we were reaching across a sheet of white, torn wave crests driven helter-skelter before the blast, obliterating the green water beneath.

Nick crawled a little farther out of the companionway to continue her job of bailing the self-draining cockpit which was refusing to drain. She probably knew that it was a senseless occupation but she was also aware that under such circumstances it is better to do something than nothing at all.

Presently I heard a squeal and looked down to see her making futile grabs at a large slice of liver that had escaped from the food locker under the cockpit seat. For the moment, we forgot the fury of wind and spray and became hilariously intent on catching the slithering object. Watching my chance, I jabbed at the brown, squid-like truant with the heel of my clumsy sea boot. Luckily for a future meal, I missed. Then Nick conceived a brilliant idea. Ducking down into the galley she returned armed with the toasting fork.

By this time we were tearing up on Cape Charles and I riveted my attention on the waters ahead. A shoal patch runs out from the lighthouse and it was up to us to keep as close to it as possible. Buoys were difficult to make out in the smother and this was no time to play with cross bearings on landmarks. We drove blindly on, watching closely for some different formation of the waves that might denote the shallows.

Taking into account the night we had just been through, it was extraordinary how we could be so alert. Although I had been hanging tenaciously to the tiller for an unbroken ten hours; had spent an hour straddling the bow repairing the forestay turnbuckle in the dark, with fingers half numbed, and had, at two in the morning, wrestled with a cannoning jib that had torn to threads in a squall, I felt that Nick had had by far the worst end of the bargain. My side of the mishaps had been almost wholly physical whereas she must have experienced the most harrowing anxiety as she took over the steering to allow my going forward. She could see nothing of me while I groped about on the wet, slippery foredeck. Had I been thrown overboard, how would she have known; even if she had heard a yell, what could she have done alone in a young gale and a tumbling welter of waves? There were times that night when I felt that there was a lot to be said against venturing forth at that time of year in such a small boat.

But we had not thought this at the start. Nothing could have been more perfect than that first day's run down the coast from Sandy Hook. Wrapped in a most unseamanlike old fur coat, Nick, at the helm, had said: "This is glorious," and I had known that she was only not alluding to the winter sun, the invigorating breeze and the way *Uldra* clipped through the sparkling seas. Together we had felt the wholesome reaction of at last having started. We were bound south — south to the tropic seas, the islands, the life we had so purposefully decided to lead.

Even the first night, spent racing past the blaze of Atlantic City, with two reefs down and an ever strengthening breeze; on past the lights of Cape May that beckoned us in for a rest (a temptation we resisted in our eagerness to push on); even

After a long passage from New York, with gales and calms, it was pleasant to get the anchor on bottom

the chill, wet rough and tumble crossing the mouth of the Delaware had failed to discourage us.

But this second night out had altered our views a little. Dreams of the future had been driven into the remote recesses of our minds as we struggled with the more material business of saving our ship and ourselves.

An hour after we had passed Cape Charles, the wind started to ease but, in cantankerous mood, draw ahead. Then, when real danger was over and we had but a weary beat over a foul tide and against a dying breeze, we began to feel drowsy. As we entered the Elizabeth River at sunset, the wind dropped altogether. We lowered the tired sails, started the motor and, with running lights burning, threaded our way through the dark, busy waters. The exhaust from our engine echoed noisily from the black, unlit wharves and warehouses as we spluttered along looking for The Hague, a tidal basin barred by a swing bridge and located near the center of Norfolk. We rubbed the salt from our eyes and thought longingly of the blessed sleep to come.

Suddenly, around the corner of a gaunt quayside building, we saw the red and green lights marking our destination. Loudly I blew three high-pitched hoots on the fog horn and obligingly the bridge began to swing open, pivoting on its center and leaving a choice of two channels.

"The *Pilot Guide* says there's most water in the port entrance," Nick said.

But that entrance was marked by red lanterns and, in my fuddled state, it seemed more sensible to take the other, on either side of which green lights gleamed, implying safety. We opened up the throttle, thinking of the few minutes separating us from our bunks.

We passed the long outthrust arm of the now wide open bridge and were sweeping merrily on between the massive stonework close on either hand when the ship gave a sickening jolt and came to a standstill. We had taken the wrong channel and were hard aground!

Nick and I looked at one another in consternation. Our first act was to shut off the engine and it was only then that we heard the low rumble that, if not stopped, spelled disaster. We looked up to see the great arm of the bridge slowly swinging towards us. The bridge-keeper, not troubling to look, had taken for granted our safe passage through. Now, unwittingly, he was pressing the levers that would mean a horrible catastrophe for us — a complete dismasting.

We both yelled; we screeched. I picked up the fog horn and almost burst blood vessels in my cheeks blowing it. Calmly, gently, the fearsome iron arm came rumbling on. Watson, scrambling out of the cabin, joined in the wild chorus with piercing yaps.

Four feet from the stern of the vessel the bridge came to a jerky stop. The bridge-keeper walked to the rail of his charge and looked angrily down at us.

"You'll have to get out of there; you're holding up the traffic," he pronounced consequentially.

"Yes," we said meekly. "But how? We've no reverse to the engine."

"I dunno. But you've gotta get out. You're holding up the traffic." He shambled off.

For twenty minutes we shoved with poles, we launched the dinghy and ran lines here and there to the greasy masonry on either side. We hauled, we sweated, we swore. Every so often the bridge-keeper would lean over with a fresh suggestion, while from shorewards would flow other brain waves. At last we hitched ourselves to the swing bridge in the hope that it could pull us off. Except for the matter of a yard, this latest maneuver failed to free the yacht. The bridge-keeper lost his temper completely and so did we. In our haggard, worn condition it was the easiest thing to do. We did nothing for a while except shout at each other.

In the middle of this impolite interchange of opinions some one ashore suggested telephoning the Coast Guard but a quarter of an hour later he returned to say that they were busy and couldn't get along for another hour. Just then a tug swung out of the Elizabeth River. We hailed her, threw her a line and, with a tinkling of engine room bells and a great churning of propellers, she tore *Uldra* away.

Not daring to call upon the bridge-keeper again that night we crawled into a slip and tied up to a broken down jetty. Too tired to eat, too tired to light the coal stove, we rolled into our bunks. We did not even trouble to undress, figuring, in a moment of dull sanity, that we could keep warmer as we were.

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We could have saved ourselves a week's uneventful voyaging had we been able to forecast the weather. The five days of light northerly winds that came along while we lay in the peaceful Hague would have served perfectly to take us down the coast to Beaufort, N. C., past a quiet Hatteras and the dreaded Diamond Shoals that lie off the Cape. But with our New York-Norfolk run still a little too fresh in our minds, we chose the safe, winding inland route — a weary passage through canals, rivers and broads with the flat scenery helping in no way the monotony of each day's run. Not until we were nearing Beaufort could we bring ourselves to admire our surroundings, but even that appreciation may not have been due so much to the stalwart majesty of Carolina pines as to the fact that we knew we were soon to be in sight of the sea again.

From our berth alongside Beaufort town pier, we could look out across sandbanks and twisting channels to the sparkling water of the open Atlantic. A sudden seriousness came over us then. Out there was the wide, blue road to the tropics. Today the warm Carolina sun and the light westerly breeze touched it in harmless, enticing manner. St. Thomas and the Virgin Islands lay over a thousand miles beyond its rim; over a thousand miles of open ocean, two to three weeks at sea. With a shock, we realized that the most dangerous, the most trying, the most uncomfortable part of our voyage still lay ahead.

We said nothing of this to Watson!

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"It's unbelievable," she proclaimed enthusiastically.

Nick was holding on to the tiller with her two hands, steering a course of southeast.

"What is?" I asked.

"Oh! this," she beamed, taking a hand off the tiller and signifying a blue, tumbling Atlantic. "This warm Gulf Stream when only six hours ago we were practically freezing. St. Thomas doesn't seem nearly so far away as it did when we were in Beaufort."

I hadn't the heart just then to mention certain misgivings that had come to me. A shift in the wind, a gradual increase, a decided drop of the barometer. To *me* St. Thomas was a helluvaways off!

At sundown I said, "Let's drop the mainsail for the night and put up the storm trysail."

"Oh why?" said Nick disappointedly. "We're galloping along so well and didn't you say you wanted to skip across the Gulf Stream as quickly as possible?"

"She'll be much easier on the helm and we don't want to tire ourselves outright at the beginning. Besides," I added casually, "the glass is falling."

Nick's smile slipped rapidly away.

"Are we in for some dirt?"

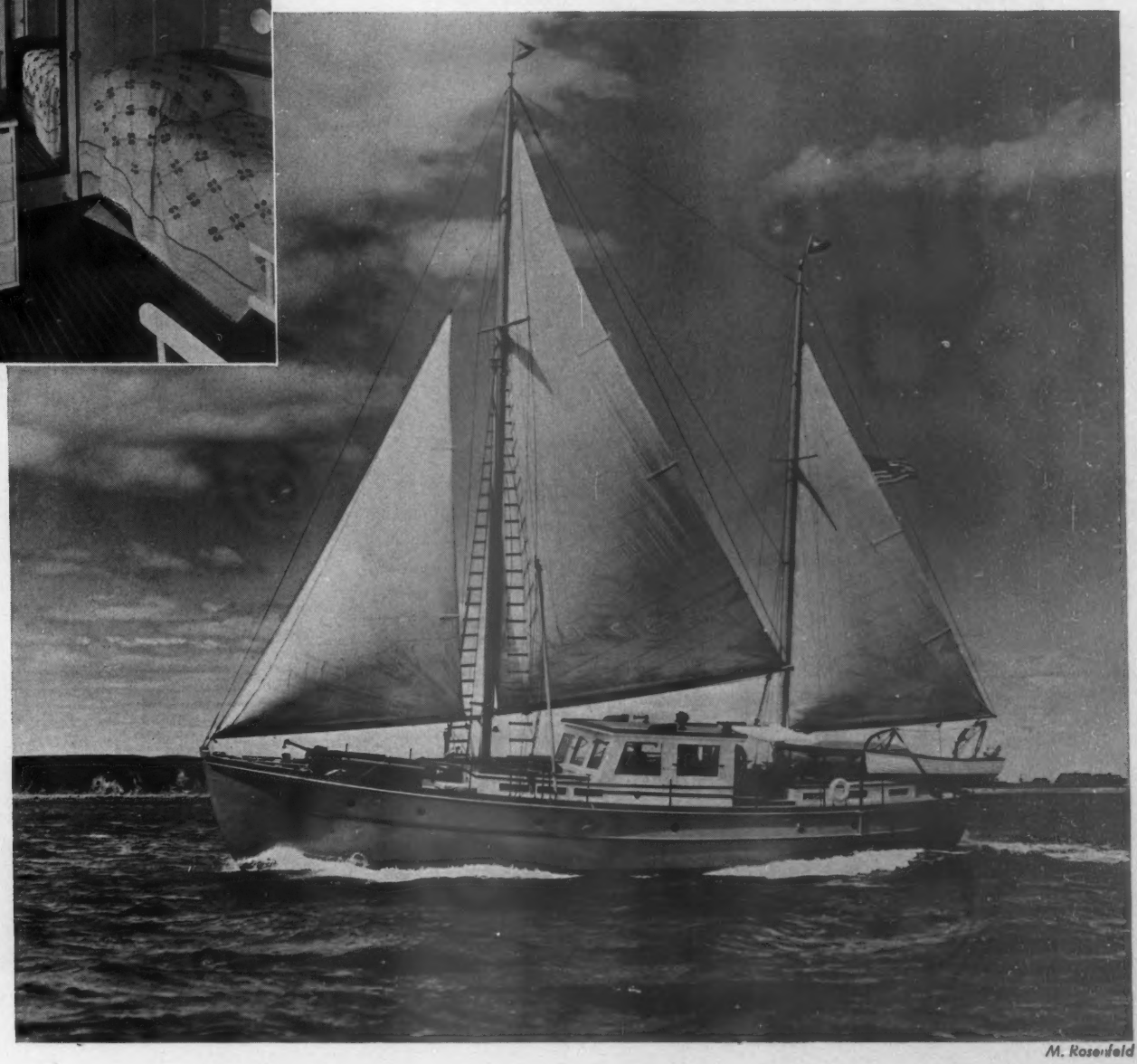
"Dunno," I mumbled. "But I'd much rather do things

(Continued on page 105)

"ARIES"

This interesting vessel was designed by Furnans Yacht Agency, Inc., naval architects of New Bedford, for Dr. Austen Fox Riggs, of Stockbridge, Mass. She was built by Casey Boat Building Co., Inc., of Fairhaven, Mass. At the right is a view of the main saloon, looking aft. Below is the double stateroom under the after trunk. At the bottom is the yacht with all her canvas spread. Her home port is Mattapoisett, on Buzzards Bay.

A 58-Foot Motor-Sailer



"Aries" is 58' 5" in length over all, 54' 0" length on the water line, 16' 0" beam and 5' 2" draft. Her engine is an 8-cylinder Superior Diesel of 150 horse power.

M. Rosenfeld

MINNESOTA BOATS CLEAN UP ON INLAND LAKES

Some New Boats Add Interest To the Class A Competition

By

WILLIAM W. WINKLER

With a postscript by Herbert L. Stone

At Neenah, Wis., a White Bear entry, "Hurricane II," sailed by William Schons, scored in the last day's race and took the Class E championship

THE forty-first annual regatta of the Inland Lake Yachting Association, which was held the third week of August on Lake Winnebago, started out as a disappointing sitdown event with anxious sailors waiting out the first two days hoping that the winds would become strong enough or light enough to make sailing possible. A listless calm on the first day forced two races to be called off when the time limit was exceeded, and a roaring 40-mile gale, which would have been disastrous to the lightly constructed scow-type craft, made sailing out of the question on the second day. In fact, the regatta theme song, "No Race Today," with its innumerable improvised verses, was the only happy factor in a dark outlook.

The gods smiled the last three days, however, and by crowded racing schedules, with a strenuous double-header in two classes, a regatta of four races was held in which Minnesota boats walked off with top honors in each of the three classes. In the 38-foot Class A sloops, Edmund Pillsbury's *Sea Fox*, flying Lake Minnetonka colors, was undisputed leader of one of the finest "A" fleets assembled in many years by virtue of being the only boat in the entire regatta to win a pair of races. Leading the 28-foot Class E sloops was *Hurricane II*, a White Bear entry sailed by William E. Schons, which jumped to the top of her class by virtue of a win in the final race after consistent sailing all week. The third Minnesotan to be crowned champion was Emmett Brennan, of the Calhoun Yacht Club, whose

Lewis S. Miner Photos

Class C yachts, 56 of them, charge across the line in a strong breeze at the invitation regatta which preceded the forty-first Inland Lake annual regatta

J. J. Fanta

"Sea Fox," well sailed by Edmund and John Pillsbury, won the Class A title with two firsts, a third and a fourth in a fleet of seventeen starters

consistently fine sailing put his *Rhythm II* at the head of 59 Class C cat boats.

Sea Fox won first place in Class A as a result of the finish in the final race. While Pillsbury was winning this event, Harry Nye, of Lake Geneva, who had a first and two second places to his credit, had the misfortune to lose his jib sheet in the stiff southeast breeze and fouled two boats. *Sea Fox*, which was piloted by both John and Edmund Pillsbury during the regatta, thus became undisputed leader with two firsts, a third, and a fourth, while Nye's *Gale* was still sufficiently strong to place second in this fleet although without any points in the final race.

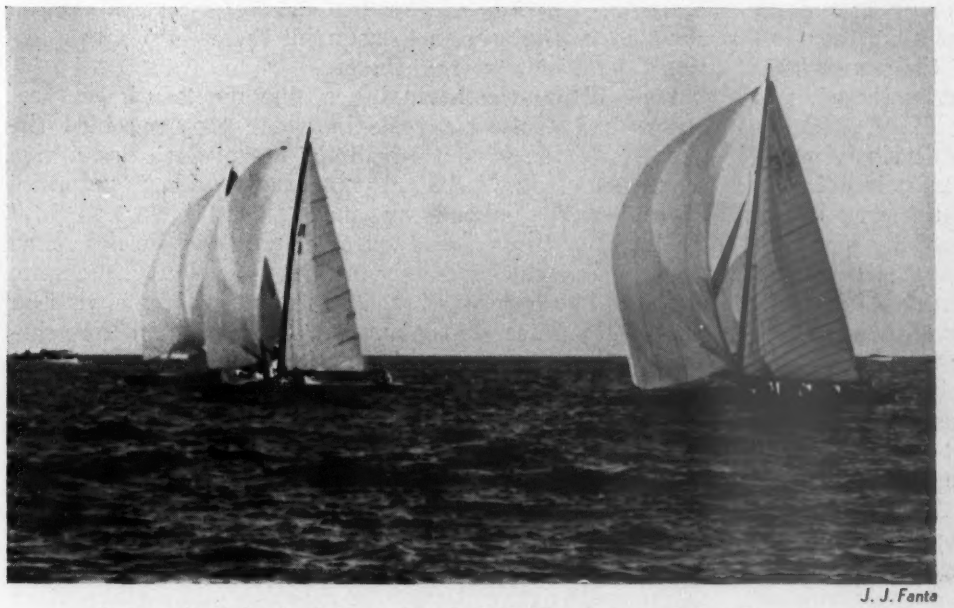
Third place in the "A's" went to Harry N. Gifford's *Little Smoke III*, sailed by John F. Perrigo, of the Lake Geneva Yacht Club. *Little Smoke III* started off well with a first in the light wind of the opening race, finished rather badly in the second and third races, and then came back into the running with a second in the last contest. *Nais III*, with another Lake Geneva sailor at the helm, H. V. Fitzcharles, finished fourth as a result of consistent sailing throughout the regatta, while in fifth place was *Onaway*, piloted by S. F. Shattuck of the Neenah-Nodaway Yacht Club. All the races in this class were surprisingly close.

Competition in Class E was as keen as ever with any one of six boats having a chance for the championship at the start of the last race. It was not until the final spinnaker leg of this race that Schons slipped into the lead to get first place which would put him on top of this class of 28 entries. Previously he had placed third, fifth and seventh. It was an eighth place in this same race that cost A. F. Gallun, Jr., of Pine Lake, the championship, for his *Stormalong II* had also placed first, third and fifth, and a seventh or better would have tied or beaten Schons. Gallun got off to a bad start in this race and with a reefed sail was unable to get near enough to the leaders in the final leg of the race.

With the exception of Gallun and Schons, the leading boats had anything but consistent records which partially attests the keenness of the competition. Third place went to *Mistral XIII*, sailed by James A. Friend, of Pine Lake, which won the third race, placed sixth in the last event, but was back in the fleet in the other two races. In fourth place was *Black Horse*, of White Bear Lake, sailed by the De Coster Brothers, which finished second twice, sixth, and fifteenth. *Arabis*, of Pine Lake, skippered by George Brumder, was the fifth place winner with a first in the second race, a fifth, and two rather bad finishes.

The Class C final positions were also settled in the last race when boats which had done well earlier in the week in moderate or light winds were unable to compete with a strong south wind which capsized fifteen boats and broke four masts. A high sea raised havoc with these 20-foot craft. By adding a second place in this wild closing race to the first, third, and seventh scored earlier in the regatta, Brennan's *Rhythm II* was far in the lead. Runner-up was *Mercury IV*, sailed by Jerry Coe, of the Mendota Yacht Club, with a first place, a third, and two finishes in the upper

(Continued on page 96)



J. J. Fanta

A nip-and-tuck battle down wind in the "A" Class between Robert Tarrant's "Nais II," Edmund Pillsbury's "Sea Fox" and Harry Nye's new "Gale" (I 33)

Lewis S. Miner

Canvas straining in a 20-mile breeze, James H. Kimberly's "Phantom III" planes across the line

GAUGING THE WIND AT SEA

The Story of the Beaufort Scale

By GARDNER EMMONS

I HAVE been firmly convinced for a number of years that all yachtsmen tend to overestimate the strength of the wind. Recently I was foolhardy enough to give expression to my belief by specifically questioning the accuracy of an estimate made by one of the editors of this magazine. The commotion created by such an unorthodox act has impelled me to write this article. I believe I can show to a reasonable degree of satisfaction that any man who estimates the *velocity* of the wind while standing on the deck of a small boat is almost certain to make a bad guess, especially if the wind is strong.

A solution to the problem of determining correctly the strength of the wind without the aid of scientific instruments was presented in the year 1806 by Admiral Sir Francis Beaufort of the British Navy. No better method has since been devised, but that is a story which logically comes later.

It will help in understanding the question if we consider that there are two distinct ways in which the strength of the wind may be specified. It may be expressed in terms of pressure, or it may be expressed in terms of velocity. Both pressure and velocity are quantities which can be measured directly with instruments. But, lacking the proper instruments, one is obliged to describe the wind solely with the aid of visual and other sensory observations. The prevailing tendency among yachtsmen, under these circumstances, appears to be to estimate the wind in terms of velocity. That this is a mistake I shall now attempt to demonstrate.

If one is to gauge the *speed* of the wind correctly, one must be able to determine the distance which the air travels in a given time. Obviously this can be done without instruments (other than a watch) only when the drift of smoke between two fixed reference points separated by a known distance can be observed. These aids are not usually available at sea. It hardly seems necessary to indicate further the absurdity of attempting to estimate the velocity of the wind when the motion of the air is not visible.

On the other hand, the *pressure* of the wind produces definitely observable effects. The behavior of a boat under a given amount of sail serves as a direct measure of the wind pressure, as does the degree of ruffling of the sea surface. Therefore, the logical way in which to describe the wind at sea is in terms of pressure, or force.

Because of the practical impossibility of observing visually the motion of the air, it is probable that most individuals formulate their velocity estimates from the perceivable effects of the wind pressure. Now, it would be perfectly legitimate to use these effects as a measure of the *relative* velocity if the *absolute* velocity were proportional in simple linear fashion to the pressure. Actually, however, the pressure is proportional to the *square* of the velocity, wherefore it is wrong to assume that the velocity has doubled because the "weight" of the wind has increased twofold. Undoubtedly, this is the outstanding if not the sole reason why so many people tend to overestimate the velocity of strong winds.

To illustrate how this can occur let us suppose an individual gauges the "weight" of a certain breeze by its effect on a specified yacht. He later learns that an anemometer recorded the velocity of the breeze as 14 miles per hour. The pressure exerted by a 14-mile breeze is approximately 0.75 pound per square foot. Subsequently, the same individual encounters a breeze which, judging by its effects, has twice the weight of the 14-mile breeze. He then assumes it must be blowing 28 miles per hour. But the velocity of a breeze which exerts a pressure of 1.5 pounds per square foot is only about 20 miles per hour. In other words, the velocity has been overestimated by 40 per cent. Similarly, a wind which has three times the weight of a 14-mile breeze has a velocity of only 24 miles per hour. The relation between wind velocity and wind pressure is shown graphically on page 269 of the "N.A.Y.R.U. Year Book" for 1938.

The above considerations show clearly that in the interests of accuracy it is necessary to estimate the wind at sea in terms of its *force*, that is to say, in terms of the pressure it exerts. If desired, the estimate of wind force can later be converted into a velocity figure through the use of appropriate tables of equivalents. Tables of velocity equivalents of the well-known Beaufort scale of wind force are printed in Bowditch and in most nautical handbooks. Although they are extensively used, I do not believe that most people have a clear idea as to just how they were derived. For that matter I am not sure that everyone is keenly aware of the fact that the original specifications of the Beaufort scale of wind force *made no reference whatsoever to the velocity of the wind*. In fact, there appears to be a definite impression in some quarters that professional seamen first guess at the velocity of the wind, that they then refer to the table in Bowditch in order to find what number of the Beaufort scale corresponds to the velocity estimate, and that the force number entered in the log is derived in this way. Since this procedure amounts to putting the cart before the horse, and since it is never followed by observers who know their business, it may be interesting to present a short account of the development of the Beaufort scale and especially the methods employed in determining the velocity equivalents of its various units. I have obtained much of the following information from a pamphlet entitled "The Velocity Equivalents of the Beaufort Scale." The author is Sir George Simpson, Director of the British Meteorological Office. Readers who may wish to acquaint themselves with additional details are referred thereto.

Long before the beginning of the nineteenth century, sailors had evolved a scale in which they specified the strength of the wind through the use of such descriptive terms as "calm," "air," "breeze," "gale," "storm," "hurricane," qualified by such adjectives as "light," "moderate," "fresh" and "strong." Sailors could not define these expressions concretely in terms of velocity, pressure, or force. The scale was based on the effects of the wind on the ocean surface, on the amount of sail that could be carried, on the sound of the wind in the rigging, etc.

In 1806 Admiral Sir Francis Beaufort of the British Navy devised the scale of wind force which still bears his name. The first step in its construction was the selection of a suitable standard or object of reference. Logically enough, he chose the typical British man-of-war of the time. He then made separate classifications based on the behavior of such a ship and the amount of sail she could carry in winds of different strengths. After long experience and observation he was able to attach to each classification one of the terms then commonly used by sailors to describe the strength of

When it comes to estimating the force and velocity of the wind, it makes a difference whether the observer is in a hard pressed windjammer or on the broad deck of a seagoing steam vessel

the wind. He noted, for example, that when a sailor said there was a moderate breeze a "well-conditioned man-of-war, with all sail set, and clean full, would go in smooth water from 5–6 knots." The result was a scale composed of 13 units, each of which was described and identified by a term familiar to all sailormen. The original scale, applicable to the full-rigged frigate of the early nineteenth century, is given in Table 1.

TABLE 1. THE ORIGINAL BEAUFORT SCALE

Beaufort Number	*Beaufort's Description of the Wind*	*Beaufort's Criterion*	
0	Calm	.....	
1	Light Air	Just sufficient to give steerage way	
2	Light Breeze	With which a well conditioned man-of-war, under all sail, and clean full, would go in smooth water, from —	1 to 2 knots
3	Gentle Breeze		3 to 4 knots
4	Moderate Breeze		5 to 6 knots
5	Fresh Breeze	In which the same ship could just carry close hauled —	Royals &c.
6	Strong Breeze		Single reefs and topgallantsails.
7	Moderate Gale		Double reefs, jib, &c.
8	Fresh Gale		Triple reefs, courses, &c.
9	Strong Gale		Close reefs, and courses.
10	Whole Gale	With which she could only bear close-reefed main topsail and reefed foresail.	
11	Storm	With which she would be reduced to storm staysails.	
12	Hurricane	To which she could show no canvas.	

Admiral Beaufort's scale was so carefully devised that a man-of-war could be used to check an estimate of wind force in the same way a standard weight might be used to check the weight of an object. What need was there for knowing the velocity in miles per hour when such a practical as well as reliable method of gauging the wind was available to the sailor?

With the development of the various national meteorological services, however, there arose the necessity of specifying the units of the Beaufort scale in terms of velocity, in order that weather reports from ships and from land stations (where it was customary to measure the *speed* of the wind) might be rendered comparable. As a result, independent determinations of velocity equivalents were undertaken by the London Meteorological Office and by the Deutsche Seewarte of Hamburg. The method by which these determinations were carried out was simple enough in principle. Experienced seamen were stationed at exposed coastal or island weather observatories where a full view of the sea made it possible readily to estimate the *force* of the wind. The estimates of these observers were then correlated with simultaneous readings of the *velocity* indicated by the observatory's anemometer.

Now there has always been a strong impression among meteorologists as well as laymen that there is a definite wind velocity for each Beaufort number, and that if an observer were actually at the position or level occupied by an anemometer his estimate should agree with the velocity recorded, no matter what the exposure of the anemometer. It was, therefore, somewhat perplexing to discover, when the results of the British and German investigations were published, that there was a pronounced disagreement between them. For example, when the British observers estimated the force of the wind to be 7 the average velocity was found to be 34 knots. But when the German anemometers recorded a 34-knot breeze the wind force was estimated as 9 by the observers.

It is unlikely that two groups of experienced seamen would consistently differ in their estimates by one or more units of force. Likewise, it is impossible that there could have been a national difference of this magnitude.

A further study of the problem revealed that the discrepancy was due to the difference in the exposures of the anemometers used in the separate investigations. The British equivalents were derived by comparing estimates and anemometer records at five meteorological observatories in different parts of England. The stations selected had unusually free exposures. Typical was the observatory at Scilly, where the site of the anemometer was the highest point on the island, about 130 feet above sea level. The anemometer itself stood about 30 feet above the ground. On the other hand, the anemometers used in the German investigation stood at comparatively low elevations above the ground and the surrounding sea. Furthermore, the exposures of the German stations were not as unobstructed as the British.

These facts lead to the conclusion that a good observer does not estimate the strength of the wind by the velocity of the current to which he is exposed. He uses the Beaufort scale to define a state of the atmosphere through a certain vertical range. When a sailor describes the wind as a strong breeze (force 6) we can measure its velocity and find that on the deck it is 20 knots while at the masthead it is 25 knots. This does not mean, however, that a man aloft will say it is blowing force 7 when the man on deck calls it force 6. The estimates will be in agreement, since an experienced seaman gauges the wind strength quite independently of his own situation, and does not change his estimate as he moves from place to place. This simply demonstrates that, whereas an estimate of the force of the wind is not influenced by the point of observation, a measurement of the velocity has little meaning unless the point of observation is specified. In other words, the exposure of the anemometer must be taken into account if it is desired to convert wind velocities recorded by an anemometer into Beaufort numbers.

A method by which allowances can be made for the exposure of the anemometer and, therefore, by which the British and German sets of velocity equivalents may be reconciled is offered by a series of experiments carried out by a German meteorologist. From his experiments it was found that the variation of wind velocity with height above ground over a level grass surface of great extent could be expressed up to an elevation of 100 feet by the formula

$$V = k\ (1.00 + 2.81 \log [H + 4.75]),$$

in which V = wind velocity in meters per second, k = a constant, and H = height (in meters) above ground. Substitution of various values for H shows, for example, that the velocity at 70 feet is about 25 per cent greater than at 20 feet.

It is the set of velocity equivalents obtained in the British investigation that is published in Bowditch and in other American nautical handbooks. For convenient reference they are reproduced in Table 2.

It cannot be emphasized too strongly that these values represent the average of the records of five anemometers, no two of which had exactly similar exposures. By averaging the exposures of these five instruments, in so far as it was possible to do so, it was deduced that the values in Table 2 were those which would be observed in the free air at a height of 33 feet above the sea. It is unfortunate that the table in Bowditch neglects to mention this, because it permits perpetuation of the idea that, regardless of the point of observation, there is but one fixed pair of velocity limits for each Beaufort number.

The equivalents given in Table 2 are *inferred* to be those which would be observed at a height of 33 feet *in a perfectly unobstructed exposure over the open sea.* They must be regarded as approximate, because not one anemometer used in the tests had an exposure completely comparable to a free air exposure above the surface of the ocean. Furthermore, the sea surface cannot be regarded as a level surface when the wind is strong; therefore, the logarithmic law for the variation of wind velocity with height over a level surface will not be strictly applicable.

TABLE 2. VELOCITY EQUIVALENTS OF THE BEAUFORT SCALE AS DETERMINED IN ENGLAND

Beaufort Number	*Equivalent Limits of Velocity (in Knots)*
0	Less than 1
1	1 to 3
2	4 to 6
3	7 to 10
4	11 to 16
5	17 to 21
6	22 to 27
7	28 to 33
8	34 to 40
9	41 to 47
10	48 to 55
11	56 to 65
12	Above 65

Of considerable interest are the velocities that would be *measured on the deck* of a ship in winds of different forces. In this connection it is decidedly worth while to mention a series of observations made on board the full-rigged ship *Gazelle* during a scientific cruise in the years 1874 to 1876. A portable anemometer was brought along, and regular Beaufort estimates and simultaneous measurements of the velocity were made. As the ship was of the type specified by Admiral Beaufort, the results are particularly pertinent to the problem, for the conditions specified by Beaufort could be controlled by the ship. There can be no doubt that the estimates of wind force were as nearly perfect as could be made, because the observer could compare directly the amount of sail carried by the ship with Beaufort's original specifications for the various units on his scale. The means of the measured velocities corresponding to the different estimates of force are shown in Table 3.

TABLE 3. VELOCITY EQUIVALENTS OF THE BEAUFORT SCALE AS MEASURED ON THE DECK OF A FULL-RIGGED SHIP

Beaufort Number	*Equivalents of Velocity (in Knots)*
1	3
2	6
3	9
4	13
5	16
6	19
7	23
8	28
9	34
10	41

(Continued on page 97)

J. S. Barnes

Start of last race. As perfect as possible except for one boat across too soon

RIVERTON SAILORS WIN COMET TITLE

By HERBERT L. STONE

IN THE closest, best sailed and hardest fought series yet sailed, forty-seven boats battled for championship honors in the fourth National Comet Class Regatta, sailed on Skaneateles Lake, N. Y., September 9th–11th. And when the smoke of battle blew away, a new champion emerged in Edward Merrill, gray-haired veteran of Riverton, N. J., who had to give his best to defeat a former champion, Roger Willcox, of Staten Island. It was not until the last leg of the last lap of the last race, sailed in a smashing breeze that sent the boats over the course in fast time, that the series was decided, for young Willcox was always a threat.

Entering the third race with a lead of only a quarter-point on his younger brother, Warner Willcox, and three points on Merrill, it looked as if one or the other of the Willcox family, who already had two championships to their credit, would take the series. To win, the Riverton skipper had to lead either of the Willcox brothers by four boats. The odds were great. But, getting away to a good start, Merrill worked his *Shu-Fly* to third position at the end of the first windward leg of the triangular course with Roger Willcox in seventh place, and going great guns.

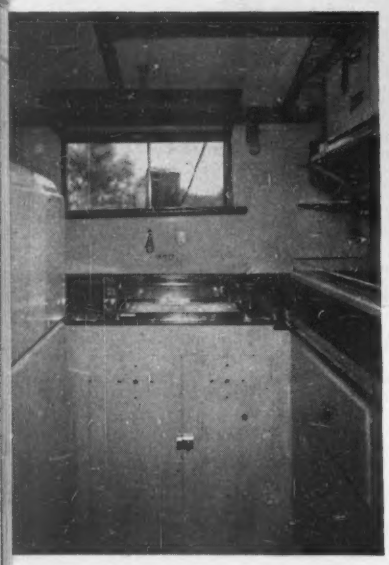
On the off wind legs, Merrill held his position with a three-boat lead and on the second windward leg Roger Willcox was bothered by a boat to windward of him and dropped back a place. If these positions could be maintained, the Riverton crew would win. Ahead of Merrill was Jack Melko, of Raritan, in *Eight Ball*. With his little boat fairly flying as she coasted down wind in the strong breeze, Merrill caught Melko just before the finish to slide into second place behind Verner Smythe, of Washington, in his *Sassy Too*, who had led the fleet from start to finish in this last race. This last minute burst put five boats between Merrill and Roger Willcox and gave the former victory in the series with 133 points to 130¼ for his younger competitor.

In this race it was most unfortunate that Warner Willcox, sailing last year's champion *Escargot*, was put out of the running at the start when fouled by another boat and had his mainsail torn through half its width. The offending boat withdrew but the damage had been done and, although

(Continued on page 102)

H. J. Borzner

Edward Merrill slipping across finish line four seconds ahead of Jack Melko to win the championship

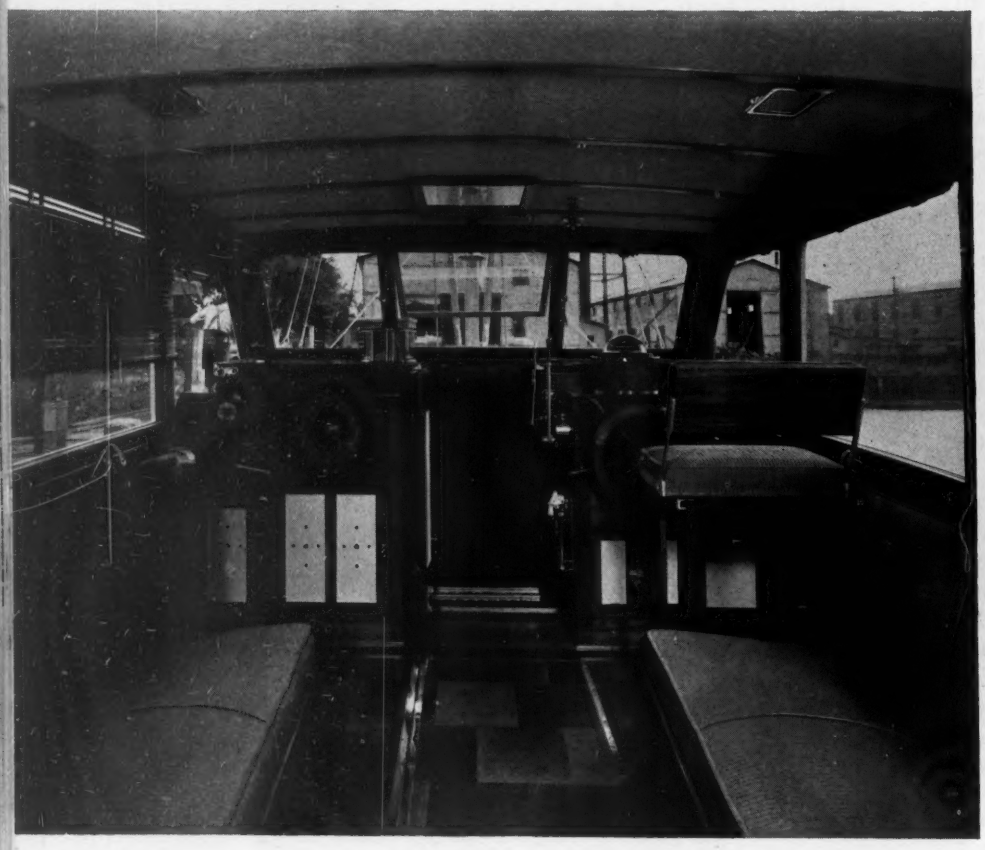


"VAGAMUNDO"

A Fast Yacht, With High Speed Diesels

This new motor yacht is one of the outstanding stock cruisers of the season and is, it is stated, the fastest Diesel-powered yacht of her inches in the country. She is a 50-footer, designed and built by The Matthews Company, of Port Clinton, Ohio, for an Eastern yachtsman who is a member of the Cruising Club of America and the Royal Nassau Sailing Club. He plans to use her cruising and fishing in the Bahamas and the Windward Islands.

Her power plant is a pair of the new Gray General Motors Diesels which develop 165 horse power each. On one of her trials, these turned 21" by 15" propellers at 1900 r.p.m. and drove "Vagamundo" at a maximum speed of 23½ miles per hour. With her tank capacity of 550 gallons of fuel, she has a cruising radius of nearly 1000 miles. On a recent run of 70 miles, with the engines turning at 1700 r.p.m., her speed was 20½ m.p.h. and the fuel consumption only 45 gallons — slightly more than 13 gallons



per hour. At the average price of fuel oil, this is remarkably inexpensive cruising.

"Vagamundo" has a complete angling outfit, auxiliary sails, electric windlass, automatic steering gear, three radio sets (one short wave), radio direction finder and many other special items of equipment.

"ALMA F"

Streamlined and Diesel Driven

Yachtsmen have long thought of the Diesel as a heavy, slow-moving piece of machinery that was suitable for large yachts or for working boats but not adapted for installation in a smart, fast boat of moderate size. The recent advent of the high speed Diesel has changed all this and the new engine is available for motive power of boats of moderate size such as the one shown on this page.

"Alma F" was built by Defoe Boat and Motor Works, of Bay City, Mich., for A. J. Fisher, of Detroit. The owner worked out much of the interior arrangement and is, to a large extent, responsible for her appearance. The streamlined design is effective in eliminating whistling and roaring of the wind around the square corners and overhangs of the conventional superstructure rather than in reducing direct head-on wind resistance and increasing speed. The upper works are extremely light and deckhouse and trunk tops are heat- and sound-insulated.

"Alma F" is 50' in length over all, 12' moulded beam and 3' 6" draft. She is powered with a pair of Gray General Motors Diesels, 6-cylinder engines developing 165 hp. each. At 1850 r.p.m., her speed is 20 m.p.h. and she cruises at 17½ miles at 1650 revolutions. Since the owner does not want any gas or gasoline aboard the yacht, the auxiliary generating set utilizes the same type of fuel as do the main engines.

Edwin Levick

Hard Luck! Roy Manny's "Night Wind" losing her parachute spinnaker on a run during the New York Yacht Club Cruise

"Motu," in which the author cruised around the Bahamas, as seen from "Charter Oak"

"MOTU" GOES TO ANDROS

By

CARROL KLOTZBACH

FOR years I have been bumping into various bits of information about Andros Island, Bahamas. Sometimes it has been a wreck on Andros, other times I have read of obeah goings on, another article I dimly remember concerned an expedition into "the interior." Then, too, place names have always had an enchantment for me and "Andros" has been one that I've done a bit of fireside conjuring with. So I wasn't surprised when I found myself practically there, believing, with others, that if one thinks of a thing often enough it will happen.

When we sailed from Miami in *Motu*, we cleared for "The Bahamas." This is a rather vague proceeding in view of the fact that the Bahamas cover thousands of square miles of ocean and are so numerous that duplication in names is almost a necessity. We — Alice and I — knew we were going to Bimini; beyond that, we had no plans. We thought we'd get to Bimini first and then take stock.

As it chanced, we were spared any effort when we did make Bimini. Entering that one time hive of bootleggers and present Mecca of big game fishermen, we encountered Bet and Desmond Holdridge in *Charter Oak* who had preceded us by a matter of a month. We had been sojourning with them for a time in the Keys and only a sour engine had kept us from sailing with them. We supposed them lost somewhere in the maze of islands; instead, they had stopped at Bimini to take up the slack in a novel and snaggle a few fish. At the time of our arrival, their plans had matured somewhat and they were off for Nassau the next morning — and there was our plan ready made for us. All we had to do was join them and be spared the effort of making a plan.

Next morning, as per schedule, we stood down to Gun Cay Cut and then eastward over the bank, both our 34-foot cutters footing nicely in the steady trade. Holdridge did the heavy navigating; we just wagged along like the old cow's tail. By nightfall, we had beat out into the deeper water near the middle of the banks and there we anchored in the stiff chop that had made up in the hardened wind of the late afternoon. A most uncomfortable night followed, *Motu* bending and dragging her small anchor. There was little rest; the boats plunged all night long and sleep below was hardly possible.

The second day was a repetition of the first; we resumed our beat to windward. Banks sailing is a bit nerve-wracking to those who are for the first time in the crystal clear waters of the islands. The bottom eternally seems to be coming up; there is a saucerlike effect, with the boat in the only deep water, surrounded by a perfectly circular shoal. After a time one becomes accustomed to this and, with experience, comes the ability to gauge the depth by color and appearance. Unfortunately, the great "muds" are quite lifeless so far as visible life is concerned; a few starfish and sea biscuit are all that one may see in a day's sail. Near rocks and coral the story is different, also on "barry" bottom, for it is then that one sees great rockfish and grouper, shark, barracouta and the many small, brilliantly colored fishes of tropic seas. "Barry" bottom in the Bahamas means hard bottom, usually

The sea breaks constantly on the rocks of Channel Island Point, Abaco

We took the missionary to some of the outlying points in his parish

rock and coarse sand, where are found the sea fans and feathers; coral takes root and grows and crawfish live in the crevices. Good bottom to stay away from with a deep draft boat.

All day we beat and in the light of the waxing moon continued until we made smoother water in the warm puffs coming off the northwest shoulder of Andros, anchoring immediately when the water shoaled to one and one half fathoms. This night was better, we believe, though all hands slept so soundly that any report must be made purely by conjecture.

Come morning and there was Andros, its fuzzy pines rising three miles to the eastward. Sailing northward alongshore, we made out a number of sponge sloops and schooners anchored close in under Crab Cay and, hoping that they drew as much water as we, stood in for information.

Our approach caused a bit of stir, these spongers being on closed territory and fearful that we were "gum'ment" boats. When we anchored, this little matter cleared itself up and we were besieged by visitors, all with a burning desire to be pilot, quoting fees that made us feel we were in the *Queen Mary* rather than in our small ships. During this corroboree we learned of a passage between Crab and Fish Cays and the north end of Andros; we were assured of "plenty water," no humbug. Could we get through there, we would save many miles of sailing around the uncharted area northwest of the island. The chart indicated one half and one fourth fathoms in spots but our informants seemed so positive that we started out, acquiring one Nathanael Cornreus as pilot, *Charter Oak* leading, *Motu* again tailing. We managed two miles and then both boats grounded simultaneously, some distance apart. In *Motu*, we managed to get off and find a deeper hole where we promptly anchored to wait for *Charter Oak* and the pilot. They soon joined us and we were again under way, only to find a little deeper water for anchorage, our pilot telling us the tide was falling and we should wait until the big spring that made about midnight. So we settled to wait and rest and have the first leisurely dinner in four days. The Holdridges came over and proceeded to dust off a whopping pan of ham and kraut bolstered by mashed spuds and loganberries, a curious meal for the locality and no doubt a most curious one to the pilot. We expected him to balk at the kraut but he polished the plate like a Southern Maryland coon dog.

It is possible that the strange vittles may have ruined our pilot's judgment. Under way again in the brilliant moonlight, we grounded repeatedly and, finally, had to give up and go back. At anchor again (and aground at low water), we turned in for a few hours' rest. On the rising tide next morning, we attempted to get out to deep water. *Charter Oak* had no great trouble as she drew five or six inches less water than *Motu*. We, however, were in difficulties. With the wind astern, we had no help from heeling; with the keel flat on bottom, we could make no headway. We made it in rather strange fashion, with my wife's 140 pounds in a bosun's chair at the end of the boom, thus heeling the boat enough to break the grip of the sand. In this manner we proceeded a good two miles, *Motu* scooting along with a fine plume of disturbed sand spurting from her keel and Alice in mortal fear of a jibe. The *West Indies Pilot* fails to mention this method of reducing draft in shoal water. I can recommend it; all one needs is a hefty wife.

The rest of the day we spent in sailing through the area shown on the chart as "foul ground" and a large patch of no soundings, to wind up late at night in Lowe Sound, at anchor in eight feet in a place marked "Canoes Cross at Low Water" and only two miles to the eastward of our starting point. During all this grounding, we had enjoyed several pilots. Nathanael had left us, our latest and seemingly permanent acquisition being named Herbert Grant. Herbert seized upon us as a heaven sent means of escape from his native home and seemingly was content to come along *sans* pay or official position, requesting only that he have the dinghy for a visit home for clothing, what he was wearing resembling the famed wardrobe of Gunga Din. . . . "Nothing much before and rather less than 'arf of that be'ind."

Here we connived at a ridiculous piece of business. *Motu's* water tank had dried up early in the day, much to my surprise. (I later discovered a tiny leak.) So, just before Herbert shoved off for home and his other suit, I hailed Holdridge, requesting a pail of water. He obligingly sent Herbert over for our pail and returned it full up, Herbert went on home and we had our coffee and then went to bed. Next morning, I began razzing Holdridge about the murky quality of the water supplied only to have him inform me that he had sent us (unwittingly) the *last drop* they had, the next stroke of the pump bringing nothing but foul air. Fortunately, we had enough to make coffee for all hands.

A Cherokee smack bowls into the Harbor of Nassau, with her canvas swelling to the urge of the Trade Wind

With Alice in a bosun's chair hung from the boom end, "Motu" scooted along with a plume of disturbed sand spurting from the keel

Nassau Harbor shelters everything from liners and palatial yachts to local smacks and other small fry

Upon the arrival of Herbert, he informed us of a fine well only a short sail distant. We set out and sailed into a vest pocket sized harbor between two rocky points, anchored and negotiated for a barrel of the precious fluid. No one thought to taste it at the time. When we tried it later, we thought immediately of poison.

Thence we sailed around Morgan's Bluff, a forbidding, high, honeycombed cliff that extended nearly to Nicollstown. The passage between reef and bluff is not recommended for one with a weak heart. There are plenty of submerged rocks and considerable swell makes over the reef. Had we but known it, here at Morgan's Bluff is an excellent place to refill the ship's strong box; all one needs is a "magnet." Some of Morgan's treasure is supposed to be buried here — according to George Brooks, tall black man. He told us he would have found it long ago but had not the necessary gadget mentioned above. Neither had we, so there it is; go and get it. Should someone beat you to it, don't be discouraged; just ask the first person you meet and you'll hear of another great treasure or a number of them. One begins to believe that these islands are supported beneath by ancient, ironbound, oaken chests filled with pieces of eight.

A mile below Nicollstown we anchored in Conch Sound, a fine place with plenty of water but spread on too thin. Here we left Herbert in charge and all hands trekked along the rocky road to Nicollstown.

Our stay in Conch Bay was brief. Though we all wished for a rest, we wanted to take our ease in a place not so exposed and boasting a little more water than barely sufficient to float us at mean low water. Another conference with Herbert and we decided to go on to Fresh Creek for narrower anchorage and deeper water. So away we went, Holdridge and the pilot leading southward behind the reef to Staniard Creek, thence out in the blue to Fresh Creek and in to find both features desired, the water deep enough and the anchorage dang near too narrow to anchor.

The settlement at Coakley Town is small and poor but not so poor that visitors cannot be entertained. We were intent on rest, however, and for two whole days we loafed and fished. We departed Fresh Creek and, sailing across to Nassau, we discovered the best Bahama conjure for a calm.

M. Rosenfeld

We sang "Hol him Joe." It held, all right, and brought on the first calm in four months.

To the Hole-in-the-Wall, on the southernmost tip of Great Abaco, from Nassau, on New Providence, the distance is 48 miles, N by E¼E Mag., and from there on to the first decent shelter is another 38 miles to Pelican Harbor. Cherokee Sound and Little Harbor intervene; they are difficult and shoal and not to be attempted without local knowledge.

Good old "local knowledge." You appear all over the pilot books. Clubhouse sages, whose cruising is confined to being hove to at the end of the bar behind the peanut machine, love to spin tall yarns of cruises they made in the dim and distant past. To me, so far, you have been proved a a fraud and sham and an old putter-agrounder. Until I have aboard a guaranteed lie detector, I'll have no more of local knowledge.

Motu and *Charter Oak* made Nassau at night in a flat calm. What with *Charter Oak's* engine having a spell of water in the cylinder, a slow arrival it was, *Motu's* teensy-weensy plant not being up to a good job of towing. We crept in, managed to miss the mooring buoys spotted around the turning basin off Prince George's dock, plumped over the anchor in fifteen feet and were astounded to see it plainly in the rays of the flashlight.

In the morning, after a most official appearing visit by the 'Arbor Master in a launch flying an ensign big enough to cover the boat, we settled down to looking over the poinciana trees, debating the merits of Boars Head as agin Tennants, shooing off chiselers and absorbing a large dose of local knowledge preparatory to shoving off for parts as yet undecided upon. The Holdridges — bless them — moved into a house at Cable Beach. Or, rather, they moved into a shower bath alongside and ate and slept in the house. We visited now and then and helped lower the town water supply, that shower needing no valve during our stay.

Between visits, Holdridge grappled with proofs and Bet with a housemaid imported from Fresh Creek. Pancakes to her were just one giant cake three inches thick and twelve across, it being much simpler to mix up the whole box of flour and fry it all at once. We, between baths, struggled mightily with a school of tuna and retired defeated, successfully snagged a considerable number of barracouta and soaked up what the old seamen, pilots all, had to offer in their aitchless English.

Four weeks of this and things were becoming a bit confused, the opinions varying from day to day and contradictory reports from the same persons not helping much. The Exeumas are marvelous cruising waters — and yet they are not because there are no harbors; there are harbors but they are not deep enough; there are harbors plenty deep but with shallow banks that prevent entering; there are sandflies; there are no sandflies; Long Island is fine but the people are or are not. One thing we heard with great regularity was that the harbor at Hopetown was fine and that in the Abaco Group were other harbors of great security. This, coupled with the arrival of the hurricane season, sent us northward for 'appy H'Abaco.

The course and distance mentioned previously in this informative piece are from the chart. But that isn't the way it is done at all according to our friend local knowledge. No sir! Not your old Bahamian pilot. You leave the twinkling lights of Nassau astern, clear the bar off Hog Island, set course as above for Hole-in-the-Wall and then "steer 'igh h'until you spot H'Egg H'Island and then bear h'off h'until 'Ole-h'in-the-Vall h'is h'under the lee," and so to your destination. Thus one sails a fine triangular course (Egg Island being some 38 miles NE of Nassau), making the distance about 60 miles instead of 48 if one works it right and also making sure of defeating the horrible current that is reported to exist in the Northeast Providence Channel. Good old local knowledge spins some awesome tales of this current. It sets SW and also NE, to say nothing of the times when it sets NW or E. And what a setter it is! Folks relate making landfalls on the Berry Islands, 30 miles westward of the course; others tell how they have bowled into Six Shilling Cays, 25 miles to the eastward, and I wouldn't be surprised to hear of someone being set right into Fort Worth Inlet, Florida, one of these times. That current, she's bad.

We decided to stick to our badly lighted compass and make allowance for leeway, the wind being E by N. So, at 11:00 p.m., in the light of the moon, we set out for Abaco. From our moorings off the Royal Nassau Sailing Club, we stood out on the range past 'Ogg H'Island and braved the treacherous current, shaking in our bare feet and taking apprehensive bearings astern to make sure that the mad current would not be setting us over toward Gibraltar or the Cape of Good Hope. This seemingly natural proceeding of getting under way and sailing out of the harbor mouth was in itself a violation of Bahamian procedure. The time honored Abaconian method of determining whether or not to start out is to weigh, make sail and then beat up to Prince George's dock, thence making a board over toward Hog Island on the starboard tack. If you're able to lay the pink stucco powder house on the island, the wind is supposedly right for Hole-in-the-Wall. We had discovered that the wind in the harbor was no accurate guide to that to be found a mile offshore, so we defied local tradition and proceeded as per Bowditch.

This being July and within the hurricane season, the Trade had become fitful and this night it softened up to an annoying degree. The springs were on and a big rolling sea came in from the eastward, making it difficult sailing. In the troughs, we had too little wind and the boom whanged a bit. My reckoning of speed was over optimistic also so that by 5:00 a.m., when, according to my figures, we should have had the light on the Hole winking on the horizon, we had nothing but paling stars and a fear that Ol' Dabbil Current had snuck up and ruined us. Finally, we resorted to power to save uprooting the main sheet deck horse and ripping the mainsail and our almost overwrought nerves. Down came the mainsail and, while stopping it up, a huge black shape rose from the depths in a slather of foam about 150 feet ahead, blew a fine steamy plume in time to show it was a whale and not a rock and leisurely submerged, to reappear 300 feet abeam. My mate's first view of a whale not reeking of formaldehyde left her gasping while I indulged in a few gulps myself, our friend being maybe 55 feet over all and my gifted imagination furnishing details as to what would have happened should he have dreamily risen under the keel. Only the preceding night we had enjoyed a tale about *Hippocampus*, which little ship, now owned in Nassau, had been returning from a trip to Andros, when — under power and with no sail on — she rose considerably and suddenly from her usual water lines and proceeded along in a most disconcerting manner as though, as her occupants thought, she were on a whale's barnacle-encrusted back. Gazing overside, they saw a greatly increased boot top but no whale and, after they had recovered sufficiently to make a scientific investigation, found that her outside ballast had plunged for the bottom, perhaps to land squarely on top of one of the giant "scuttles" or squid reputed to crowd the waters of the Tongue.

Not long after, while trying to keep an egg from sliding off my plate (Note for seagoers: eggs with rope soles probably would not slip about so badly), we saw the spindle of the light rising over the horizon just a mite over the port bow and not at all where it should have been had that current been on the job. We heaved a sigh of relief and the remains of breakfast overboard and wallowed on, to and past the

(Continued on page 108)

UNDER THE LEE OF THE LONGBOAT

By "SPUN YARN"

ON the press boat during one of the British-American Cup races, there was a stranger who watched me inscribing pot-hooks in a little notebook that I carry for the purpose and who said he couldn't imagine how I was able to decipher my hieroglyphics when they were cold. Whereupon I told him that he had surprised one of my most closely guarded secrets — that I don't try to decipher my own notes but adopt the more intelligent device of reading Bill Taylor's description of the race in the next issue of the *Herald Tribune*.

You can imagine my confusion, however, when one of this magazine's subscribers mailed me the headline and subhead of Bill's story of another race, which read:

> Jubilee Wins First of 5 Races
> For Atlantic Coast Star Crown
> Giants Look on as Bucs Add
> to Lead by 3-Run Blast Off
> Bryant, Who Walks 7

The question is, who covered the yacht race for Bill Taylor while he snuk off and parked himself at the ball game? Or was he in both places at once? He's big enough, blast him.

The Lee Rail Vikings have lain remorsefully dormant ever since somebody told the Boss that by use of this harmless fiction I seemed to be hoisting myself to the status of arbiter of sportsmanship and ethics. But I revive them (with apologies) for a couple of items that are on the agenda at the present time.

Morrow Krum, in his story of the race from Chicago to Mackinac in the September number, asked parenthetically how the Vikings stand in the delicate matter of barging at the start of a long distance race. Well, we favor port-tacking if our members' yachts are big enough to be respected, but we concentrate more especially on being present in spectator boats and getting in the way of the competitors. Some of our junior members were in a little yawl at Portland at the start of the Monhegan Race. They ruined the start of three of the four boats in the rating division, and desisted only when somebody shouted a warning which combined in four choice words a doubt of their cleanliness, their size, and their paternity. They'll be on hand with all their *élan* on some future occasion, but while the echoes reverberated from Portland Head they suffered a virulent case of jitters.

As to the other item, one of our scouts has discovered an easy way to make trouble by insisting upon strict observance of the letter of a law. It appears (1) in the *Pilot Rules* that sailing vessels shall display the same lights that steamships do "with the exception of the white lights mentioned therein, which they shall never carry." It also appears (2) that many modern yachts display a truck light in whose bright glare the helmsman can observe his nighthawk, or wind pennant, and that by the wording of the *Pilot Rules* this is illegal. Furthermore, it chances (3) that one of the rules under which yacht races are sailed provides that "The government regulations regarding lights and fog signals shall be observed." Hence (4) a sailing yacht which displays a truck light in a night race is not only liable to disqualification for violation of regulations but is in danger of being pinched by the Coast Guard. So here we have an ethical problem that is keeping the Vikings awake o' nights. Shall we on the one hand privately warn our own members not to burn truck lights and on the other hand protest boats from rival clubs for infraction of the rule; or shall we lift the whole dilemma above the plane of ethics and inform the Federal authorities of every yacht owner who carries the illegal light? The hard way of getting Congress to amend the *Pilot Rules* to permit the use of truck lights on sailing yachts was rejected by the Vikings on a *viva voce* vote.

Although the race to Dinard, France, in the summer of 1940 has progressed no farther than a conversational stage in the deliberations of the Cruising Club of America, the Royal Ocean Racing Club, and the Yacht Club de Dinard, I have already heard of two owners who profess a desire to sail the Transatlantic course. Provided there's no war in Europe, 1940 will be a good year in which to sail the race as it will not only not conflict with the Honolulu Race of 1939 (preparations for which among Eastern yachtsmen are already under way) but will become a sequel to the Bermuda Race, which will be sailed in June of 1940. Perhaps by then there'll be a couple of new ocean racing schooners to show the yawls whatfor in a reaching race. . . . Hey, Skipper, sign me on.

A friend in the publishing business has asked me to review *In Hazard* by Richard Hughes, author of that delightful story of ten years ago entitled *The Innocent Voyage*. Although I'm not a reviewer, I enjoyed the yarn a lot. The publishers hail it as a worthy successor to Conrad's *Typhoon*,

(Continued on page 100)

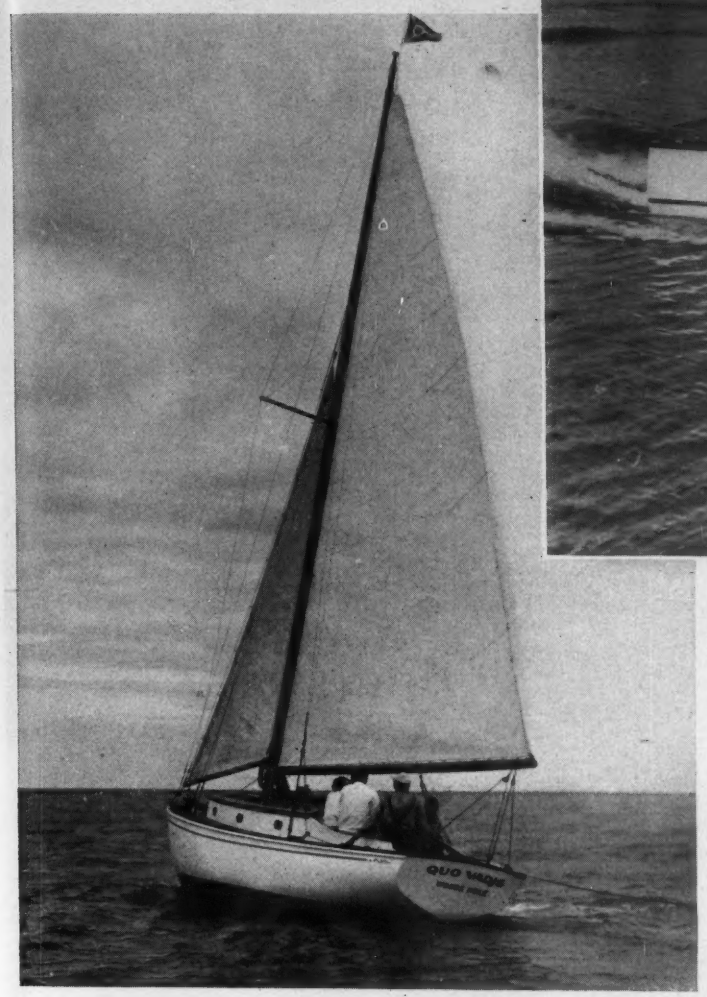
Right, "Nordley" is one of the new "Sport Fishermen" designed and built by Owens Yacht Company, of Baltimore, Md. She is a 30-footer and, driven by a 6-cylinder Gray engine, travels at a 16-mile pace.

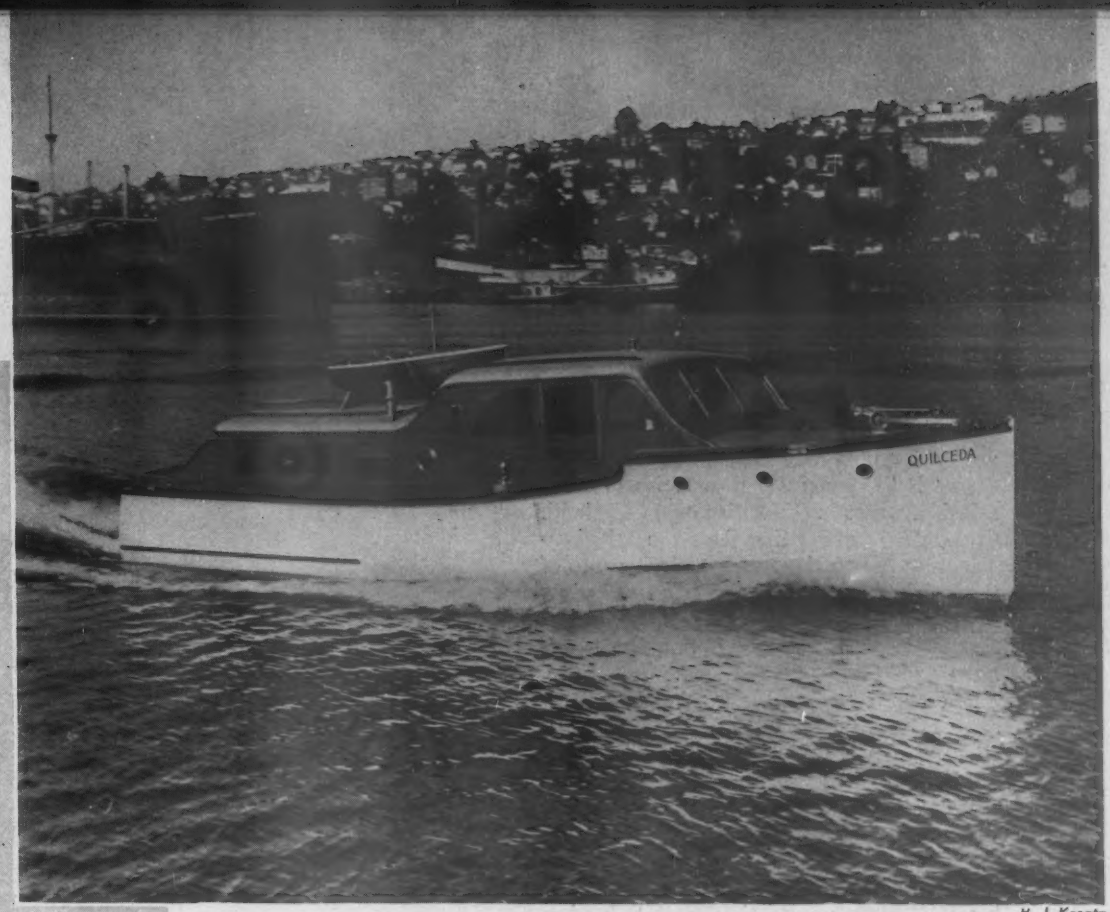
This 40-foot Chris-Craft commuter was recently shipped to L. D. Beaumont, Commodore of the Cannes Yacht Club, Cannes, France. Two V-12 Scripps engines of 316 horse power each drive her better than 35 miles per hour.

Below, "Hellu" was designed by Fred J. Peterson and built by the Peterson Boat Works of Sturgeon Bay, Wis., for Hunter S. Marston, of Watch Hill, R. I. She is 55' in length over all, 12' 8" beam and 4' 2" draft. Two 6-cylinder Buda Diesels furnish the motive power.

M. Rosenfeld

"Quo Vadis" (below) is a stock auxiliary designed by B. T. Dobson, of New Bedford, and built by the Palmer Scott yard. She is 25' over all, 20' 7" l.w.l., 8' 6" beam and 3' 11" draft. A 10 hp. Universal Blue Jacket engine is installed. She is owned by E. N. Harvey, of Princeton, N. J., and Woods Hole.





K. J. Krantz

N. F. Oldenburg's "Quilceda" hails from the Northwest Coast. She is 38' in length over all, 10' beam and 3' 6" draft. Her engine is a Kermath Sea Mate which develops 90–110 hp. and, turning an 18" by 12" propeller, gives the yacht a speed of 12 knots.

Flying the flag of the United States Power Squadrons from the starboard spreader and the insignia of the Gold Cup Committee from the port one, this new 33-footer, one of the 1939 fleet of motor cruisers built by the Richardson Boat Co., showed her paces at Detroit on Labor Day.

M. Rosenfeld

RACING NEWS OF THE MONTH

"Gossoon" Wins Great Lakes Class R Championship

THE Universal "R" Class championship of the Great Lakes, symbolized in the Richardson Trophy, was captured by the Chicago "R" *Gossoon II*, in a series of races sailed August 24th–26th off Cleveland. *Gossoon II*, representing the Lake Michigan Yachting Association, made a clean sweep of the series by taking three firsts from *Shadow*, representing the Lake Yacht Racing Association, and *Lightnin'*, representing the Inter-Lake Yachting Association.

The Yacht Racing Union Challenge Cup, more often called the Richardson Trophy, after its donor, Commodore S. O. Richardson, Toledo, was first raced for in 1912 in Class P. The deed of gift was later changed and the cup was made a perpetual trophy for Class R yachts. In winning this year, the L.M.Y.A. has evened its score with the L.Y.R.A. at five each, the I.L.Y.A. having held the prize twice.

In the first race, sailed in a heavy sea with a dying northeast wind, Malcolm Vail, owner and skipper of *Gossoon II*, was first over the starting line and held his lead for the entire distance twice around a triangular course. *Shadow*, owned and skippered by Ken Castle, Rochester, tacked inshore shortly after crossing and never regained what she lost by this gamble. *Lightnin'*, skippered by Mason Rumney, laid off and footed, but was overpowered in the heavy going and lost steadily to *Gossoon II*.

In the second race, sailed over a windward-leeward course in a light northeast breeze, *Gossoon* lost the start to *Shadow*, and on the beat to the windward mark lost another place to *Lightnin'*. On the spinnaker run to the home mark, however, the Chicago "R" sailed right through the lee first of *Shadow* and then of *Lightnin'*, to round 19 minutes and 37 seconds ahead. This short lead was lost on the second beat and, when the weather mark was reached, *Lightnin'* and *Shadow* were ahead. During the run to the finish line the wind hauled more abeam, and *Gossoon II* was unable to overtake the others until a quarter-mile from the finish line when the wind again went dead astern, and the Chicago boat carried *Lightnin'* and *Shadow* upwind by threatening to pass them to windward, and then, only a few lengths from the finish line, jibed and crossed 19 seconds ahead of *Shadow*, with *Lightnin'* only 5 seconds farther astern.

Gossoon II's fast jibe was the work of Eddie Schnabel, owner of the Class R *Yankee*, who was first to introduce the double-ended spinnaker pole to Chicago. In light weather the forward guy is dispensed with, and the after guy and sheet are identical. In jibing, the pole is taken from the mast, snapped into the clew — whereupon this sheet then becomes the new after guy — while the tack is unsnapped from the pole, leaving the old after guy still attached to become the new sheet. Almost no adjustment of sheet and guy is required, and the sail is full and drawing all the time. While the light canvas man jibes the spinnaker, the mainsail is also jibed, and the whole operation is usually completed in only a few seconds.

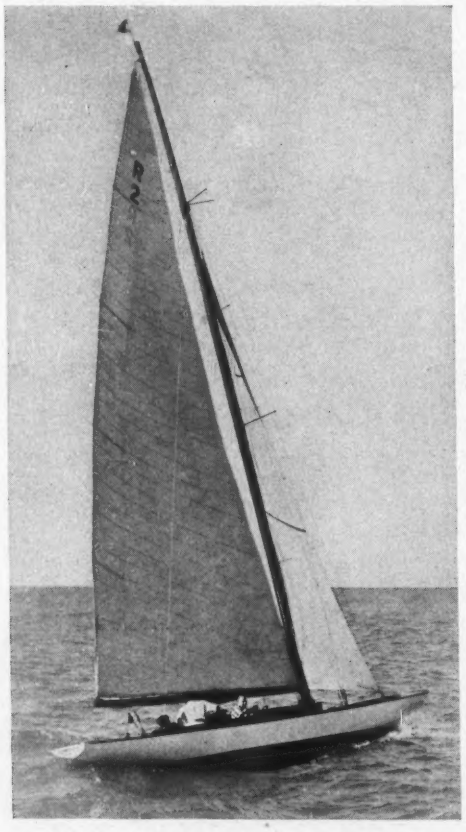
The third race was sailed in a 15-mile northwester. *Lightnin'* bore down the starting line and inadvertently interfered with *Shadow*, approaching the line close hauled, and was disqualified after the race. *Gossoon II*, last across the starting line, tacked out into the lake in the wake of *Lightnin'*, soon passing her to windward. *Lightnin'* is one of the early "R" boats, being short on the water line and having a flat stern and raised forward deck. *Shadow* found the heavier going more to her liking and also passed *Lightnin'*.

The second and third legs were processions sailed with reaching spinnakers, the wind increasing to a velocity of about 25 m.p.h. in the puffs. *Gossoon II* sliced around the course in fast time, stretching out her lead over *Shadow* and *Lightnin'* until she crossed the finish line for her third win.

The 1938 Richardson races were held under the auspices of the Cleveland Yachting Club, located at Rocky River, a few miles from Cleveland proper. On the Yacht Racing Union committee in charge of the affair were George D. Orr, Chicago, representing the L.M.Y.A., W. V. Castle, Rochester, representing the L.Y.R.A., and Alexander Winton, Jr., I.L.Y.A., Cleveland. THOS. B. LAKE

M. Rosenfeld

"Little Sister," designed by P. L. Rhodes of Cox & Stevens, was built by Gray Boats for H. P. Macdonald, of New York. She is 27' 1½" over all, 22' 1" l.w.l., 8' 3" beam and 4' 2" draft. A Gray Sea Scout drives her at 7 knots

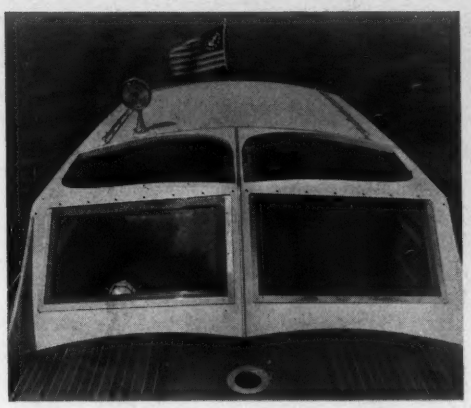


Malcolm Vail's "Gossoon II," representing the Lake Michigan Yachting Association, won the Richardson Trophy off Rocky River, Ohio

Pequot Retains Sears Cup

THE Pequot Yacht Club's sizable junior organization showed again that it excels in quality as well as quantity by winning the Sears Cup, emblematic of the national junior sailing championship, during the last week of August. This was the second successive year in which Pequot's representatives have taken the cup but, in order to keep it, Bob Gordon and his crew had to use every bit of the knowledge they have gleaned in their many years of training off Southport.

South Boston, with Harry McDonough at the helm, was second, and South Shore, of Milwaukee, third under the leadership of William Dreher. The other crews, all champions in their respective districts, represented the Cotuit Mosquito Club, from Cape Cod; Annisquam, from North of Cape Ann; Watch Hill, the Rhode Island champions; Richmond County, from Staten Island, N. Y.; and Buck's Harbor, Maine.



Eight races were sailed, two a day for four days, in boats of the Atlantic Class. Competition was exceedingly keen with a different crew leading on points at the end of each of the first six races. In that race, Gordon took Pequot's only first and went out ahead in the score. In the last two races he sailed hard but conservatively, and, with a third and a second, was able to wind up the series with a lead of 3½ points over South Boston.

SEARS CUP

Club	*Position*								*Points*
Pequot	2	7	6	2	3	1	3	2	45¼
South Boston	7	1	1	5	8	3	4	1	42¾
South Shore	5	3	3	1	6	7	2	2	42¼
Cotuit	6	8	2	8	5	4	1	4	34¼
Annisquam	3	2	5	7	4	5	6	6	34
Watch Hill	4	4	4	3	2	8	8	5	34
Richmond County	1	6	8	6	1	2	7	8	33½
Buck's Harbor	8	5	7	4	7	6	5	7	23

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"Blitzen" and "Dorothy Q" Take Stamford-Vineyard Race

WHEN 36 windjammers crossed the line early in the evening of September 1st to start the Stamford Yacht Club's annual race to Vineyard Sound Lightship and return, the fleet resembled closely the group which had started for Bermuda two months earlier. With only four or five exceptions, all the boats were built within the last three or four years and there was plenty of fast company in both classes. More than half the larger class had at least one Bermuda passage under their keels.

M. Rosenfeld

Here is the latest product of the Hubert S. Johnson Boat and Engine Works, of Bay Head, N. J. She is a 33-footer and is powered with a pair of 8-cylinder engines developing 175 hp. each

When they finished a day and a half later, it still looked much like the results of the Bermuda Race. It was *Blitzen* and *Baruna* again, with the former on top this time, although *Baruna* lowered the course record to 33 hours 51 minutes in finishing first. *Escapade*, second to finish, also broke the old record by over an hour. In Class B, F. S. Bissell's little Alden yawl *Dorothy Q* had a margin of less than ten minutes over Robert Leeson's Rhodes-designed *Narwhal*. These two Down East entries took the measure of the best Long Island Sound had to offer with over an hour to spare.

At the start there was a barely perceptible breeze from the south which gave steerageway but not much more. Soon there was nothing but the first of the ebb tide to help the fleet along. Most of them attempted to work over toward Long Island but they had no more than started that way when a light nor'wester came in under the Connecticut shore. *Kirawan II*, *Edlu*, *Escapade*, *Roulette* and *Blitzen* got this new breeze early and filled away down the Sound with sheets well off and spinnakers set. *Blitzen*, in fact, set a big Twelve-Metre spinnaker and doused her mainsail, there being restrictions on the number but not on the size of sails in this race.

That group looked good for a while but, soon after dark, the nor'wester petered out and *Nedumo*, *Baruna* and others which had kept to the southward soon picked up a fine southerly which took its time about working out beyond mid-Sound. This breeze lasted until dawn and carried a dozen or more of the larger boats out to The Race and Plum Gut where it slackened up just enough so that little progress was made against the last of the flood. The race practically started over again there. When the tide turned and a fresh southerly came in, the yachts were off for the lightship at a merry pace.

During the day it blew well up to twenty knots and, with reaching canvas set, the big boats romped out ahead at 9 and 10 knots. The leaders reached the lightship in the early afternoon. *Baruna* was first and behind her came *Escapade*, *Mandoo II*, *Edlu II*, *Blitzen*, the three fast stepping "Q" boats, *Cotton Blossom*, *Hornet* and *Lone Star*, and then *Rampage*, *Nedumo* and *Kirawan*.

The southerly held beautifully all day and most of the night and the big, powerful leaders streaked back on a close reach almost as fast as they had gone out. *Baruna* increased her lead and *Blitzen*, with her biggest Genoa pulling like a locomotive, made fine weather of it and fast time. *Baruna* finished at 3:51 a.m. Sunday, just before the wind softened up considerably. About dawn it came back in but farther ahead. *Escapade*, *Mandoo* and *Edlu* were able to lay the finish line and finished in that order. *Blitzen* had to make one short hitch but from then on it was dead to windward for the smaller boats. *Kirawan II* showed conclusively that a centerboarder can close reach and go to windward by going even better on the way back than she had going out. She finished third on corrected time, only 24 minutes behind the winning *Blitzen*. If it had not been for the head wind the last morning, she would undoubtedly

At the National Sweepstakes Regatta, in Red Bank, N. J., the 225 Class produced a real battle. It was won by "Tops II"

have won. *Dorothy Q*, winner among the smaller boats, placed seventh in the combined fleet. Summaries:

CLASS A — START 6 P. M. FRIDAY — 232 MILES

Yacht and owner	Finish	Corrected time
Blitzen, R. J. Reynolds	7:44:08 a.m.	31:52:41
Baruna, H. C. Taylor	3:51:54 a.m.	32:01:14
Kirawan II, R. P. Baruch	10:58:17 a.m.	32:16:42
Cotton Blossom II, W. H. Wheeler, Jr.	9:46:23 a.m.	32:41:36
Escapade, H. G. Fownes	5:02:08 a.m.	32:52:25
Rampage II, A. W. Page	12:21:49 p.m.	33:31:05
Edlu II, R. J. Schaefer	6:54:27 a.m.	33:52:17
Lone Star, John Markell	11:30:15 a.m.	33:56:35
Capella, J. W. Hubbell	9:58:17 a.m.	34:11:37
Spookie, H. T. White, Jr.	1:22:29 p.m.	34:22:17
Cherry Blossom, E. T. Rice	1:51:21 p.m.	34:32:56
Mandoo II, D. S. Berger	5:53:56 a.m.	34:35:34
**Curlew*, A. B. Rosenberg	2:00:18 p.m.	34:47:15
Roulette, H. M. Campbell	12:02:34 p.m.	34:50:52
Hornet, A. V. Bunnell	12:16:16 p.m.	34:54:57
Nedumo, H. M. Devereux	1:43:00 p.m.	34:58:24
Rissa, S. De Hart	2:45:07 p.m.	35:54:55
Silvana, K. B. Noble	1:00:42 p.m.	35:56:31
Nordlys, C. Bowles	11:07:41 a.m.	38:10:43

*Protested by *Nedumo*.

CLASS B

Dorothy Q, F. S. Bissell	33:38:11
Narwhal, Robt. A. Leeson	33:47:36
Ginger, John F. Gorby	34:54:52
Madcap III, E. P. Bullard 3d	35:18:01
Duckling, W. P. Curtiss, Jr.	35:43:50
Dawnell II, Harold M. Scott, Jr.	36:12:59
Neaptide, Jas. S. Eyre	36:15:53
Avance, Robert F. De Coppet	36:20:50
Delight, W. P. Curtiss, Jr.	36:35:16
Sirocco, Paul Sperry	36:40:52
Chanteyman, Edward L. Raymond, Jr.	37:18:42
Lucky Star, R. O. H. Hall	37:04:33
Sally IX, A. Gerald Wilson	37:34:24
Meridian, Herman H. Wiegand	39:40:00
White Squall, Prescott B. Huntington	43:25:05
Lady Esther, Douglas P. Babbridge	45:57:15

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Many New Records at National Sweepstakes Regatta

THIS year's National Sweepstakes Regatta, at Red Bank, N. J., on August 20th and 22nd, was notable mainly as the regatta in which an outboard first exceeded a mile a minute pace in competition. Young Clinton Ferguson, of Waban, Mass., turned the trick and did it with several seconds to spare in hanging up a new world record of 61.392 m.p.h. in the second heat of the Class X open event. World records were also set in three other outboard classes, "A" Amateur, "B" Amateur, and Midget. The featured inboard events were reasonably well contested but only the "225" championship produced a real fight. The National Sweepstakes, supposedly the star event of the program, was actually nothing but an easy cruise for *Juno*, John Rutherfurd's Gold Cup contender which took the title without effort.

Easily the best contest of the regatta was the 225-cubic-inch hydroplane event which turned out to be a fight between Jack Cooper, the Kansas City grandfather, and Hugh Gingras, of Rockledge, Florida. Old "Pop," who took this event in a walk last year, was back again with his flying *Tops II*. She got the jump in the first heat and managed to stay out ahead although Gingras, in his new *Sabot*, was just astern all the way. In the second heat, it became evident that the speed of the boats was as nearly matched as their appearance, for that time *Sabot* got the jump and Cooper couldn't catch her. Both boats are Apel hulls and powered with identical Lycoming motors.

By that time everyone knew that, barring an unusual incident, the contest would be decided at the start of the third heat. Cooper and Gingras knew it too, and were so anxious that they were both over ahead of the gun. On the re-start, *Tops* got the jump — or at least managed to come out of the first turn in the lead — and, although *Sabot* pushed her every inch of the way, she held it and not only took the trophy but also established a new world record of 63.739 m.p.h., a little over a half-mile faster than Cooper's previous record established in the same regatta last year. George Schrafft's *Chrissie* was the most consistent of the other ten starters and took third.

Most of the entries in the highly touted National Sweepstakes failed to materialize or broke down before the start of the first heat so that when Jack Rutherfurd zoomed out of the first turn he was already 50 yards ahead. From then on, he let *Juno* and her purring Packard Gold Cup engine cruise through the heats, paying scant attention to his pursuers, three "225's" (but including neither *Tops II* nor *Sabot*), a Class E inboard runabout, and a Gar Wood runabout. The reasons for the demise of the other entries ranged from major breakdowns, such as a broken crankshaft to a piece of paper caught in a self-bailer. *Juno* made speeds of 58, 55 and 53 miles per hour respectively in the three heats, coasting along as if out for a pleasure spin.

Clint Ferguson's mile a minute accomplishment with his Class X outboard was the outstanding feat of the outboard program. He also set a new mark of 44.554 miles in a Class A Amateur heat but lost the event to Douglas Fonda. Bert Steacie, of Framingham, Mass., returned to the game in a Midget outboard and established a new world mark of 34.782 m.p.h. and took second in the other heat to win. Jack Henckel, a Fort Worth, Texas, youngster, plunged into the thick of the outboard battle, walloped the East's finest amateurs and set a new world record of 49.669 miles in the Class B Amateur event.

Al Strum, of St. Petersburg, Florida, drove his *H.M.S. Jr.* to a first and a second in a big field of 91-cubic-inch hydroplanes and took the championship and set a new record of 42.155 m.p.h. Edison Hedge's *Flying Eagle* was second.

Mechanical difficulties kept Byron Russell's *Rustle* out of the first heat of the national championship for 135-cubic-inch hydroplanes and undoubtedly cost him the title, for he won the other two heats with comparative ease. Sammy Crooks, with a first and two seconds, was right there all the time, however, and his *Dragon 14th* took the title.

Gannett Pub. Co.

A few minutes after the start of the race from Portland Head around Monhegan and return

The Monhegan Race

ON AUGUST 27th, the annual running of the Portland Yacht Club's Monhegan Race brought twenty yachts to the starting line off Portland Head, and so established a numerical record for Maine's increasingly popular deep water event. The scratch boat, Harry E. Noyes' 72-foot ketch *Tioga*, completed the 120 miles in the fast time of 17 hours 42 minutes, sailing the triangular course from Portland to Cape Porpoise whistler, to Monhegan whistler, and return at better than 8 knots.

Next to *Tioga* to finish, and winner of the Portland Yacht Club's trophy by only three minutes on corrected time, as well as first prize in Class A, was Harold T. White, Jr.'s, cutter *Spookie*. *Spookie's* achievement makes her the Henry Armstrong of the Monhegan event, inasmuch as last year she won in Class B, this year ballasting down to the large class in order to compete directly against John Bird Lloyd's cutter *Nicor*, previous Class A winner. This time *Nicor* placed fourth in her class, *Tioga* having dropped to second place, and Em Barrett's yawl *Anoatok*, under charter to Nathan W. Thompson, having slipped safely into third position.

The allusion to the pugilistic triple titleholder gives me opportunity to borrow a metaphor from still another branch of sport and to say that Herbert Payson's converted "Q" boat *Hobnob*, racing in the rating division (Class C), pulled the hat trick most successfully. Or if she didn't, I don't know my cricket. What I mean is that she established her third consecutive win in this class, having pulled through two years ago in a howling gale of wind, last year in a raging calm, and this year in a race of moderate if inconsistent breezes. Second to this versatile yawl on corrected time came E. E. Sanders' yawl *Playmate*, a converted "Thirty," while third place went to Dr. Roy Wheeler's "Q" *Falcon*, racing at scratch.

Class B was won by John K. Jayne's sloop *Prarilla*, and second prize in this division went to Frederic L. Ballard's yawl *Departure*, with third place to Robert W. Moore, Jr.'s, sloop *Red Raider*. The yawl *Eliza* was forced out by a parted stay.

At the start, in a moderate southwesterly, *Tioga* promptly ate up the "B" boats which had got their gun five minutes earlier, and was first around every turn of the course. *Spookie*, with an allowance of 94 minutes, rounded Cape Porpoise buoy 51 minutes behind the big Francis Herreshoff ketch, and was followed a minute later by the "Q" boat *Falcon*.

The first leg had provided its disappointments which, in the guise of a flat spot off Wood Island, successively eliminated from serious competition the Eight-Metre *Ursa*, owned by George B. Connard, the Class A ketch *Reejak*, owned by Edmund S. Kelley, and others. But the second leg, a long reach to Monhegan whistler, furnished the real upsets and the excitements of the race. It has been reliably reported for a hundred years or more that the leading boats always get the breaks, and this was no exception to the rule, except that some of the breaks were bad.

Sailing aboard *Hobnob*, in charge of Olcutt Payson and crewed in part by his three brothers, I watched a series of thunder squalls developing over the mainland, and, being a stranger to night racing in those parts, I asked if such disturbances ever threw their weight very far to sea. When the answer came that they usually dropped their load close to shore I knew, with resignation, what to expect, although I was glad when our skipper played a hunch and sailed nearly a point outside a straight course to Monhegan.

At this juncture the boats which had rounded Porpoise ahead of us were gone with the wind, and we had in view only the running lights of our competitor *Playmate*, close on our port quarter. Presently, as the lightning, at first darkened to an ugly red by intervening showers of rain, played closer and brighter, we saw the yawl sharply silhouetted against the clouds, and a bit later, when a gentle rain descended and the lightning became almost continuous I offered up an oral prayer for little yawls in thunder storms, with particular attention to the *Hobnob*.

Perhaps I shouldn't have been so restrictive in my prayer. Perhaps our thought should have turned earlier to the old refrain that runs, "If the rain before the wind, topsail sheets and halliards mind." At any rate, when this trite injunction was finally uttered it came a shade too late. It was punctuated by a sharp squall that was a honey — a honey, in fact, with bees in it. The helmsman luffed sharply as the still quivering remains of the ballooner were gathered in, and in the lightning flashes we saw *Playmate* bearing off sharply. She sailed out of our ken, also minus her balloon jib, and for the next hour or so, while we played with the spinnaker, squalls and zephyrs shoved us along our course at varying speeds. Finally, when a northwesterly settled in we reached along until we picked up and closed with Monhegan, its slow flashing light difficult to see against the background of the retreating lightning.

According to the Coast Guard picket boat lying near the Monhegan whistler, *Hobnob* was fourth boat to round the leeward mark, which meant that during the night we had somehow sneaked past three competitors. Shortly after the most promising and glorious sunrise that I have ever beheld, we sighted Mt. Washington, but as the New Hampshire peak was 100 miles inland and hence outside our racing purview, we were more interested in the fresh northerly which had brought this startling visibility. Astern of us we now beheld *Falcon*, which had

Buffalo Courier Express

The race for the Barthel Trophy was sailed in the Eight-Metres "Conewago," "Cayuga" and "Bangalore." Right, the winning Lake Michigan crew. Robert A. Haynie, skipper, leaning on boom

already demonstrated her ability to outsail us in daylight, and as the miles sped and the wind held we watched her irresistibly overtake us.

At Portland entrance *Falcon* was a minute astern, and while she allowed us plenty we craved the honor of beating her boat for boat. She kept on gaining, but in the two-mile beat to the finish line we had advantage of position as well as of local knowledge. Luck also being with us, we got the gun twelve seconds ahead of her — and our jibsheet bridle parted company from the boom as we luffed up to lower the jib.

A. F. L.

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Lake Michigan Crew Takes Barthel Trophy

IN ONE of the closest and most interesting intersectional crew races of the season, sailed in Eight-Metre yachts on Lake Ontario off the Youngstown Yacht Club, the crew representing the Lake Michigan Yacht Racing Association won the Barthel Trophy by beating a Lake Erie crew representing the Inter-Lake Yachting Association by a single point. The last named crew, in turn, was but a point ahead of a Canadian crew sailing for the Lake Yacht Racing Association of Lake Ontario.

Favored by fine breezes, mostly from the easterly quadrant, and on the strong side during all but one of the six races sailed, the result was even-up at the end of the third race and was decided only in the last event when Robert Haynie, skipper of the Lake Michigan boat, profited by an error in the leading boats overstanding the mark. Last of the three at the time, and apparently destined to finish in that position, he was thus nearer the mark when Grant, in the Ontario boat, spotted the turning buoy abeam instead of ahead and bore off to head for it. Haynie bore off on top of him, broke out a spinnaker, slipped by into second place and gained the point that won him the series. Tommy Fisher, of Lake Erie, out ahead in *Conewago*, jibed over and was so far ahead that he could reach back for the mark while the others were running for it, and never lost his commanding lead. The final score was thus Lake Michigan 13 points, Lake Erie 12, Lake Ontario 11.

Inasmuch as sailing an Eight-Metre yacht from Lake Michigan, or any of the other lakes, to Lake Ontario is quite an undertaking, as is also shipping by rail, the deed of gift of the Barthel Trophy was amended last year to allow crews from the various Great Lakes yachting associations to sail in yachts supplied by the club holding the series. For this year's event the Youngstown Yacht Club furnished the *Conewago*, owned by R. D. Brown, and the *Bangalore*, owned by E. J. Doyle, while from Rochester came *Cayuga*, loaned by John Van Vorhis. Two of the boats were, therefore, modern "Eights," while *Bangalore* was some ten years old, being one of the first "Eights" to appear in this country. Six races were sailed, the crews changing boats after each race, so that each crew sailed each boat twice.

A fine breeze from the NE met the fleet as it worked out from the mouth of the Niagara River for the first event on August 30th, and Lake Ontario was rough. The Michigan crew in *Bangalore* seemed to like the hard going and took the start, leading all the way. By afternoon it had moderated somewhat and the Ontario crew, headed by young Bob Grant, sailing *Cayuga*, worked out a lead of forty seconds on the windward leg. While the Michigan crew closed the gap somewhat in the failing breeze, the Canadian boys won by 31 seconds, with Erie last.

The next day Tommy Fisher and his crew from Lake Erie evened up things in the morning race, sailed in a light northeasterly breeze, by winning with *Conewago*, and the point score was tied at six all. In the last three races, sailed August 31st and September 1st, each crew scored a win, strangely enough in the same boat in which it had won before, so that of six races, each crew took two and each boat won twice.

Going into the final race, Michigan led by a point but there was a chance for Ontario to win the cup, or for a triple tie if the boats finished in a certain order. And that is what it looked as if they would do until the break mentioned above occurred that lifted the Michigan boat out of last place and gave her the series, with Erie second.

It was a splendid event, well sailed and well managed by the Youngstown Yacht Club. Although only four years old, this vigorous club has a most attractive home at the mouth of the Niagara River, only a mile from the open lake, a growing fleet of "Eights," "R's" and 30-footers, and an enthusiastic membership. Under its Commodore, Chandler Wells, and its efficient committees, the handling of the race and the entertainment ashore were all that any exacting sailor could ask.

On the board of judges were two of the donors of the Cup, Otto Barthel, of Detroit, and W. G. D. Orr, of Chicago, together with Major W. F. N. Windeyer, of Toronto, and Commodore W. A. Wilson, of the Bayview Y. C.

H. L. Stone

Southern Y.C. Wins Lipton Trophy

THE nineteenth annual regatta for the Sir Thomas J. Lipton Interclub Challenge Trophy was sailed at Biloxi, Miss., September 3rd, 4th, and 5th, under the auspices of the Gulf Yachting Association, and with the Biloxi Yacht Club as host. Competing yacht clubs were: Biloxi, Buccaneer, Gulfport, Houston, Mobile, Pass Christian, Pensacola, Southern, St. Andrews Bay, St. Petersburg and the Naval Air Station Yacht Club. Four races were sailed by the eleven entries, each boat being manned by picked crews. The Southern Yacht Club, New Orleans, won with a total of 38 points. The Buccaneer Yacht Club, Mobile, was second with 34 points, and the Pensacola Yacht Club came third with 30. The 1939 regatta will be held at New Orleans. A. V. RAGUSIN

A. V. Ragusin

The Southern Y.C. won the Lipton Trophy race, sailed off Biloxi in boats of the Fish Class. Left, the winning crews: J. C. D'Armas, Robert Hughes, A. R. Roberts (team captain, holding the trophy), Gilbert Gray and Earl Blouin

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Manhasset Bay Fall Series

A TOTAL of 324 starters crossed the line in the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club's sixth annual fall race series for the smaller yachts on the Long Island Sound Y.R.A.

register and had four days of keen sport racing out of Cow Bay into the Sound and back again for various items of silverware.

Two boats went through the complete series without defeat, two others won the three races in which they participated, but in the eight other classes there was no such complete domination of the opposition.

Leonard Romagna, of the home club, polished off a dozen Meteors in four straight starts and thus maintained the vast superiority he has shown over this class all season. Al Young and Robin Townsend, alternating as skippers of the latter's old Stamford one-design sloop *Hawk*, gave the fourth division handicap boats a drubbing four days in a row.

The other undefeated boats were *Lone Star*, John Markell's Class Q sloop from Gibson Island, racing in the third division of the Handicap Class, and Robert Oakes' Long Island one-design knockabout *Barracuda II*. They raced only three days but won each time out.

Egbert Moxham, Jr., taking two firsts and two thirds with *Maid of Honour*, beat Johnny Lambden, sailing *Brendy*, for top honors in the International One-Design Class. The veteran A. Wright Chapman won the last two races and the championship in the Victory Class with *Gopher*. Jimmy Moxham, after a fifth in the opening race, won three in a row with *Petrel* in the Atlantic Class but had to take second place in the final reckoning to Emil Mosbacher, Jr., who had a first and three seconds with *Rhapsody*.

A turnout of twenty Stars had close competition marked by eyelash finishes among the leaders. The eventual winner was Durbin Hunter's newly-rigged *Foo*, which took a first, two seconds and a third. Ted Clark's *Pasha*, a former West Coast boat, was two points astern of *Foo* with a first, a second, a third and a fourth. Third prize went to Bill Inslee. His *Taurus II* was never worse than fifth.

Pete Carlson's *Muriel*, Larchmont race week title holder, won three Snipe races and finished second in the other. O. H. Chalkley's *Typhoon* won narrowly from Chet Gilbert's *Comet* and Howard Carroll's *Bantam* in the Manhasset Bay one-design class; young Bobby Bohn beat his feminine rivals for the Comet prize and the Larsen brothers' *Gem* led the National one-designs. E. B. MORRIS

"Sirius" Wins Ocean Race

THE popularity of offshore racing seems to be increasing, one of the most recent clubs to hold such a contest being the Little Egg Harbor Yacht Club of Beach Haven, N. J. Its first ocean race was sailed on August 21st and was participated in by fifteen craft, ranging in size from *Half Moon*, Irving Beck's old 22-foot cat, to Kennedy Brown's *Silver Crest*, a 40-foot schooner. The starters hailed from various clubs of the Barnegat Bay Yacht Racing Association.

The course was 25 miles in all, from a buoy off the inlet up the coast to Barnegat Light and return. With the light and later increasing southeast wind, this gave a broad reach and a close reach. *Sirius*, a 37-foot cutter belonging to Wesley and Earl Van Sciver, of Island Heights, went out at the start and was never headed. Second to finish, over an hour behind *Sirius*, was the sloop *Eliot White*, C. M. B. Gilman. A few minutes after her came *Eugenia*, another sloop, owned by Lynn Hendrickson. Herbert Willis, mayor of Beach Haven, presented a trophy to be known as the Beach Haven Challenge Trophy.

+ + +

Pointe Claire Y. C. Wins Series

POINTE CLAIRE YACHT CLUB sailors won the interclub home-and-home series with their rivals from North Hatley for the second successive year. This series is sailed in 19-foot Mower one-design sloops, known as the PC Class on Lake St. Louis, home of the Pointe Claire Yacht Club, and as the Interlake Class on Lake Massawippi, home of the

(Continued on page 111)

The San Diego Yacht Club, with everything the yacht owner could ask for and a cordial greeting for all

"Pimm" leading "Gale" at the finish of the second race

J. Walter Collin

"PIMM" WINS STAR TITLE

German Boat Captures Championship by Narrow Margin

By

JERRY MacMULLEN

"Pimm's" crew not only sailed splendidly but gave painstaking attention to every detail of rig

TO THE music of a band, a procession of small craft moved up to the floats of the San Diego Yacht Club as the sun dipped behind Point Loma on September 18th. In the center of the fleet, two smiling, tow-headed mariners waved acknowledgment to the cheers from ship and shore. The International Star Class Championship Regatta was over and the German yacht *Pimm*, from Hamburg, had won. Ably sailed by Walter von Hutschler with Hans Joachim Weise as crew, she had worked out a victory by a scant two points in one of the closest battles in the sixteen-year history of the event. *Gale*, with Harry Nye, of Chicago, as skipper and Myron Lehman as crew, was second and *Mercury*, owned by Joe McAleese, of San Francisco, was third. Three more West Coast boats followed on points, Charles Baxter's *Stormy*, from Newport Harbor, Dr. Neil Martin's *Phar Lap*, of Santa Barbara and James and Gordon Cowie's *Rambunctious*, from Santa Monica.

Although *Gale* won the last race, *Pimm* finished second and won the coveted trophy. Each of the pair won two firsts and two seconds, *Pimm* taking a third and *Gale* a fifth. *Rambunctious* finished first in the resail of the third race.

Regardless of who won or lost, however, the sixteenth annual world championship series of the International Star Class Yacht Racing Association, off San Diego in mid-September, developed its full share of color and will give the boys plenty to discuss over this winter's grog.

Easily, the most spectacular sailors were those stalwart straphangers from Germany, Walter von Hutschler and Hans Joachim Weise. The spectacle of Weise, so far out over the side that at times his face actually was in the water, was a thing worth watching. Some sort of an arrangement of straps permitted this phenomenon, in which the blonde crew of *Pimm* was not always alone. There were occasions when the skipper himself was hung out for inspection, and who steered the boat at such times is something that had everyone guessing. This is perhaps best explained in the words of, Weise — who, incidentally, broke his thumb the second day — "It iss yust a trick!"

Perhaps it was. But competitors and spectators alike agreed that the crew of *Pimm* were grand sailors. Their keen observance, not only of the rest of the fleet, but of the weather ahead; the almost uncanny accuracy with which they laid their marks; and their general handling of their craft marked them as top-notch racing men.

But a discussion of the German boat leads inevitably to the question of what new gear was brought out this year. The answer is that there was none to speak of — at least, none that was used. Southern Lake Michigan's entry, *Gale* — a consistently good performer — had a jib which could do anything short of peeling potatoes or taking dictation, but did not use it. Harry G. Nye, *Gale's* philosophical skipper, describes it as being strictly within the law, notwithstanding the fact that, by adroit manipulation of certain wires in luff and leach, it becomes a very fair parachute spinnaker.

"It's a powerhouse," said Nye, "but it wouldn't have done the class any good and I was perfectly willing not to use it."

Incidentally, *Gale* apparently is more than a match for

"Draco" (44), owned by E. V. Ketcham, Jr., representing Great South Bay, and Joseph McAleese's "Mercury" (1440), from West San Francisco Bay

Pimm, off the wind. In the first day's sailing, she was gaining steadily on the German entry on the last leg of the windward-leeward course, when the first big upset of the series took place. Well out in front, *Pimm* suddenly lost way and, with idly flapping sails, began to head in what might be termed a general direction. The boats astern, seeing that she had run into a soft spot, immediately stood out to sea in search of a bit more wind. They found it — and so, in time, did *Pimm*, but not before *Gale* had passed her to claim the event and ring up 22 points for a beginning.

Light and fluky winds, in fact, got the series off to a dull start. Far down the Mexican coast, a *chubasco* was tearing things loose, and the fringes of this tropical disturbance played hob with the weather around San Diego. This, apparently, is a year in which outlandish weather has been the rule; Marblehead had its rain, the Great Lakes sailors learned a bit about St. Elmo's Fire and San Diego obliged with a steamy haze and light variables, topped off with night and morning fogs. In fact, the first day's going was marked by the mournful *Baaaaaaa-boooooooo!* of the diaphone at Point Loma Light, as a gray bank crept in from the west, almost onto the course.

The original Bad Luck Boys of the series, it seemed, were the Cowie Brothers, Jim and Gordon, of Santa Monica. In their home-built *Rambunctious* — they even have a suit of sails which they built themselves — they cleaned up on the home fleet, and arrived at San Diego undefeated, dangerous contenders in any man's regatta. Out of the twenty-two racers, they hauled themselves up into fifth place — and carried away their main halliard block. The boys did some fancy aerial work in the ground swells of Coronado Roads but could not make repairs. In desperation, they hooked the head of the main onto the jib halliard and thus set a bit of it. Their boat still would sail, but she would not head, and they reluctantly gave it up.

The second day brought better luck to the Santa Monica boys. Early in the race, *Pimm* got out in front and it was seen that the main battle would be between the Germans and *Gale*. But *Rambunctious* was to be heard from that day and, when it was all over, she was in third place and showing great promise. Also notable in the second heat was the fact that twice in the windward work, *Gale* had a lead over *Pimm*. It was a triangular course with considerably better wind than on the first day and *Gale*, picking up a favorable slant in toward the Coronado shore, held on, while *Pimm* stood away seaward. About that time something must have upset the *chubasco*, because *Gale's* wind shifted. By the time she got out of there and set off after the fleeing *Pimm*, it was too late. At the float that night, Nye was the last one to hint that it was luck which gave *Pimm* first place and *Gale* second.

"It wasn't luck," he said, "it was outstandingly dumb sailing on my part. I should have kept him covered, and I didn't."

(Continued on page 110)

At the finish of the second race, the contestants rounded the stakeboat, the judges' boat being out of position

EDITORIAL

Lessons of Gold Cup Race Should Sink Home

THOSE who witnessed the recent race for the Gold Cup on the Detroit River came away with the distinct feeling that something is wrong with speed boat racing as it is played in this country. Of the seven entries from this continent, only one finished the series, limping around well behind the only European starter, which had, apparently, not only speed in excess of any American boat, but the stamina to stay there and take it. It is a never ending wonder that people are to be found ready to give the time and the money to the sport when they get, as a rule, so little return.

Lack of preparation, lack of sound engineering practice in the light hull construction, and failure of fittings, piping, etc., are, we believe, chiefly responsible for the sorry showing we have made so often in these high speed races where one must go "all out" to win. The last minute scurry to get the boat ready, the lack of time for enough trial runs, the failure to make sufficient tests, all contribute to failures that in many cases are not necessary. With a year to prepare, and knowledge of what has been done and is being done, there seems little need to wait till the last minute to complete the job. Yet in nine cases out of ten that is what happens. Without figures at hand, we think it is safe to say that not one failure in ten is due to the engine itself but to the hull, accessories or fittings.

In saying this it is with the full knowledge of the strain put upon engine and hull in a long race when driving at top speed for a long time. Yet we, as well as the foreigners, have turned out boats which have come through in good shape. Gar Wood's record with his *Miss Americas* has been all one could expect. So has Harry Greening's with his *Rainbows*. And there are others. The point is that many of those now in the game, in spite of previous failures, do not seem to sense the need of the thorough preparation that is essential.

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An Expensive Sport? Well, Maybe

THE *New York Herald Tribune* in a recent editorial made a statement about our favorite form of recreation to the effect that "Yachting is another expensive sport; indeed rich men have said that yachts provide not only one of the pleasantest but surest and fastest means of getting rid of money." Well, maybe! But we know plenty of people who get a lot of enjoyment out of the sport in return for a very reasonable investment. In fact, some of them spend less on the upkeep of a boat than they do on an automobile, and many aver that the pleasure to be derived from owning a yacht is in inverse ratio to the money spent on her. Be that as it may, one can spend any amount one desires on yachting. It depends on one's taste and requirements. But don't let anyone tell you that only the rich own yachts. The size of the fleets on the waters of any good yachting locality is a refutation of that statement.

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Growth in Registered Motor Boats

BEARING on the above paragraph, one may quote from the records of the Department of Commerce which show a gain of over 15,000 in the registrations of motor boats used on Federal waters in the first six months of this year. As registration is made only of the smaller yachts, those not large enough to be documented, these figures, which give some measure of the new construction in the period, are most gratifying, especially in a time of economic uncertainty. Most of these boats will be operated by their owners themselves at a reasonable cost.

The month of May alone saw 5656 new numbers added to the fleets, and the total of registrations, on June 1st, was given as 215,176. Quite a sizable fleet, we'll say. And these, remember, are only those on Federal waters. The number on lakes and streams not under Federal jurisdiction would swell this figure by many more thousands. Who says it's all a rich man's game?

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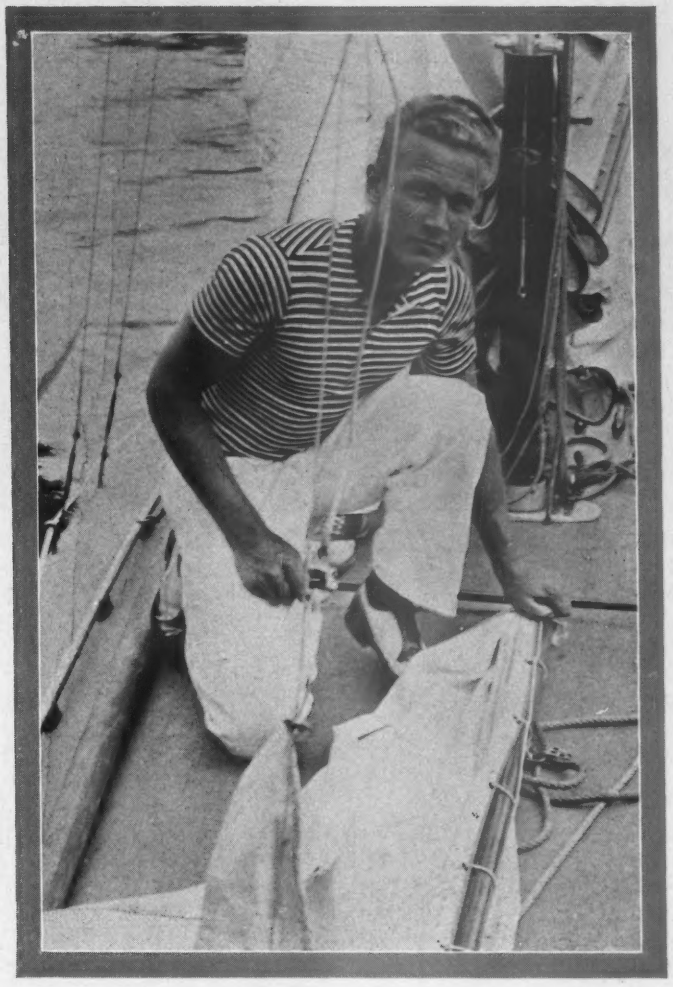
The Coast Guard and Yachting

AS THE racing season draws to a close, it is fitting to call attention once more to the great help that the United States Coast Guard Service has rendered to yachtsmen throughout the season. The Service has been most generous in detailing boats and personnel to patrol courses, take care of the press and spectators (to the limit of its facilities) and assist in case of need. The Bermuda Race, the President's Cup Regatta, the Gold Cup Race at Detroit — in fact, every important event on both coasts and on the Great Lakes — have been aided immeasurably by Coast Guard details. The smooth running of these events would have been impossible without this help. In addition, of course, the Coast Guard is charged with the work of enforcing the Federal laws. This it does efficiently, and with understanding. The Service, as well as the Department of Commerce, for which it acts as an agency, realizes, we believe, that it is in a splendid position to encourage water sports. That it is friendly to those who follow the sea for pleasure as well as for a livelihood is amply borne out by the attitude of its personnel, from the ranking officer to the lowest rating.

IN THE WORLD OF YACHTING



EDMUND PILLSBURY

IN WINNING the most coveted title at Neenah, Wisconsin, in August, the Class A Championship of the Inland Lake Yachting Association, Edmund Pillsbury repeated what he had done in 1933, 1934 and 1935, when he sailed the same boat, "Sea Fox," to victory. This year's championship on Lake Winnebago (told in detail elsewhere in this issue) was a special triumph for Edmund Pillsbury, who won the last two races of the regatta, and for his brother John who sailed the boat in two races to take a second and third, because they were pitting a sloop several years old against a fleet of newer Class A yachts that carried the latest developments in Scow racing, a larger supply of light sails and the lightest hulls.

Edmund Pillsbury has had an experience extending over fourteen years in sailing Scow type yachts. Beginning in 1924 on Lake Minnetonka, Minnesota, in the Class C boat "Four Winds," carrying a gaff rig, it was not until he got the "Squall," five years later, that he began going places in the class, taking a second and a third respectively in the 1929 and 1930 regattas of the Inland Association. It was in 1929 also that he sailed his first Class A boat, bringing the old "Marchioness V" out of storage for the big Inland event. In 1933, Pillsbury bought "Sea Fox," a Class A boat formerly sailed on White Bear Lake by Dave Weyerhauser, and captured the championship with her.

In 1936, Edmund Pillsbury went abroad to sail an International 14-foot dinghy, the "Ha, Ha," for the Rochester Yacht Club, and while there he served as crew of the Six-Metre "Jill," sailed by Philip Roosevelt, during the match for the British-American Cup on the Clyde.

In 1937, on Lake Geneva, he took a third place with "Sea Fox," when A. F. Gartz won the regatta.

Quite a consistent record of sailing, we'll say.

"Nancy Lloyd"

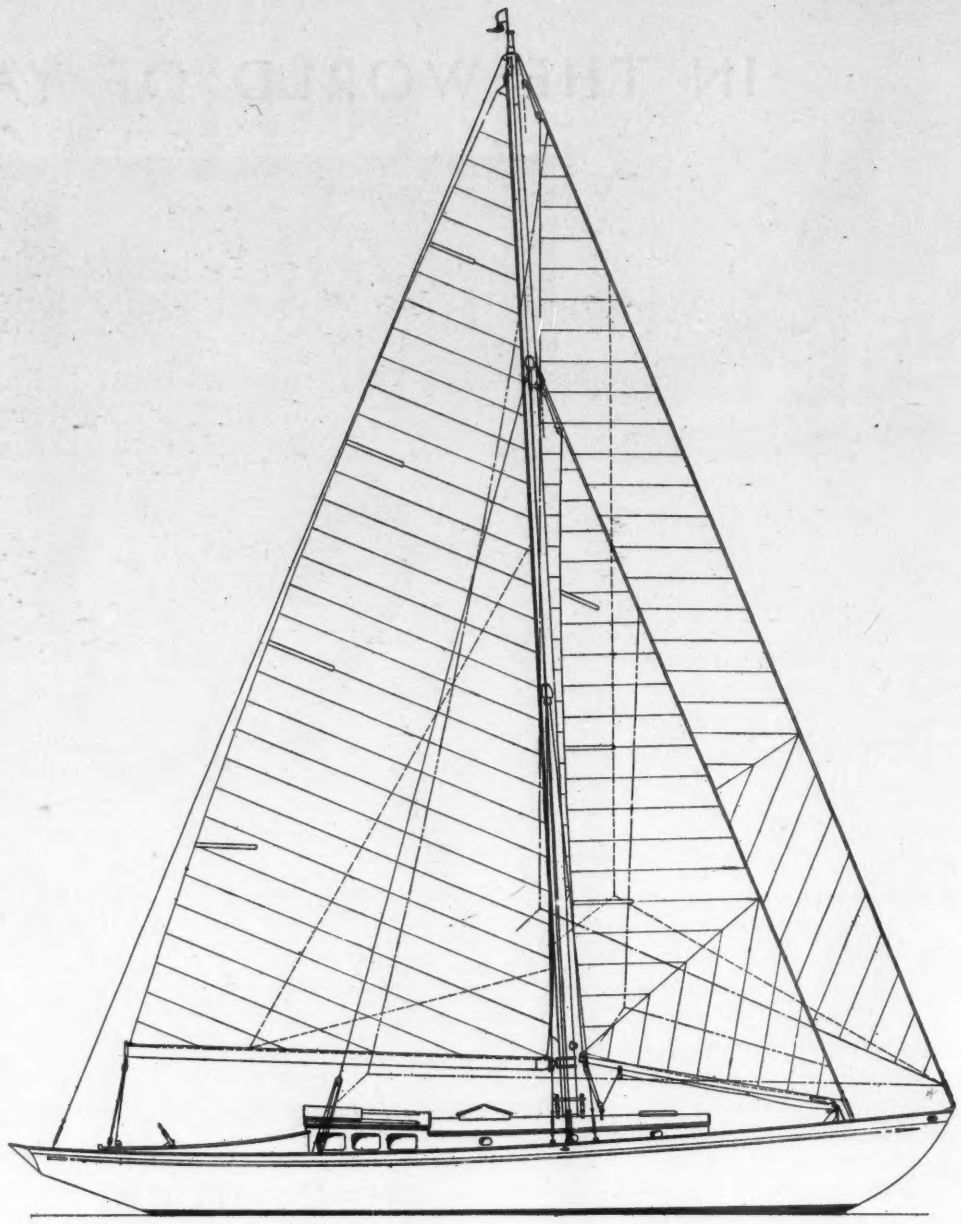
SHE WAS designed by P. L. Rhodes, of Cox & Stevens, Inc., for Dr. Austin Lamont, of the Johns Hopkins Medical School, Baltimore. She was built this spring by Henry B. Nevins, Inc., of City Island, N. Y. She is a centerboard boat of fairly deep draft, like *Ayesha*, *Alondra* and *Escapade*, by the same designer, combining fine seagoing qualities with the ability to enter fairly shallow harbors.

Nancy Lloyd is 47′ 0″ in length over all, 34′ 0″ on the water line, 11′ 8″ beam and 4′ 6″ draft with the centerboard up. Spars are hollow and her sail area is 949 square feet, 510 in the mainsail, 197 in the staysail and 242 in the jib. She is powered with a 2-cylinder 12-16 hp. Covic Diesel driving a Hyde propeller through a specially designed V-belt reduction.

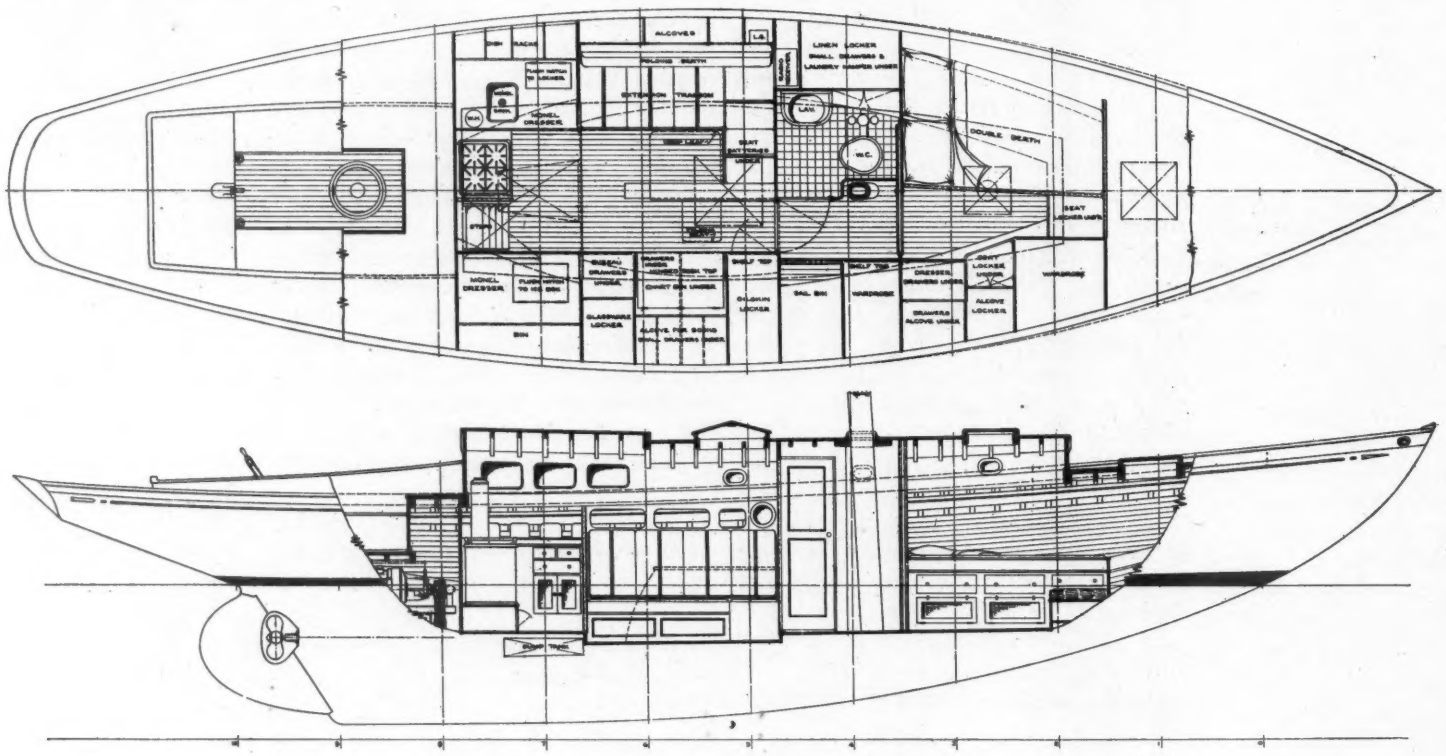
Construction is high grade, planking being double, of mahogany, decks and deck joinerwork of teak, all Everdur fastened. Standing rigging is Korodless wire with Monel tangs. Sails are by Prescott Wilson, blocks and roller reefing gear by Merriman. Equipment includes Bludworth radio, Shipmate gas range, Monel tanks, Sands plumbing, Kenyon log and Lux fire extinguishing system.

The layout follows the owner's requirements and has a forward stateroom with a wide double bed, a bath room with a shower, a good sized main cabin with two folding beds, desk, etc., and an airy galley under the doghouse.

The yacht has proved fast and handy under sail. She has been cruising on the coast of Maine during the summer, basing on Pulpit Harbor, before going to Chesapeake Bay where she will spend the autumn months.



The sail plan shows a pleasing sheer and the mast well aft



Inboard profile and arrangement plan of "Nancy Lloyd"

The plans reproduced in this section are the property of the designers under whose name they appear. For further information concerning any design address the naval architect in question.

The new motor yacht "Marylin III," designed by Edwin Monk, of Seattle

"Marylin III," a Twin-Screw Cruiser from the West Coast

THIS interesting motor yacht is from the board of Edwin Monk, naval architect of Seattle, and was designed for Dr. James C. Hay, of Port Angeles, Washington. She was built at the yard of Edward White, in Seattle.

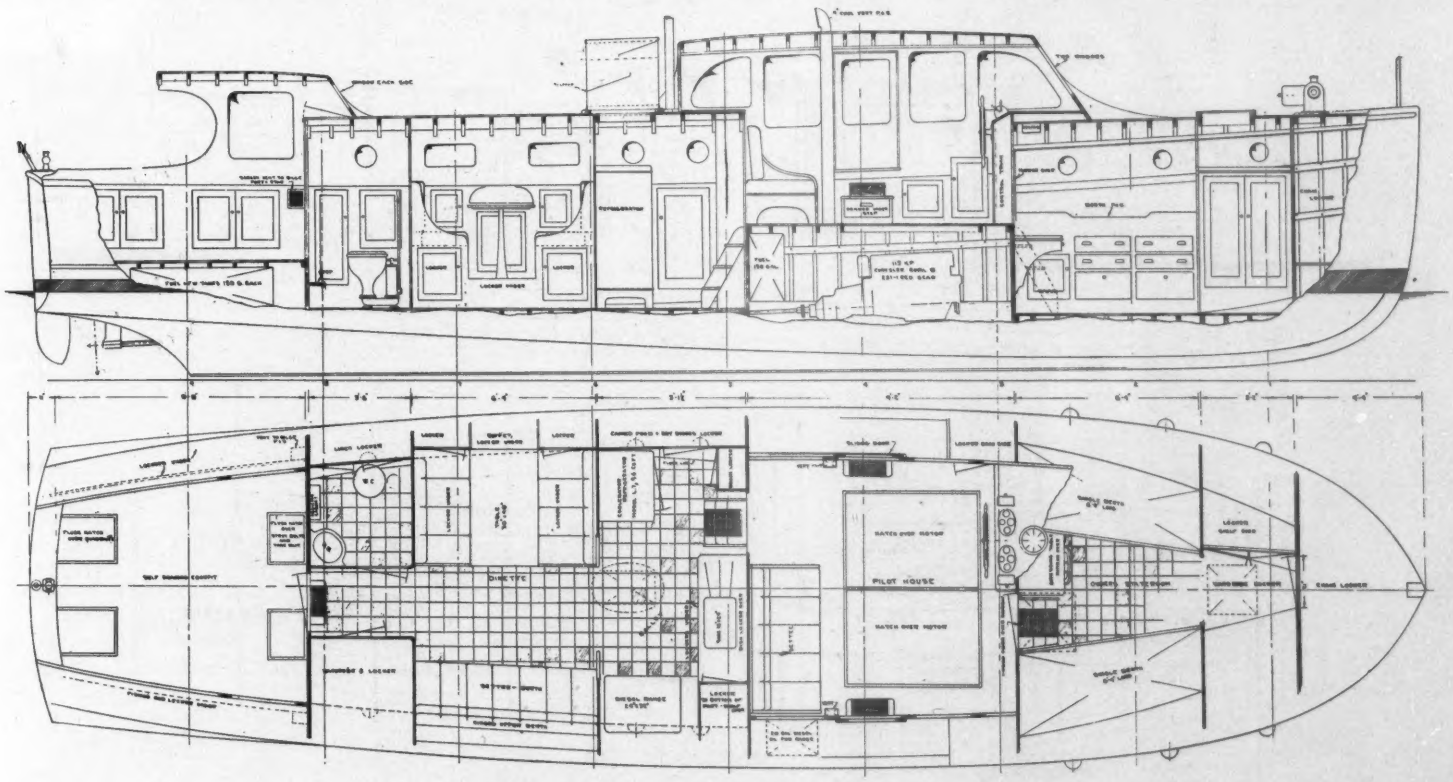
Her principal dimensions are: Length over all, 48′ 0″; beam, 12′ 2″; and draft, 4′ 0″. She is of the raised deck and trunk cabin type, with an enclosed bridge deck amidships and a shelter aft. Decks and superstructure are of teak, finished bright.

The power plant consists of a pair of Chrysler Royal Eight gasoline engines fitted with 2.51:1 reduction gears. These give a maximum speed of 14 knots and she cruises normally at a 12-knot pace. Engine controls are Bendix. The tank capacity is 300 gallons of fuel and the same amount of fresh water. There is also a 20-gallon tank for the Diesel oil burned in the galley range.

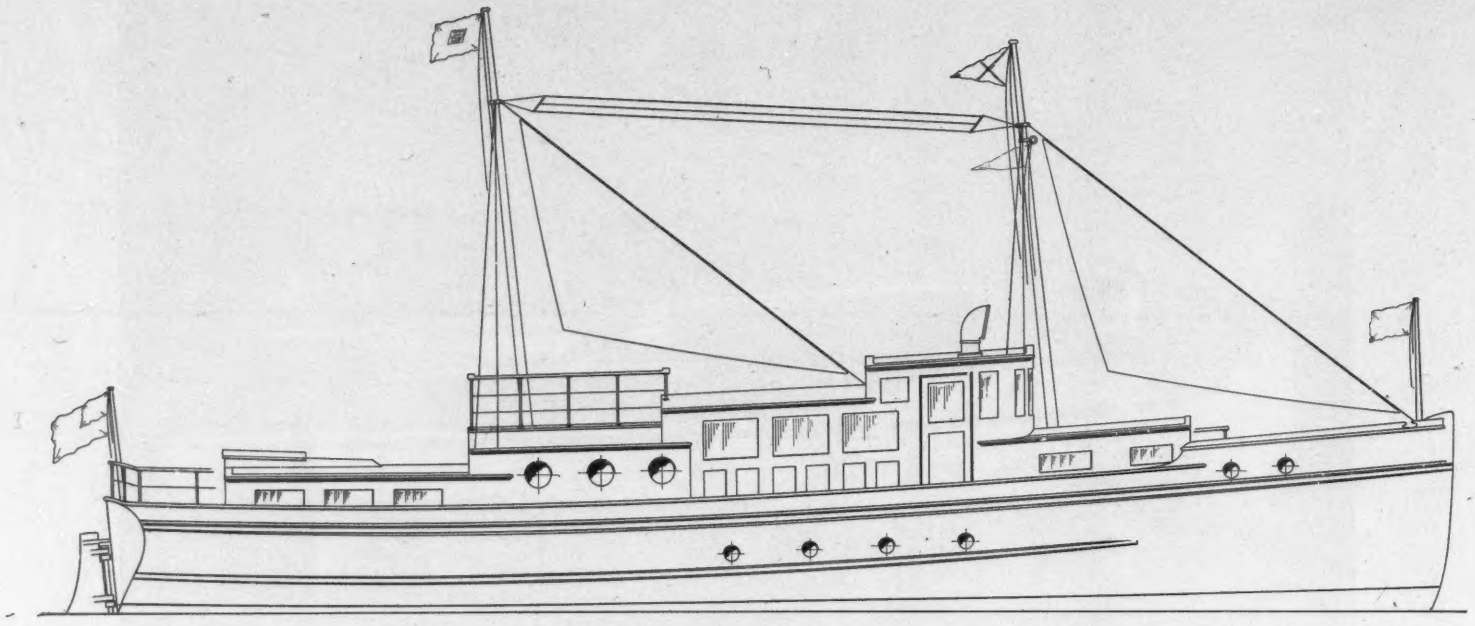
Marylin III is fitted with a roomy cockpit aft which is used for winter sport fishing. Lockers for fishing rods and gear are arranged under the deck alongside of the cockpit.

The accommodation plan shows the owner's stateroom forward, with a built-in berth on each side and plenty of locker space. Abaft the deckhouse is the galley, the full beam of the yacht. The dummy funnel acts as a ventilator. Aft is the main cabin, with settee berth and folding upper berth to starboard and a dinette, which may be made up into a double berth, to port. The cockpit aft is watertight and self-bailing and is fitted with flush hatches giving access to the twin quadrants and to strut bolts and tank valves.

Marylin III has recently completed a cruise around Vancouver Island.



Inboard profile and accommodation plan of the new 48-footer



The outboard profile shows a motor yacht of an interesting type

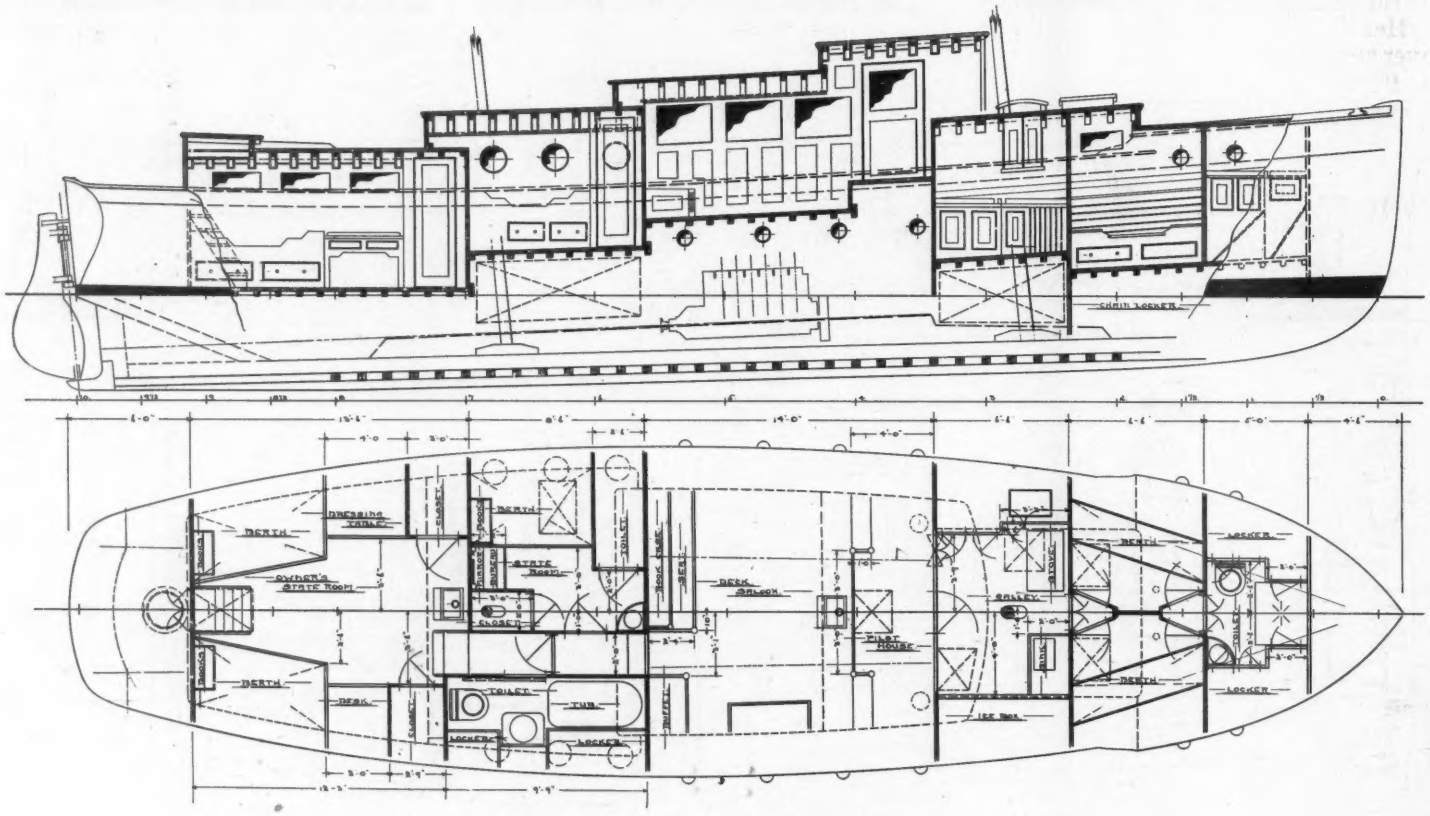
A Twin-Screw Motor Yacht, Diesel Powered

THE motor yacht whose plans are shown herewith was designed for a West Coast yachtsman by Edson B. Schock, now of Kingston, R. I. Her principal dimensions are as follows: Length over all, 65′ 0″; beam, 15′ 9″; draft of water, 4′ 6″. As the owner plans to use the yacht in cruising along the Atlantic Coast from New York to Florida, the draft was kept low so that she will have little difficulty in navigating the inland waterway.

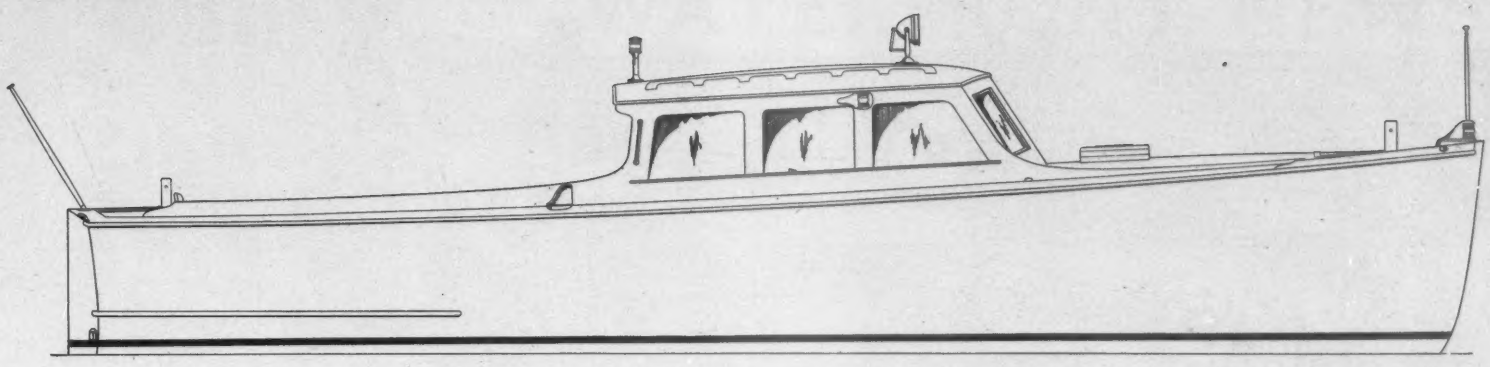
Construction is to rigid specifications, with double sawn frames, 1¾″ planking and everything else in proportion. The power plant consists of a pair of Diesel engines developing 100 horse power each. Electric generators supply current for lighting, refrigeration and an electric windlass. The fuel tanks hold enough oil to permit the yacht to cruise from New York to Florida and return without refilling.

An interesting feature is the owner's roomy stateroom aft, which is 13′ 6″ long and fitted with two built-in berths, dressing table, closets, desk, bookracks and an open grate stove. Opening off this room is a bathroom. A guest's stateroom is on the port side with adjoining toilet room. The galley is forward and contains range, electric refrigerator, sink, dresser and dish racks and lockers. The crew's quarters are forward and consist of two separate staterooms with toilet room forward.

The deck saloon, used as dining room and lounge, has buffet, folding table, seats, bookracks and stove. Forward of it is the pilot house, to which all controls are led. Two staysails provide steadying canvas.



Inboard profile and sections of 65-footer designed by Edson B. Schock

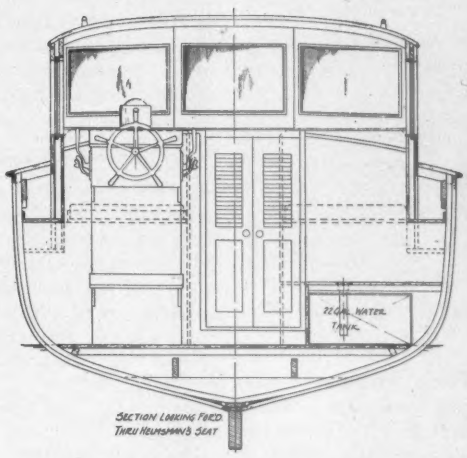


The boat has a large cockpit with a comfortable shelter amidships

"Quill," a Fast Day Cruiser and Yacht Tender

THIS trim motor boat was designed by John G. Alden, naval architect of Boston, for Walbridge S. Taft, of New York, and built by the Palmer Scott Yard, New Bedford, Mass. She was planned to be a fast day cruiser and has also been used by her owner as a tender for his International One-Design Class sloop *Feather*. The new boat is 32′ 0″ in length over all, 8′ 9″ extreme beam and draws 2′ 0″ of water. Her home port is Manhasset Bay, Long Island.

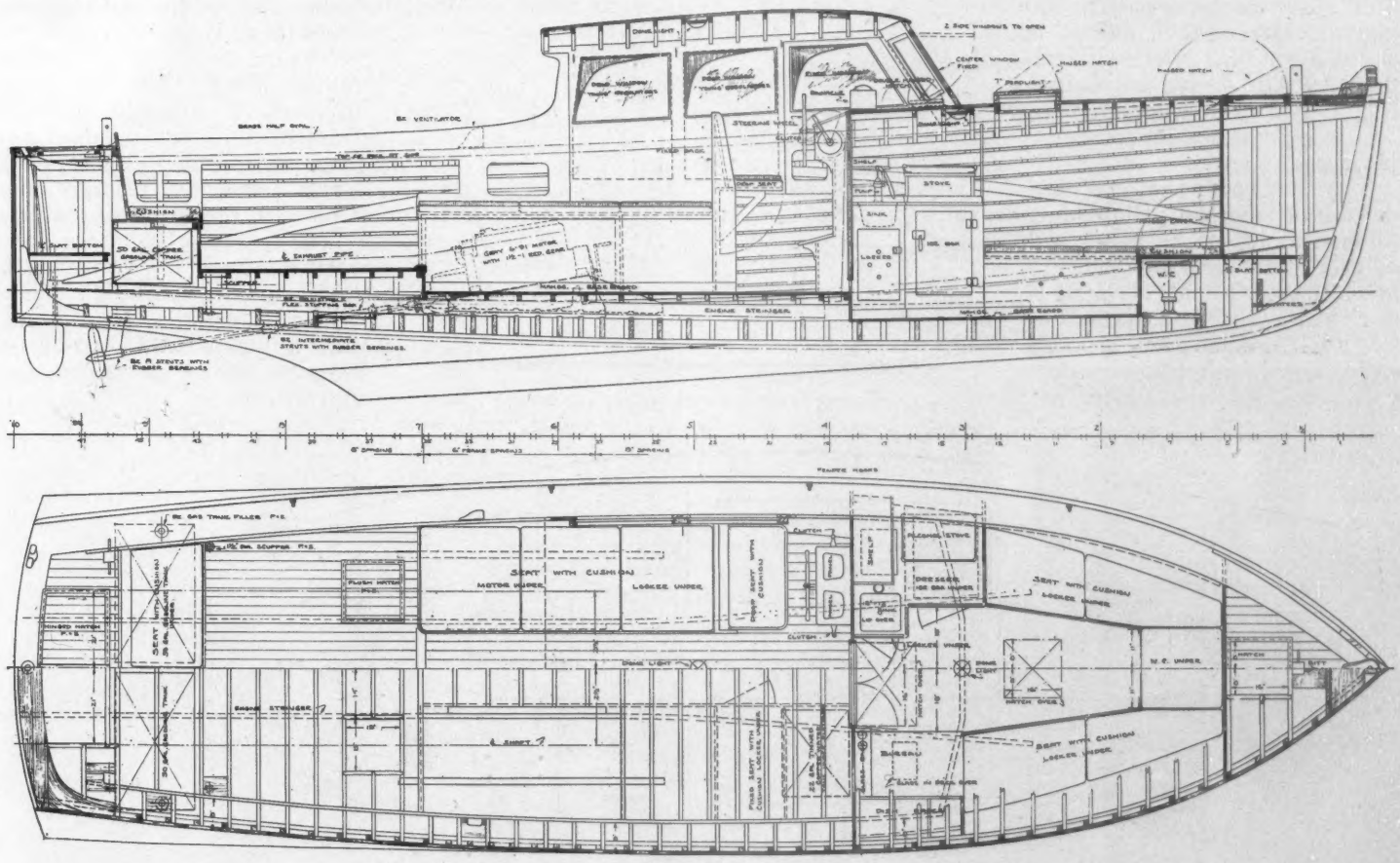
Construction is to rigid specifications, keel and framing being of selected white oak. Under the engine foundations, frames are spaced only 6″, the spacing elsewhere being 8″, with a floor timber on every frame. Forward and aft, floors are placed on alternate frames. The outside planking is of Philippine mahogany, Everdur fastened, and the trim is also of Philippine mahogany. The decks are of teak. There is a stout hogging girder on each side in addition to the bilge stringer.



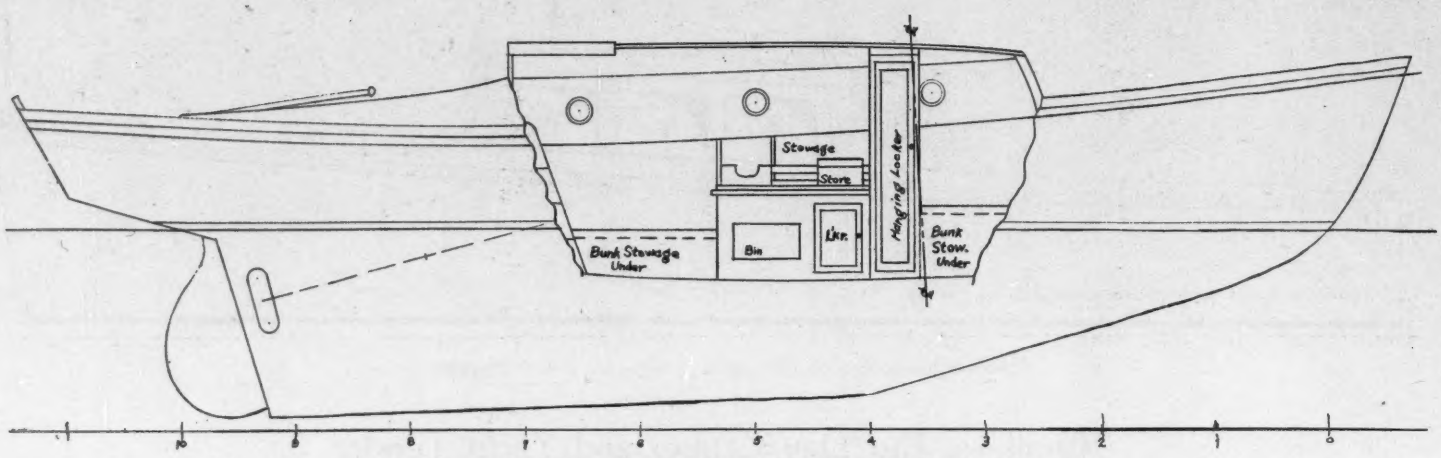
Section through the helmsman's seat

The power plant consists of a pair of Gray 6–91 gasoline engines with 1½:1 reduction gear. The shafts are fitted with rubber bearings. Gasoline tanks of a total capacity of 100 gallons are located under the after seat in the cockpit. A 22-gallon fresh water tank is placed amidships, under a platform. The speed of the *Quill* is 22 m.p.h.

The arrangement plan shows an extremely large cockpit aft with a shelter over the forward portion of it. There is a cushioned seat on each side on top of the engine box and another seat across the after end. Under the shelter is a comfortable helmsman's seat on the port side. In the cabin there is a transom on each side with a toilet between them forward and a compact galley with stove, ice box, etc.



Inboard profile and accommodation plan of the new day cruiser "Quill"



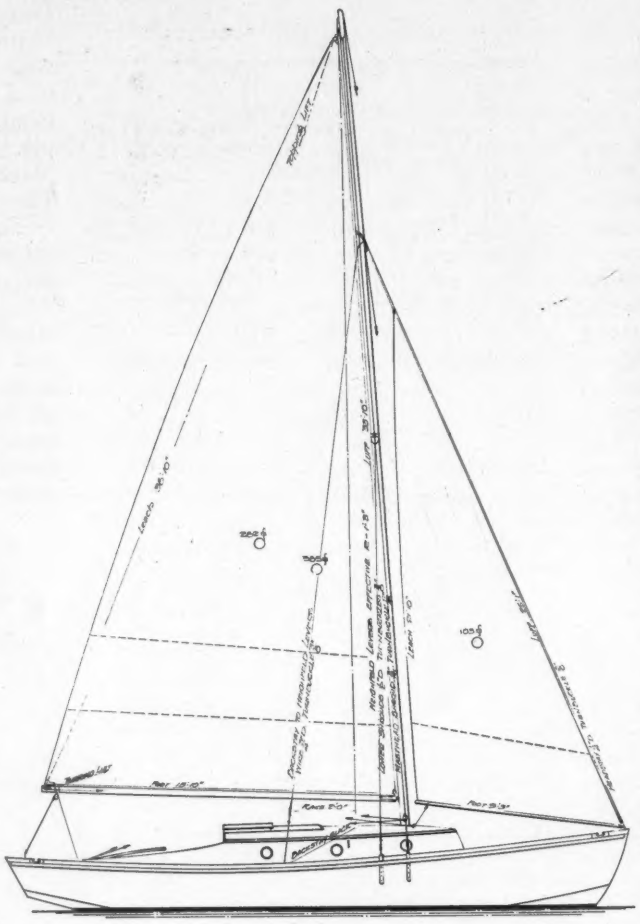
The profile of the new boat shows a long keel and short ends

The "Bay Bird" Class, from the Chesapeake

THIS V-bottom cruising auxiliary was designed and built by the Oxford Ship Yards, Inc., of Oxford, Maryland, as a comfortable cruiser that can be built and sold for a moderate price. The first of the class was sold to Commander Milton R. Daniels, in charge of the U. S. Coast Guard station on Arundel Cove, Curtis Bay, Maryland. This boat has been named *Seneca* and, on her shakedown cruise, was found to be able, fast and exceedingly practical.

The principal dimensions of the boats of the "Bay Bird" Class are as follows: Length over all, 28′ 0″; length on the water line, 23′ 4″; beam, 8′ 3″; draft, 3′ 9″. Her displacement is 7500 pounds. Her outside ballast is about a ton of iron on the keel, fastened with heavy galvanized iron bolts, with a quantity of cast iron pig inside for trimming purposes.

The deadwood, keel and rudder are of long leaf yellow pine. Stem, frames, deck beams and all other structural members are of white oak. Outside planking is of 1″ white cedar and the deck of ¾″ cedar, tongued and grooved and covered with 10-ounce canvas. Scantlings are husky, the keel being sided 8″, the deadwood 5″ and the stem 4½″. Frames are of white oak, sawn, their minimum size being 1¼″ by 2½″, with 1¼″ white oak floor timbers. Transom is 1½″ white oak and the sides of the cabin trunk are 1″ white pine. Toe rails and deck mouldings are of mahogany and the rubbing strake of oak. Fastenings are of galvanized iron.

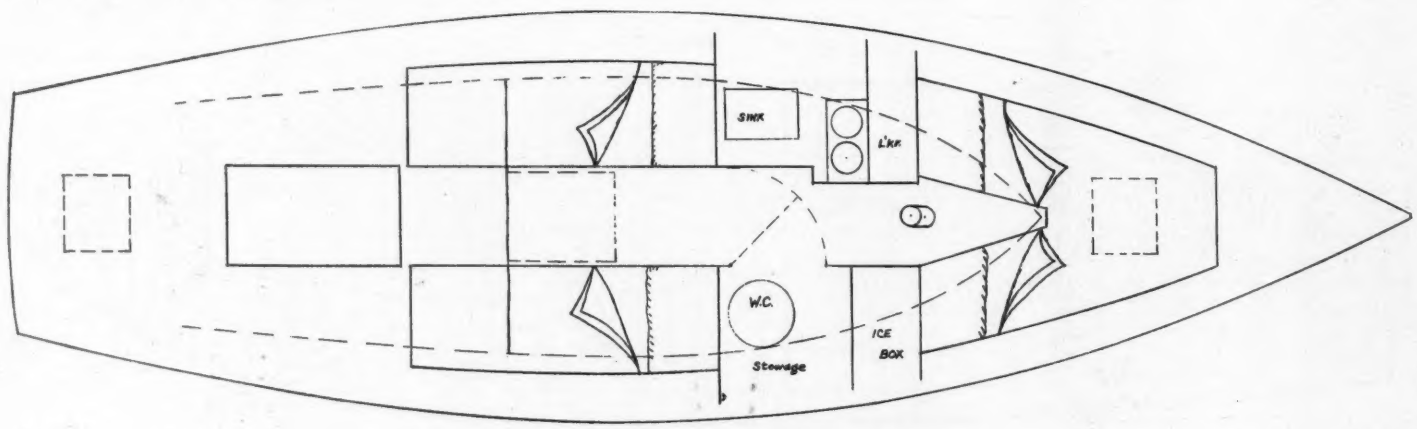


The rig is modern and moderate in area

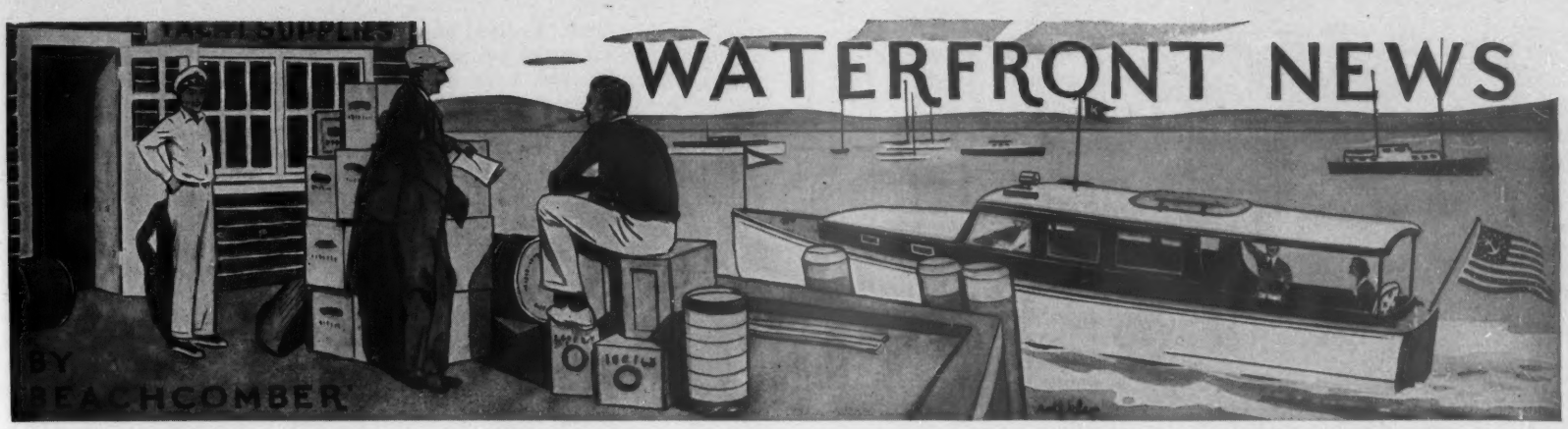
Spars are solid, of selected Oregon fir and the standing rigging is of galvanized cast steel wire rope. Turnbuckles, blocks and deck fittings are of bronze and bronze Highfield levers are fitted. Chain plates are of galvanized iron. Sail area is 385 square feet in jib and mainsail. Sails are of Wamsutta duck.

The engine is a single cylinder 5 hp. Gray "One-5" which drives a 14″ diameter propeller through a 1″ bronze shaft and gives a cruising speed of about 5 m.p.h. at a fuel consumption of 8 miles to the gallon of gasoline.

The cabin plan shows two berths forward and two transom berths in the main cabin. There is a toilet, with Sands plumbing, and a galley with two-burner kerosene stove, porcelain sink and ice box.



The accommodation plan shows sleeping quarters for four persons



A New Chris-Craft Express Cruiser

ONE of the most interesting parts of the sport of boating is looking over the other fellow's boat. From the youngster who has rigged up a little sail on an old dinghy to play around the harbor, through the newcomer who has picked up a time-worn cruiser and a dose of the boating bug, and on to the veteran of many seasons, all enjoy scrutinizing and discussing the merits and demerits of just about everything that comes along. Every once in a while a boat catches the eye and impresses itself as being particularly attractive and interesting. When that occurs we all want to know more about that boat.

Of the new 1939 models in stock cruisers which have already begun to appear we were particularly impressed by the new 29-foot Chris-Craft Express Cruiser. Feeling that there will be many others interested in this unusually attractive boat, we consider it well worth description here.

Attractive above — practical below

This cruiser has the grace and dash which is usually associated with boats of not less than 35 feet length and though her freeboard is low and her cockpit long and roomy there is still room below for two berths, a toilet room and a small galley. The attractiveness of her outward appearance is unquestionably a result of careful attention to detail, every line, every curve, every fitting is blended into a pleasing exterior. But that the interior at the same time is practical and roomy is a real tribute to her designers.

The new Express Cruiser is more or less a development of the Chris-Craft 24- and 25-foot Utility Cruisers which have been so popular in recent years for all sorts of service, including day use, ferrying of passengers and supplies, towing small sailboats, and even for an occasional week-end cruise. The emphasis in the new boat is on beauty, speed, and comfort and room in the cockpit rather than on accommodations below decks.

The 29-foot Express Cruiser, one of the new 1939 models, has top speeds of from 28 to 40 miles and may be had with one or two engines

Awning easily removed

To break down and analyze the features which make a boat outwardly attractive is often a waste of time. But in this case, as a matter of information, much of the attractiveness is due to the low freeboard dropping from 48 inches forward to 32 inches aft. This is made to appear still lower and longer by the chrome-plated arrow a few inches below the rail. The sloping V-shaped cabin trunk and windshield, the oblong port lights and the attractive white awning covering a little less than half the cockpit, blend admirably into the lines of the hull. This awning, although not exactly portable, can be easily removed and stowed ashore without injuring the appearance of the boat.

Another detail which contributes much to the appearance of the exterior, as well as the interior of the cockpit, is the unusually fine grade of Philippine mahogany used for trim. Beautiful wood adds much to any boat and that selected for use here blends in well with the white top-sides, and the white pine decking with black seam compound used on the forward deck and on the three-foot after deck, in itself an unusual feature. All hardware is chrome plated and the cleats are streamlined, which makes them more attractive though somewhat less practical.

A view of the large open cockpit and the wide after deck

Cork floor in cockpit

The cockpit is ceiled with bright finished mahogany and its floor is covered with cork tile which is less slippery and easier to keep clean than linoleum. With less than three feet of freeboard aft the engine, or engines, could not be kept under the cockpit floor but are housed in mahogany boxes at the sides in the twin screw models and in the center on the single screw model. The inside of these boxes is heavily sound insulated and thick cushions covered with leather are provided for the top of each box. Folding type helmsman's seat and companion seat are provided at the controls on the starboard side and also on the opposite side. These are upholstered in the same red leather.

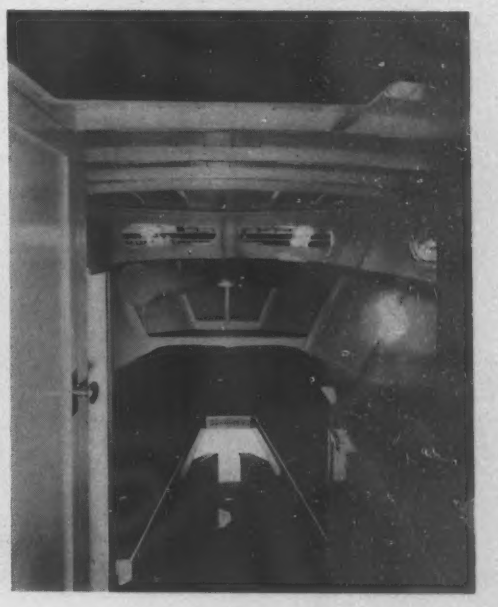
Fish box is standard equipment

The cockpit has room enough for three or four folding deck chairs, or, for devotees of the increasingly popular sport of offshore fishing, two fishing chairs could be carried. An unusually large fishing box is installed under the after deck as standard equipment, the idea being that if you don't fish you can probably use it as an auxiliary ice box. The box is 48″ long by 14″ wide by 18″ deep and is divided into a large section for fish and a smaller one for bait. It is supplied with a constant spray of water by a double action circulating pump on the engine.

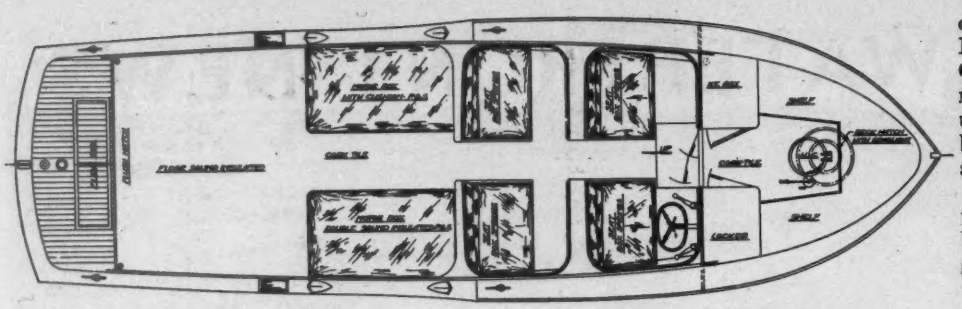
There is not a great deal of room below but the designers have wisely not attempted to cram too many lockers, cupboards, etc., into the limited space. Up in the eyes of the boat is a bin for the anchor rode, which can be dropped down through the forward hatch. Next comes an athwartship bin suitable for shoes, life preservers and all sorts of odd items. Over it is a rack with four or five hanging hooks. Next comes the berths with thick mattresses upholstered in attractive blue corduroy. Beneath them is more storage space.

Along the port side is an open hanging locker with shelf above, and the toilet room, which is just about big enough. To starboard is a little galley built around a one-burner pressure alcohol stove, and a small sink. The ice box is quite large, however, with room for a good sized chunk of ice and plenty of space for other things. Storage lockers for food and utensils are also included and the whole unit is topped off with a dish locker with a leaded glass door.

Headroom under the cabin trunk is only 5′ 3″, the desirable 10 or 12 inches more being necessarily sacrificed to exterior appearance. However, in the galley the cook's head can stick up through the companionway and we



Looking forward into the little cabin and galley



Layout plan of the Chris Craft Custom Sportsman on the same hull as the 29-foot Express Cruiser

have found from experience that 5′ 3″ is not bad as soon as you get used to it.

As for power, the boat is available with a single 135 horsepower Chris-Craft engine providing a top speed of 28 miles, or with various twin screw combinations giving speeds up to 40 miles. Propeller shafts are bronze and drive Federal-Mogul Equipoise propellers. On the twin screw model two rudders are used, of cast manganese bronze and operated by a worm and sector gear.

A fifteen gallon water tank is located in the bow and a 90 gallon gasoline tank is under the after deck. Construction and hull form adhere to the usual Chris-Craft type, with double-planked V-bottom of Philippine mahogany and single-planked sides. Frames are of mahogany and white oak, the keel of mahogany, and the keelson of fir. Fastenings are brass and bronze screws and bolts.

The same hull is also available with a different layout designed especially for day use in a model called the Custom Sportsman. This model, being somewhat lighter, attains speeds of about two miles more per hour with the same motors. The Custom Sportsman has built-in seats for four additional persons in the cockpit and has a toilet and an ice box forward but no other accommodations.

Both the Express Cruiser and the Sportsman, we believe, are excellent examples of how much real serviceable boat can be had in less than thirty feet of length and still hold to lines and proportions which are very attractive.

BEACHCOMBER.

General Motors and Gray Develop New Diesels

EARLY in the year the General Motors Corporation announced the beginning of production of a new line of Diesel engines of unusual design and to be produced and developed by a special division of the Corporation. The program actually started several years ago. In the meantime experimental and development work has been carried forward and many millions of dollars have been invested in a new plant, new equipment, laboratories, etc. It is a long range program for the purpose of expanding the automotive, industrial and marine uses of Diesel engines.

A fine new plant and laboratory is manufacturing these new Diesels. It is located some 12 miles from the center of Detroit and there is not a house or another building within a half mile on any side. Immediately surrounding the plant is a lovely park with green lawns and many fine trees. Although that may seem irrelevant to the question of what kind of marine engines the new Diesels are, we mention it because it is illustrative of the attitude of starting anew and taking nothing for granted which has characterized the development of these engines.

Interchangeable parts in various engine sizes

General Motors wanted to simplify the Diesel, to make it more flexible, more compact and lighter. They also wanted to develop an engine which would cost less to build. To accomplish this the design had to be suited to volume production, with as many interchangeable parts as possible in the various sizes and horsepowers.

To develop the engines experienced Diesel engineers went to work side by side with bright young men who knew gasoline engines but had had no Diesel experience. Early in the development it was decided that in theory a two-cycle Diesel would be better than a four-cycle. So then, having decided on the best way of doing the job, they had to develop means of doing it.

Outwardly the engines don't look very different from other Diesels; but inside it is quite another story. One of the first engines we examined was running on a test block as we came along. After it had been stopped we were asked if we would like to look inside a cylinder of that engine.

"Don't bother," we replied, imagining a wait of at least a half hour while a squad of mechanics removed the injectors, the cylinder head, etc.

"It won't take any time at all," was the reply. With that a single cap screw was removed and one of the cover plates on the side of the engine taken off. We looked in through the air chamber and the air ports in the cylinder liner into a cylinder which had been firing away at 2000 r.p.m. only a few seconds before.

Some people thought the General Motors crowd were on the wrong track when they started to develop a two-cycle Diesel. "As if high compression didn't cause enough vibration, why do you have to add to it the notorious jiggling of two-cycle operation?" was what they wanted to know.

"Wait and see," was the answer.

The Gray Marine Motor Company, which is adapting and equipping the General Motors engines for marine use, still gets many letters asking about the question of vibration. For the moment we will dismiss the point with the statement that there is no more vibration in the Gray Diesels than in gasoline engines of comparable horsepower.

Single cylinder model to come

The engines available at present are a three-cylinder model producing 82 horsepower, a four delivering 110 hp. and a six at 165 hp. All three turn up to 2000 r.p.m. and may be had with direct drive, or with 2:1 or 3:1 reduction gears. The latter are Twin Disc Transmissions providing a positive neutral or "sailing clutch" and 100% of shaft speed in reverse. The gears are lubricated independently of the engine. A single-cylinder model will be announced by Gray within a few months.

Aluminum rotors with helical lobes force air into the cylinders for scavenging and combustion

We won't attempt to go into a lengthy discussion of the various advantages and disadvantages of two- and four-cycle engines. In these new Diesels it boils down to the advantages of a cylinder with a power impulse every down stroke, instead of every other, outweighing the disadvantages of such an arrangement. Also, strange as it may seem, there is a longer interval between the end of the expulsion of the exhaust gases and the injection of the next charge of fuel.

Much of the design of the new General Motors and Gray Marine Diesels is so unusual that a discussion of their principal features should prove interesting.

As we all know, a Diesel derives its power from the force of an explosion caused by the sudden introduction of a volatile substance into air heated by compression to the flash point of that substance.

Blower very important

In gasoline engines, and most Diesels, the air is sucked in through intake valves on the down stroke of the piston. In the new Gray Diesels an entirely different principle is utilized. Along one side of the cylinder block is a long housing surrounding a blower designed especially for high-speed Diesel operation. This blower is composed of two hollow aluminum rotors each with three lobes which revolve with clearances of only .05 inch. To provide continuous and uniform displacement of air, the rotor lobes are made with a twisted or helical form. The air, entering the blower from an air cleaner, is picked up by the lobes and carried to the discharge side of the blower as indicated in the arrows in Figure 1. The continuous discharge of fresh air from the blower develops an air pressure of about seven pounds per square inch in the air chambers which extend along both sides of the cylinder block.

As the descending piston reaches the bottom of its stroke (Fig. 1) the pre-compressed air rushes in through a belt of intake ports in the cylinder liners. These ports are sloped to impart a rotational motion to the scavenging air as it rushes into the cylinder, pushing the exhaust gases before it and out the two exhaust valves in each cylinder. Since the scavenging air is under pressure it moves faster and does its job more thoroughly than air which is merely sucked in and forced out by a piston.

As the piston continues its upward stroke the ports are closed off and the exhaust valves close (Fig. 2). Then final compression of the clean, fresh air commences. Shortly before the piston reaches its highest position, the required amount of atomized fuel is sprayed into the combustion space by the unit fuel injector. The intense heat of the highly compressed air ignites the fine spray of fuel (Fig. 3), and the downward or power stroke of the cycle takes place (Fig. 4).

Fig. 1

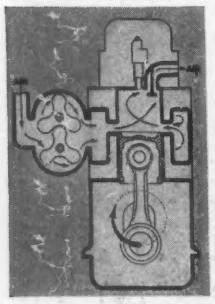


Fig. 2

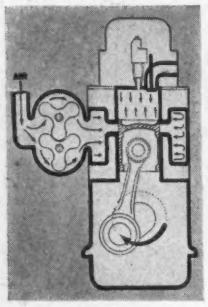


Fig. 3

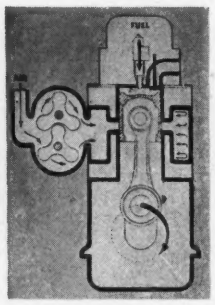
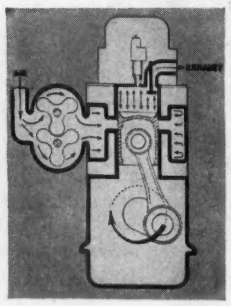


Fig. 4



The pistons are, of course, water-jacketed and rapid transfer of heat from all moving parts, and consequent uniform bearing temperatures, are insured by an ample supply of lubricating oil forced under pressure to all important bearings. Pistons and piston rods are cooled by a spray of lubricating oil from a jet at the top of the connecting rod. The oil is efficiently filtered and is kept at proper temperature under all operating conditions by an oil cooler.

Cylinder liners are alloy steel, bearings are lead-bronze, and piston and rod assemblies are all held to a single weight standard, regardless of the number of cylinders in the engine in which they are used. Thus perfect replacement is assured.

Injector an engineering wonder

The unit injector, however, is the heart of the Gray Diesel and is as advanced a bit of engineering in the finished form as it is on paper. Simplifying the design, the operation and the servicing of the injector was one of the principal objectives of the engineers who developed these engines.

The fuel going into the cylinder of every Diesel must be precisely metered and injected at just the right moment at very high pressure. This is usually accomplished by means of a fuel pump with a separate plunger for each cylinder which develops the pressure and pushes the fuel along through a steel tube, whence it is metered out to the spray nozzle in the cylinder. Most of the difficulties in injection systems of this type, we are told, are caused by air bubbles working into the tubing between the pump and the spray tip. Then with each stroke of the plunger the air in the bubble merely compresses and expands instead of pushing the oil on through. Such an air bubble can clog up a fuel line and put a cylinder "on the blink" even more effectively than a speck of dirt in a spray tip.

The injector developed by General Motors engineers is said to be the simplest device yet developed for metering and injecting fuel. Both functions are performed individually for each cylinder in the last two inches of the injector unit. The unit does not require extremely accurate and minute adjustment to run efficiently, and though comparatively simple is a bit too complicated to attempt to describe in detail here without the aid of numerous diagrams. Briefly, however, each injector receives an ample supply of fuel from a fuel line at a pressure of ten pounds. The interior of the injector is kept full of enough fuel for a great many explosions at all times, with the metering part of the unit biting off the quantity called for by the throttle. Then the ten pounds pressure, which is maintained by a mechanical fuel pump, by-passes the unused oil back through a return line. As each charge is bitten off it is put under sufficient pressure to gain admittance to the cylinder at the right moment. When we examined and dismantled one of these injectors it seemed so simple that we wondered why they had never been used before. The answer is: the same or similar types have undoubtedly been thought of but until now it has been impossible to hold volume production of the parts of the injector to close enough tolerances to permit their utilization. But in this new injector, in order to keep the fuel where it is supposed to be and out of the places where it is not supposed to be, some of the moving parts had to be machined to an accuracy of 50 millionths of an inch, which is approximately one one-hundredth of the thickness of a human hair.

Replacing injector not complicated

We spent almost an hour examining, dismantling and re-assembling one of these unit injectors and at the end of that time (in spite of the mediocrity of our mechanical abilities) we were able to do the whole job of dismantling and re-assembling the injector in a very few minutes. This could have been done by anyone else just as easily, with no more than a pair of pliers, a wrench and a small vise. These, when supplemented by a couple of small simple tools for gauging the approximate setting of the injector, are all that is required to be prepared for emergencies.

When the engines are turned over to Gray they have already been run on a test block but still require quite a bit of attention before they can be properly called a marine engine. The first job is to decide which end of the particular engine in question is the front and which the rear, for up to this point it makes absolutely no difference. All of which means nothing in single engine installations but permits symmetrical pairs for twin installations without resorting to bastard parts, a great convenience when making replacements in later years.

Fresh water cooling is standard

A closed system of fresh water cooling was adopted by Gray engineers as standard equipment. Fresh water cooling has so many advantages that we heartily agree with the Gray engineers who decided that on engines with the many years of potential usefulness of the new Diesels it would be false economy to consider anything else. They list the advantages of fresh water cooling in order of their importance as:

1. No corrosion by salt water.
2. No precipitation of salt and consequent restriction of water passages.
3. Thermostatic control of operating temperatures within the narrow range best suited to the operation of these engines (155° to 165°).
4. No clogging of water jackets with dirt or sand.
5. Water jackets are always full of water.
6. Anti-freeze mixtures may be used for winter operation.

The system developed by Gray utilizes a Harrison heat exchanger and provides very accurate thermostatic control.

Thirty-two volt, 250-watt belt-driven generators are standard equipment on these engines, with 900 or 1500 watt flange mounted generators and voltage control as optional equipment. Gray adds a total of over 700 parts to the basic engine including the lifting eyes, mounting brackets, and an instrument panel with sealed instruments to keep out corrosive salt-laden air. Tachometer, ammeter, oil pressure gauge, and oil and water temperature gauges are included.

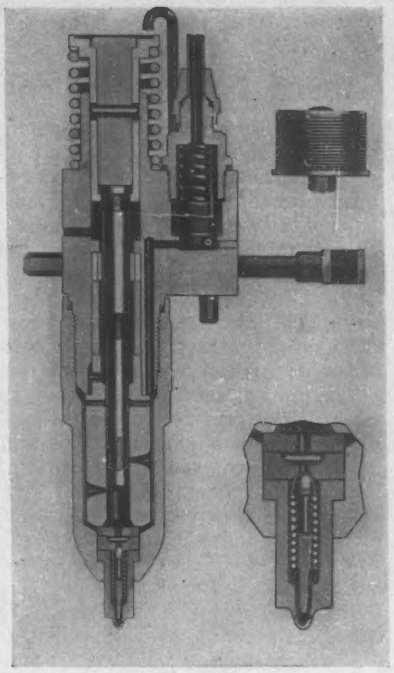
At this point it is natural to ask how far these new Diesels have progressed toward the ultimate dream of gasoline engine flexibility, lightness, smoothness and compactness and how they shape up in dependability, simplicity and cost.

No excessive vibration

We had the privilege of riding with a pair of the "sixes" in a new 45-foot cruiser and can say that as far as silence and smoothness are concerned the installation was on a par with the best gasoline engine installations. In fact, only the distinctive exhaust purr of the Diesel differentiated it from gasoline engine performance. On the test blocks in the Gray factory it was the same story; we placed our hand first on a Diesel and then on a gasoline engine and could note no appreciable difference in the slight vibration of the engines. In all cases the Diesel exhausts were absolutely clean.

As for flexibility, the Gray Diesels are held mechanically within the limits of 300 and 2000 r.p.m. by a governor, the operator having full control between those points. While most properly adjusted gasoline engines could undoubtedly be throttled down lower, there is almost no need for turning the wheel at less than 300 r.p.m.

In weight and dimensions the new Gray three- and four-cylinder Diesels are about on a par with other manufacturers' engines of comparable horsepower, and are still considerably heavier and less compact than gasoline engines. In the six-cylinder, 165 hp. engine, however, there is something entirely new statistically. At 2250 pounds it weighs almost one-third less than most Diesels of the same horse-



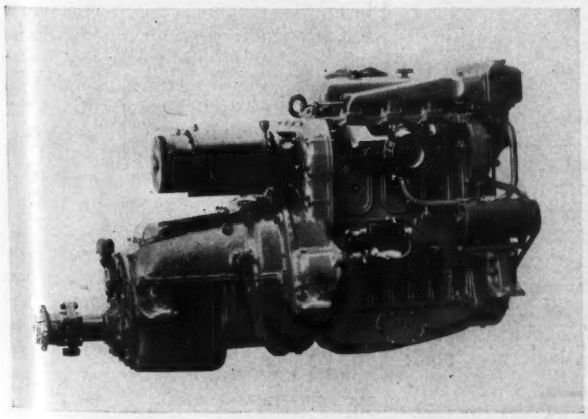
Both metering and injecting of fuel is performed by the unit injector

power which are now available. This is equivalent to only 13.7 pounds per horsepower, which is getting within striking distance of the weight of husky, medium to heavy duty gasoline engines. We understand that builders of the larger stock cruisers are particularly interested in the "six," for it gives them for the first time a Diesel which can be installed and operated in hulls designed primarily for lighter gasoline engines.

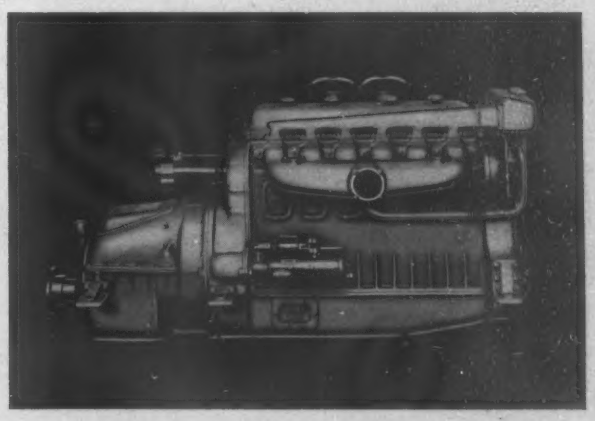
We still have dependability and simplicity to consider. The engines are still too new to have compiled any real service records except in the laboratory where the equivalent of twenty years' ordinary operation has been piled on to several of the General Motors engines, and they are still going strong. As in all Diesels, clean oil is the biggest single factor in dependable operation and the finest filters made cannot be entirely responsible for that. As for simplicity, with only our single hour's training we would not hesitate to tackle the job of cleaning or replacing an injector.

The fuel economy of Diesels is so obvious and well known a feature that it is almost superfluous to mention it. Neither General Motors nor Gray are giving out any comparisons of the fuel costs of their new Diesel based on laboratory or shop tests, preferring to wait until actual service figures are compiled. However, there is no reason to doubt that these new engines will be well up to the standards of other Diesels in showing fuel and lubricating oil costs per hour and per mile of less than ¼ those of gasoline engines.

BEACHCOMBER.



The three-cylinder 82 hp. two-cycle Gray Marine Diesel with a 1500 watt generator



The six-cylinder 165 hp. engine weighs only 13.7 pounds per horsepower

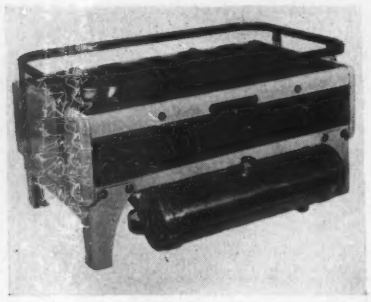
Accessories and Equipment

Wilcox Crittenden's New Alcohol Stove

THE pressure alcohol stove stands out as one of the most useful and popular of the new equipment items developed in recent years. It is clean, simple and not too costly to operate, especially for intermittent service. Thousands of them have been sold in the last few years and yachtsmen have found them as fast or faster than any other boat stove on the market. No priming cans or special pre-heating fluid is required.

There have been difficulties with some of the pressure alcohol stoves, mainly due to inferior materials and occasionally to poor workmanship. But these can be avoided and now along comes Wilcox Crittenden with a model which they call the "Sea Cook." Essentially it is the same as the others but the manufacturers have been on the lookout for ways of improving their stove. They seem to have succeeded.

The tank is electrically welded and of chrome plated Everdur metal. It holds enough alcohol to keep a kettle boiling for twenty hours. The burners are of cast brass which obviously will not rust. They are designed to produce a flame of large area even when turned low and thus can keep a big pot of stew or mulligan simmering very readily. Beneath the burners are deeply recessed priming pans. These hold several times the volume of alcohol required for pre-heating and contain asbestos wicking. Thus there should be

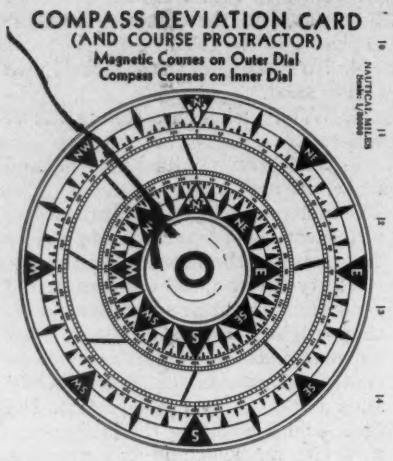


no danger of ever overflowing the priming cup and setting the whole drip pan ablaze — a frequent cause of trouble with stoves of this type.

The guard rail is a substantial chrome plated band which extends all the way around the stove top but is not so high as to interfere with frying pan handles. The metal is all of heavy gauge, finished with a high grade of cream and black enamel chosen for its resistance to chipping. The dimensions of the "Sea-Cook" are 21" x 12", and it stands 10¾" high. Both the drip pan and the burners can be removed for cleaning very easily. All that might be added to make it absolutely complete is another model in gimbals for the sailorman who cooks while under way.

Your Compass Deviation Graphically Indicated

THERE seems to be no end to the number of interesting little gadgets having to do with plotting courses, taking bearings, figuring distances, compass variation and deviation, etc. The latest originated right in the family here at YACHTING's offices. It is called the Compass Deviation Card.



The principal object of this card is to simplify and accomplish once and for all the figuring of compass deviation. Deviation (in case you have a lot of trouble keeping them straight) is the varying error on different headings caused by iron and steel and other disturbing factors on your boat. If your boat is too small or you can't stand the expense of having your compass compensated by a professional compass adjuster, then get one of these Deviation Cards. It consists of two compass dials printed on a card, one inside the other and with about a half inch of white space between the inner edge of the outside dial and the outer edge of the inside dial. To prepare the card for use on your boat (and yours only) you run or sail along several known magnetic courses and then draw on the white space between the two dials, lines connecting the known magnetic courses on the outer dial to their corresponding compass courses on the inner dial as shown by your boat's compass. The card is then ready for use. To apply it to any course between the lines you have drawn, merely follow the average direction of adjacent lines from any magnetic course (or bearing) on the outer dial to the correct compass course for your boat on the inner dial. No adding, subtracting or pencil work of any kind is required once the card is made up and the known deviation lines drawn in.

As that did not use up the whole card there is also included a nautical mile scale for 1200 Series charts, a string to use the card as a course protractor and, on the other side, two concentric compass cards for simplifying the figuring of variation. All that may sound rather confusing but it's about the most foolproof way of working with deviation and variation which we have ever seen. The old hands who have been brought up on these things don't need these gadgets but they are often a big help to skippers with less experience.

An Ash Tray in Gimbals

AMONG the little things on a boat there is probably nothing which is responsible for more trouble than ash receivers. The usual shallow, open type are worse than nothing on deck and in the cockpit, where there is the wind to contend with. Down below there is heel and roll, to say nothing of limited space and every opportunity for full receivers to be upset.

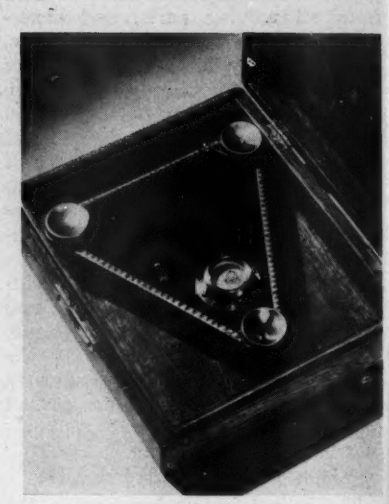
All of which makes the attractive new gimbaled ash trays recently developed by Abercrombie & Fitch particularly practical. They are deep, have only a small opening at the top and are made of chrome plated brass. The gimbals and socket fitting like those used

on ship's bells were originally developed for tall glasses and the ash receivers can be temporarily removed and glasses put in their place whenever convenient. The socket, the only permanent part of the outfit, is small and flat and would be quite inconspicuous when fastened to a bulkhead, table edge, or cockpit coaming.

A Correction

THERE appeared in these pages in the September number of YACHTING an article describing an inexpensive portable direction finder. This article contained a statement in regard to the power drain of the General Communication Company's new "Director" radio compass which has since been found to be incorrect. It stated that the total power drain is only 1/100 of an ampere. There is a *plate current* drain of 1/100 amperes at 80 volts, which results in a plate circuit power drain of 8/10 of a watt. There is also a filament circuit drain of 125 mills at 4¾10 volts. The total power drain, therefore, of all circuits is 1⅓ watts, still an extraordinarily small amount.

In the same article the impression may have been given that calibration is entirely unnecessary in connection with the "Director." On small wooden boats where the "Director" is used above decks and reasonably far removed from any metal objects, the deviation error is usually very slight. However, bearings obtained with the "Director" or any other radio compass should not be relied upon without first checking, either by a series of cross-bearings or by actual calibration, the accuracy of the instrument in any given location aboard the boat. It is important that the instrument always be used in exactly the same spot for any calibration curve, and if it is desired to use the instrument both above and below decks, independent checks or calibration curves should be made for each location.



The Anable Artificial Horizon

AT about this time every year hundreds of yachtsmen vow that during the long winter months and before another season rolls along they are going to learn navigation. Some of them never quite get around to it but most of them at least make a start. Soon, however, they find that one of the difficulties is not having any sights to work out. Using an assumed sextant reading is all right in principle, but in practice doesn't work out very satisfactorily. One way out, however, is the use of an artificial horizon which enables the would-be navigator to take a sight anywhere except, strangely enough, on a boat.

Artificial horizons have been used in the past but we have never heard of any which were as accurate or practical as this one designed by Anthony Anable, a well known yachtsman and amateur navigator and recently made available through Kelvin & White.

The artificial horizon consists of a triangle of optically true black glass about 5 inches on each side, ground by precision instruments to an absolutely flat reflecting surface. In one corner of the glass plate there is a circular bubble level with a small bubble in the liquid and a circle etched into the center of the glass. Surrounding the glass plate is a brass frame in each corner of which there is an adjustable supporting leg threaded in and topped with a thumb disc. With these and the bubble the reflecting surface can be brought into an absolutely level position.

The artificial horizon is used as follows: First it is set upon a firm foundation and leveled up. Then the observer takes a position where he can see clearly the image of the heavenly body reflected on the surface of the black glass. With his sextant, he next brings the heavenly body down until the sextant image coincides with the reflected image on the glass. When using the sun or the moon the two images are brought into tangency. The sextant angle thus obtained is then exactly twice the true altitude of the body. In other words the angle is twice what would be obtained if a sea horizon were used.

Obviously the artificial horizon cannot be used on shipboard, on a plane, or on any other unstable surface and also cannot be used when the true altitude of the heavenly body is greater than half the range of the sextant arc (more than 60°).

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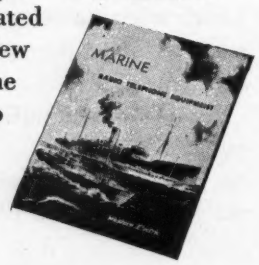
If you're cruising South this winter, take the sea-going telephone with you. You'll find it a great convenience! Radio Telephone shore stations are located on the Atlantic seaboard at Boston, New York, Norfolk and Miami—and on the Pacific coast at Seattle, San Francisco and Los Angeles.



For booklet, write Western Electric Company, Commercial Department, 195 Broadway, New York.

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BRITISH YACHTING NOTES

WHAT is wrong with this picture? That is the question which, unbidden — as the saying is — forced itself upon me as I watched the racing from a vantage point on the cliffs above Tor Bay during the regatta there. The "Twelves," all seven of them, were racing on that day, and I do not think we have ever had a more beautiful class in British waters. They certainly made a pretty picture, as they had done throughout the season — but still there was something wrong with it. Two of the seven, the oldest boats of the lot, were obviously outclassed in spite of being handled by two of the most skilled helmsmen. A third, equally well handled by an owner who is unable to race as often as the others, may be classed as being right up to date although she does not figure largely in the prize list. The remaining four are practically one-design craft, as their hulls are identical with the exception that one of them varies slightly from the other three in that her deck line aft is a shade wider.

The four were being handled by highly skilled helmsmen, as they had been throughout the season, but the results, both in Tor Bay and also during the season's racing, had differed greatly from what one might reasonably have expected. That, taking a broad view of the racing in the Twelve-Metre Class in 1938, is what justifies the impression that there is "something wrong with the picture." It is a remarkable fact that, at the time of writing, two of these four "one-design" craft have practically secured between them every first prize in the class since the opening of the season! On more than one occasion, I have heard it said of the two unsuccessful vessels that they are "bad boats," but a little thought on the subject must make it clear that this cannot be the case. With the exception of certain very slight differences in ballasting and sail plan, the four are, for all practical purposes, identical and such differences as there are cannot possibly account for so great a variation in performance. What then is there to account for this variation? That is a question which, frankly, I am quite unable to answer and, so far, the owners of the two unsuccessful boats, who presumably have taken counsel with their designer, do not appear to have been able to solve the riddle. It may be that they have not yet attained to that feeling of being "at one" with their craft which, I take it, is essential to outstandingly good performance, as instanced, say, by the two successful vessels of the four.

Rumor has it that we may possibly have a visit in 1939 by some American "Twelves" and that these may include a couple of tank-tested yachts from the board of Olin Stephens. Such a visit would be more than welcome and would tend greatly to stimulate public interest in yacht racing which, since the nonappearance of the "Big Class" at the regattas around the coast, has shown definite signs of declining. Far greater in importance than any effect the visit might have on the general public, or even on the majority of British yachtsmen, would be that of the performance of the tank-tested yachts in comparison to the more normally designed vessels. This would, in particular, appeal to those yachtsmen who take a serious interest in the development of yacht design as well as to yacht designers, both professional and amateur. At the moment, progress in racing yacht design, in so far as it affects the International Rule Classes, seems to be practically at a standstill; all the more so, perhaps, because of the "stops" which have recently, and fortunately, been placed on minimum beam. Competition with yachts produced under the influence of tank experiments, especially when they are successful, would probably have more effect on British yacht design than a dozen years of humdrum competition. It might even result in creating a demand for a tank in this country where yacht models might be tried out in the same way as at the Stevens Institute.

⚓ ⚓ ⚓

Offshore racing yachtsmen are already looking forward to next year's Fastnet Race and I understand that some new and specially built yachts will take part in it. I have no information as yet as to what boats are actually built or have been designed, but I have been told that we may have several German vessels as well as Dutch, French, and perhaps Swedish and Norwegian among the entries. It goes without saying that we shall look forward to seeing our American friends in force and we all hope that we shall see *Lizzie Mac* again among the starters. Her owner will get a warm welcome if he can manage the trip. In the Fastnet, too, we naturally hope that it will be our good fortune to see at least a couple of American tank-tested deep sea craft. Their coming would give to the race an interest which even the coming of the tank "Twelves" could not surpass. It is most fortunate that successful yachts built to the rating rule of the Cruising Club of America appear to have an equally good chance of winning under that of the Royal Ocean Racing Club, a feature which should definitely tend to encourage competition and stimulate entries.

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NEWS FROM YACHTING CENTERS

FLORIDA TRADE WINDS

By Vivyan Hall

FOLLOWING the example of Havana, Kingston and Nassau, other important ports of the West Indies are taking up yachting. Improved facilities and conveniences are increasing the appeal to visiting boats and interested groups are organizing clubs and starting racing and other activities. Puerto Rico is coming on particularly well. Headed by Luis Santaella, the San Juan Yacht Club or, properly, the Club Nautica de San Juan, was started in 1932. Three years later, on the south shore, another group, with P. J. Serrales as commodore, founded the Ponce Yacht Club. The original yachting organization in the Caribbean group, however, belongs to Jamaica, the Royal Jamaica Yacht Club, organized in 1885 and predating the Havana Yacht Club by one year. With cruising races becoming steadily more popular, the successful St. Petersburg-Havana and Miami-Nassau events might eventually be enlarged to an international circuit including many of the islands and ports of the West Indies.

+ + +

Their southern friends were immensely pleased at the success of the Cuban tuna team in winning the international contest held off Nova Scotia the last of August. And the Alton P. Sharp Trophy, emblem of the championship, will be a prized possession of the Havana Yacht Club during the coming winter. Julio Sanchez was captain of the team which included his brother Jorge and J. M. and Antonio Tarafa, all of whom have made history in the Gulf Stream near Miami Beach. Captain Sanchez, who spent nearly all of the final night constructing a bait kite, scattered his team and clinched the victory by landing the winning tuna only an hour before the match ended. While the Cuban anglers were disappointed that the fish ran so small — Sanchez' winning catch weighed only 61 pounds, just one-tenth of his 601-pounder caught off Bimini in May — they went out to win from the time they entered and certainly did the trick. As this was the Cubans' first attempt, their success is all the more creditable.

+ + +

The recent Cat Cay take of four blue fin tuna in one day by William Hoyt, of Greenwich, Conn., is something of a record. Weighing 373, 374, 401 and 509, they were all boated whole without mutilation by sharks. Punta Gorda's annual tarpon tournament came to a close August 31st with Richard DeCoskey, of Elyria, Ohio, receiving the grand trophy with a 124¾-pound catch. Mrs. Joseph Amon, Rahway, N. J., whose tarpon weighed 112, was declared women's champion and R. H. Therrill, Burlington, N. C., with four, was the winner for the most fish in one day. Earl D. Farr, with a burst of good luck, captured every one of the four available prizes for the local contenders. Anglers from thirteen states took part in the tournament.

+ + +

At Sea Island, Georgia, Richard J. Reynolds, whose auxiliary cutter *Blitzen* took Class B honors in the recent Bermuda Race, has just been elected commodore of the Sea Island Yacht Club. Commodore Reynolds also owns the auxiliary yawl *Elizabeth McCaw*, the American contender in the 1937 Fastnet Race, and the 124-foot motor yacht *Zapala*. His racing shipmates claim that he is the best cooking commodore afloat. From the same club, Billy and Elliott Patterson, Jr.'s, *Delphin II* led the Star Class at the Savannah Yacht Club's summer regatta, while T. W. Tift won the National one-design races at Beaufort, S. C.

+ + +

At Jacksonville, the St. Johns Yachting Association wound up the summer season with the Labor Day regatta. Under the direction of Commodore Frank G. Kurka and with a good full sail breeze, morning and afternoon races were held in all five classes. The winners among the eighteen contestants were: Class B, Malcolm Fortson, Jr.; Class C, Sam Marshall, Jr.; Class D, Wilson Baldwin; Class E, John Peyton; Class F, Lyle Vernier. In Class E, Palmer Derby, with a second and a third, gathered enough points to win the season series and will represent the class in the three handicap races for the club championship and the duPont Trophy. The others who have qualified are Vernier, Baldwin, Marshall, Jr., and Fortson, Jr. With two new Class F sloops this year, the St. Johns group is doing splendidly and expects three more Stars this fall.

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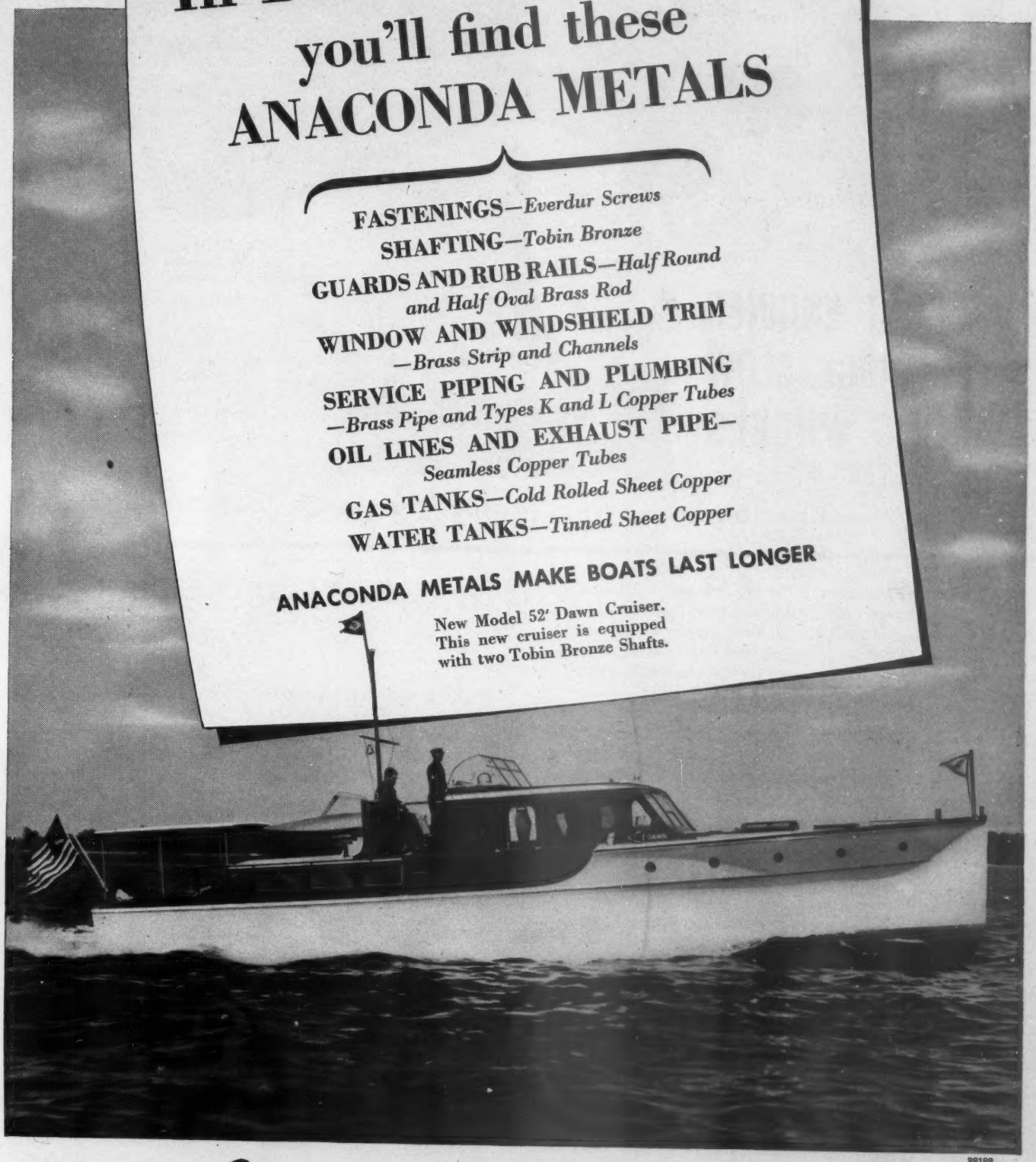
New Model 52′ Dawn Cruiser. This new cruiser is equipped with two Tobin Bronze Shafts.



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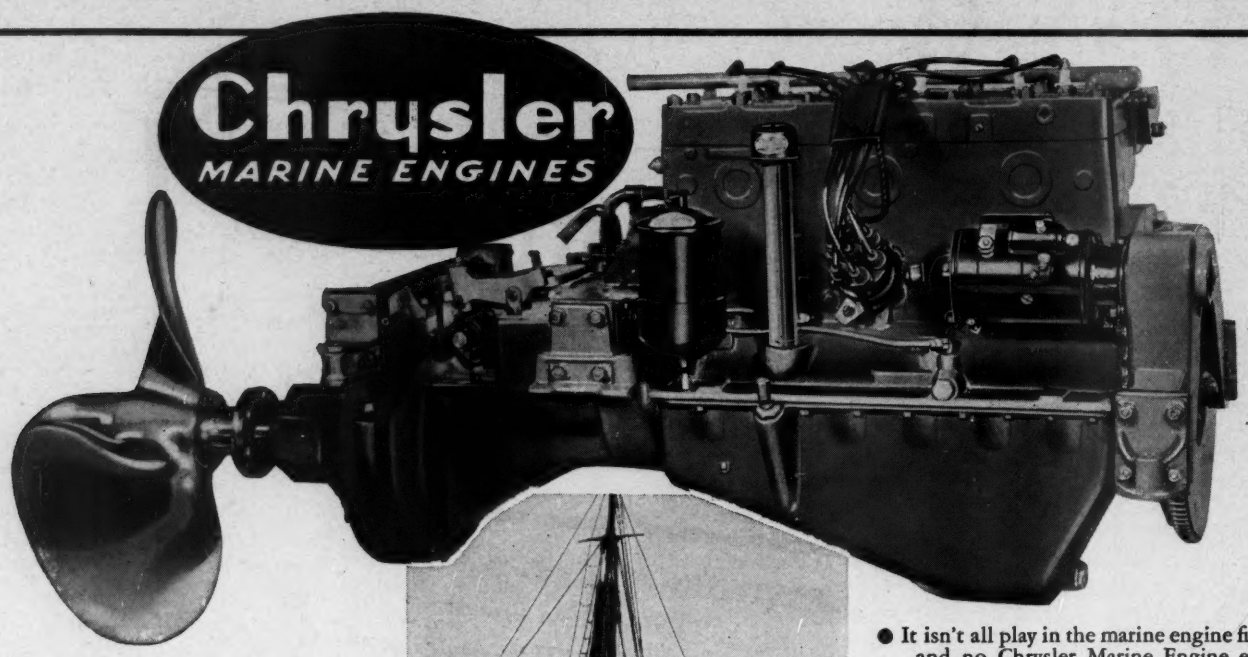

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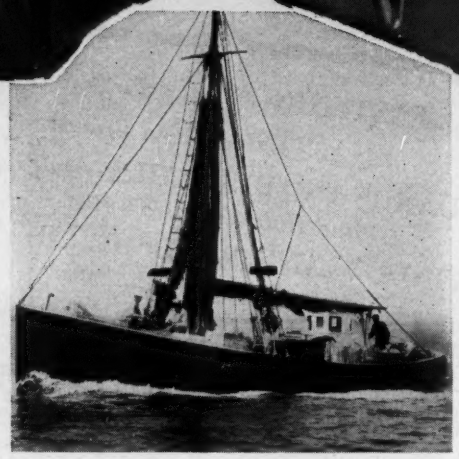

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The new 91-cubic-inch hydroplanes of the St. Petersburg Yacht Club, after racing pretty well all over Florida, were trailed by their owners up to Red Bank, N. J., to take part in the National Sweepstakes Regatta on the Shrewsbury. The long jaunt proved successful, with Commodore Al Strum, in *H. M. S. Jr.*, setting a new world's record for the class with a mark of 42.135 m.p.h.

With all the pretty things said about the Navy's performance with *Vamarie* in the Bermuda Race, it is good to hear that the Naval Air Station at Pensacola has acquired a fleet of eleven of the Gulf Yachting Association's Fish Class sloops and is going right after association racing honors. We'll have a sailing navy yet.

+ + +

The Passagrille Yacht Club's gain is the Biscayne Bay Yacht Club's loss. Hugh M. Matheson's 30-foot sloop *Babe*, twice winner of the St. Petersburg-Havana Race, has been bought by Francis Bidwell, of Tampa and Pass-a-Grille. Bidwell, who crewed in her 1937 victory, will certainly race her in all possible events this coming season. The Biscayne Bay yachtsmen will have to work hard to get another trophy winner so successful. Perhaps Lynn Troxel's new Off Soundings yawl will fill the gap. *Babe* was designed by Sparkman and Stephens and built by Chute and Bixby, of Huntington, L. I. Meanwhile, having served the Biscayne Bay club for eight years as a flag officer, Hugh Matheson has now been named rear commodore of the Northeast Harbor Yacht Club, in Maine. Seemingly a large spread, but Commodore Matheson can handle it.

+ + +

William B. Leeds' big 230-foot Diesel yacht *Moana*, having just completed an extensive overhaul at Merrill-Stevens' Miami yard, is now off on a cruise to the South Seas. Merrill-Stevens is also building a 35-foot fishing cruiser for former governor James M. Cox of Ohio and Miami Beach.

+ + +

E. L. Cheney, of Winter Park, president of the Model Yacht Racing Association of America, reports that model building and racing is spreading south into Florida. One of the recent additions to the national group of 54 member clubs is at Tampa, under the leadership of S. E. Fisk. President Cheney states that these intricate little sailing ships are now being raced in nearly all of the 48 states.

GREAT LAKES BREEZES

By R. A. Haynie

SINCE its inception some ten years ago, the Chicago Daily News Regatta, sponsored by the Lake Michigan Yachting Association, has been the largest regatta on the lake, and the number of starters has increased each year. This year, 175 yachts of all sizes took part, but the luck in having a good wind that has been the boast of the sponsors failed and a light spotty breeze made slow going.

Major honors went to *Gloriant*, Anthony Herrmann's Class Q sloop, representing the South Shore Yacht Club of Milwaukee, in winning the time prize in the Universal Division, and to Nat Rubinkam's *Rubaiyat*, of the Columbia Yacht Club, winner of the time prize in the Cruising Division. Class winners were:

CRUISING DIVISION

Class A	*Southern Cross*	Robert P. Benedict
Class B	*Rubaiyat*	Nathaniel Rubinkam
Class C	*Betty Bro*	Milton Friend
Class D	*Osprey II*	Jay W. Lowell

UNIVERSAL DIVISION

Large Sloops	*Gloriant*	Anthony Herrmann
R Class	*Yankee*	Edward Schnabel
S Class	*Quienna*	Parkin Brothers
T Class	*Hexa*	Gorden Brummel
Yawls & Schooners	*Swanee*	John Beaton
Star Class	*Dawn*	Walter Hoiles
Seawanhaka Division	*Nancy*	Anthony P. Farr

+ + +

The first race for the George Roosevelt Trophy was sailed Sunday, August 28th, over a 12-mile triangular course, in a moderate but steady breeze, and the results would indicate the possibilities desired of these races.

Mr. Roosevelt presented the trophy to the L.M.Y.A. to be awarded the winner of a series of races in which a selected representative group of yachts of all types and sizes, both racing and cruising, would sail under the

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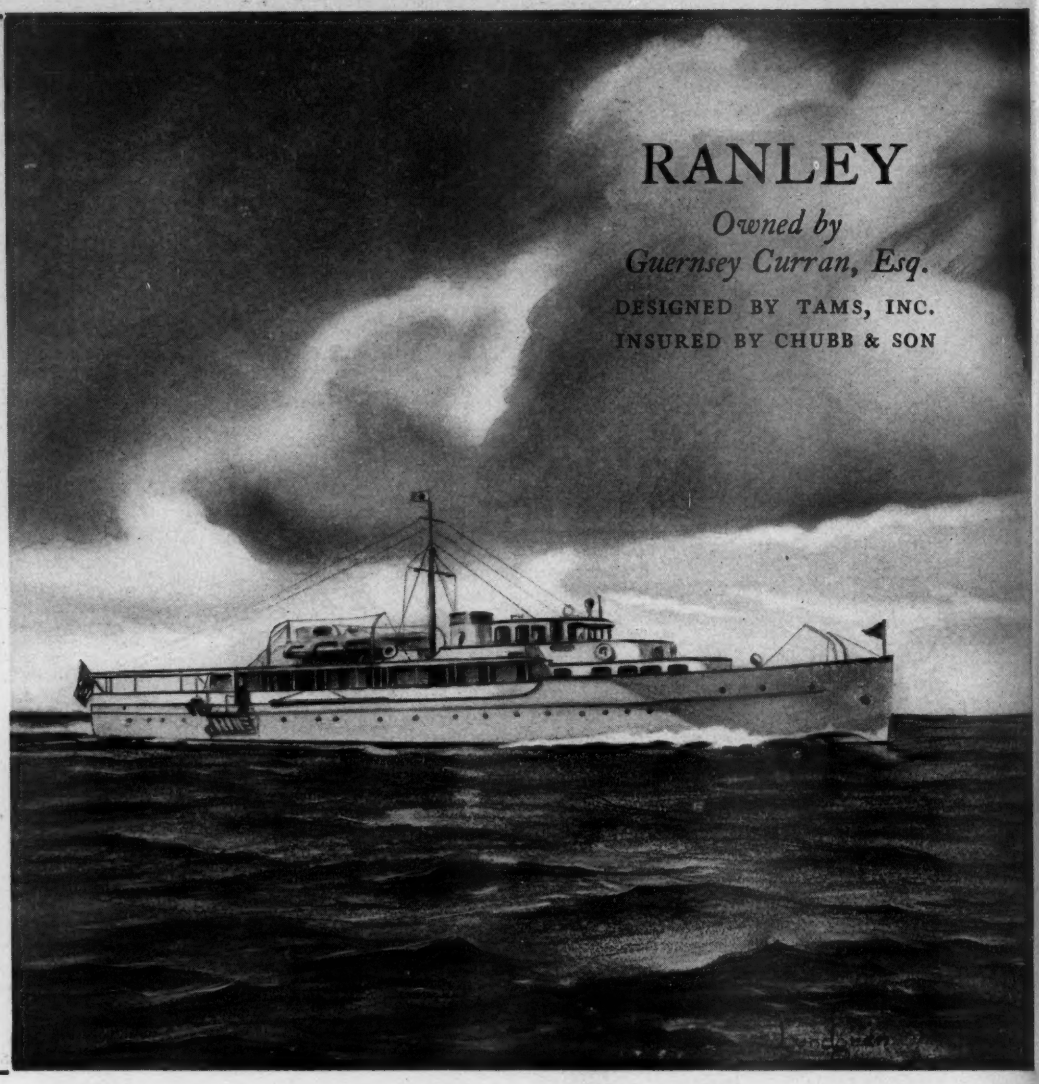

Lippincott Rule. This was to ascertain if it would be practical to handicap all yachts under a single measurement rule.

The yachts were selected as having been successful in their various classes and the start was arranged so as to prevent interference as much as possible. Time allowance was given at the start, and each yacht was sent away at a different time, with her actual time of crossing the line being taken, thus making the first yacht to finish the winner.

The results follow:

		Hrs.	Min.	Sec.
Lively Lady	Class Q Universal	1:	49:	2
Betty Bro	Cruising	1:	50:	25
Fair Wind	Cruising	1:	50:	31
Yankee	Class R Universal	1:	50:	31
Bangalore	Cruising	2:	00:	41
Aquila	Class S Universal	2:	01:	05
Rubaiyat	Cruising	2:	05:	37
Baccarat	Cruising	2:	07:	49
Osprey II	Cruising	2:	05:	59
Friendship	Tumlaren	2:	10:	18
Batavia	Cruising	2:	10:	27

+ + +

The Sheridan Shore Yacht Club's annual race week for Stars attracted a greater number than ever before, 45 to 50 yachts starting each day. Harry Nye, sailing his new flexible-sparred *Gale*, won four of the five races to take the series and the Valspar Trophy with 263 points. Woody Pirie's *Twin Star* took second place with 251 points, and Ted Mead sailed *Little Audrey* into third place with 241 points.

+ + +

The Great Lakes Star Class championship was won by Philip Upton with his new *Sanderling*, from St. Joseph, Mich. At the end of the series he was tied with *Shimmer*, owned by Leeds Mitchell, of the Chicago Yacht Club, but won the series in accordance with the Star Class rule that in case of a tie the winner was declared on the basis of order of finish in the several races. Phil had finished ahead of Leeds in three of the five races and thus won the championship. The races were conducted by the Sheridan Shore Yacht Club in conjunction with its race week and were sailed in the mornings.

The annual Triangular Race, conducted jointly by the Jackson Park, Chicago and Columbia Yacht Clubs over the Labor Day week-end, brought out a fleet of over fifty yachts for the three-day cruise.

The first leg was sailed on Saturday from Jackson Park to Michigan City under the auspices of the Jackson Park Club. The Nobel Trophy is also sailed for in this race and is awarded to the first yacht to finish; hence the entire fleet is sent away at the same time. A light southwest wind furnished a run and every yacht hung up her biggest spinnaker and sailed as fast as she could.

Revenge, Blair Walliser's and Ken Griffin's Ten-Metre, was first in, to take the Nobel Trophy, but Eddie Schnabel's Class R *Yankee* had the best corrected time in the Universal Division. Jay Lowell's *Osprey II* won the Cruising Division time prize.

The second leg, from Michigan City to St. Joseph, was conducted by the Chicago Yacht Club and was again a spinnaker run with the wind still in the southwest, although a bit fresher most of the way. It petered out in the afternoon and the last few miles were sailed in light shifting breezes. Bob Benedict sailed his *Southern Cross* fast enough to save his time and won the Cruising Division time prize. Eddie Schnabel again took the prize in the Universal Division.

The Columbia Yacht Club ran the last leg on Monday, from St. Joseph to Chicago, and arranged for the wind to shift to the northeast for another spinnaker run. But it gained strength as the sun got higher and the fleet made fast time. Once more Eddie Schnabel brought his *Yankee* in a winner to take the Dreadnaught Trophy, and Jay Lowell won again in the Cruising Division. Although finishing sixth in the second race, his two firsts were enough to give him the Hamilton Club Trophy.

+ + +

The newest distance race on the schedule was the South Shore Yacht Club's race from Milwaukee to Grand Haven for the famous Queen's Cup, which was originally presented by Queen Victoria for a race around the Isle of Wight. This was shortly after the first race for the America's Cup was sailed.

Commodore Potter, who thinks the ideal cruising yacht is an "R" boat, took his *Calypso* up for the race and proceeded to win it. A fine fleet of over twenty yachts sailed the race and all yachts were rated under the Universal Rule, but how successful this will be, remains to be seen.

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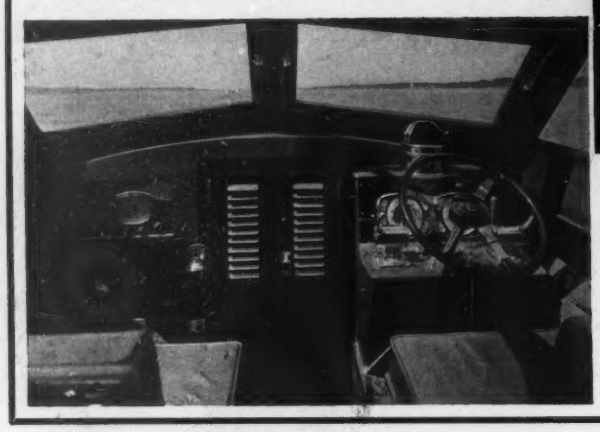

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SOUND WAVES

By Lee Scuppers

THIS, apparently, is going to be a winter of discontent in the Western Long Island Sound fleet of the Star Class. The oldest and largest unit of Commodore George A. Corry's globe-girdling organization is finding something else to worry about now that it has resigned itself to general acceptance of the rubber rig.

It seems that Durbin Hunter, the young Great Neck yachtsman who built *Foo* last spring in his spare time and raced her during the latter half of the summer with exceptional success, is suspected of building well but not wisely.

Scuttlebutt gossip has it that Hunter will be hauled up before the mast to answer charges that he built *Foo* to the tolerances instead of the fixed specifications for length and beam, and thus obtained a theoretical advantage which caused his boat to go faster than all the others.

By the time the Star Class officials get around to *Foo* they may have another problem on their hands. Purdy, of Port Washington, is building a new *Ace* (No. 1702) for Adrian Iselin, ace of the Star Class aces, and she already looks more like a baby Six-Metre boat than a Star. Iselin confesses that he thinks the class moguls will not give the new boat a measurement certificate but he says that it is an interesting experiment in rules interpretation, anyhow.

\+ + +

The Cruising Club of America's annual fall rendezvous, held at Prices Bend the last several years at the time of the Columbus Day holiday, will be moved up to an earlier spot on the calendar and to a more westerly port in Long Island Sound. The dates are October 1st and 2nd and the place Oyster Bay, hard by the anchorage of *Mistress*.

\+ + +

Earle Mitchell's old Class Q sloop *Grayling* won the Commodore Eugene Myrick Trophy for the New Rochelle Yacht Club the week-end of September 9th–11th in the 137-mile race from New Rochelle to Cornfield Lightvessel and return. She beat Bob Baruch's *Kirawan II*, Manhasset Bay challenger, by 57 seconds on corrected time and had nearly nine minutes on Walter Rothschild's yawl *Avanti*, 1937 winner for the Eastern Yacht Club. *Avanti*, scratch boat among the six starters, finished first but could not save her time on the hard-sailed *Grayling* and the nimble new *Kirawan*.

\+ + +

You should have been at Oyster Bay on September 11th and seen sixteen crews from ten different Y.R.A. clubs racing for the race committee championship of the Sound. The racing was as serious as serious could be, but the activities of the specially organized race committee were anything but.

George Roosevelt and Bromley Stone put together a first place and a fourth to win the trophy by one point for Seawanhaka, which was host to the brass hats and whose enterprising secretary, Al Whitman, conceived and carried out the novel idea of allowing race committees to race.

A three-cornered tie for second place, one point astern of Seawanhaka, was occupied by American's Fred Hibberd and Don Worth; Larchmont's Jack Dickerson and Ben Harrison, and Port Washington's Bill Miller and Adrian Iselin.

Two races were sailed in Seawanhaka's smart little Seabirds and were marked by all manner of silly signals, totally ignored protest flags and undignified levity. Fred Sherwood, of Knickerbocker, should have received a prize of some sort for exceptional honesty. He accidentally fouled a boat and withdrew from the race, an example that could have been, but was not, followed by several other skippers.

It was all such grand fun that the event will be made an annual fixture on the yachting calendar.

\+ + +

Seawanhaka, which has one of the keenest junior yachting organizations on the Sound, invited three Pleon Yacht Club crews down to Oyster Bay from Marblehead and defeated the visiting representatives of the country's oldest junior club in a series of team races. This rivalry is to be placed on a permanent basis with the matches alternating between Marblehead and the Sound each year.

\+ + +

Rope Yarns. . . . The International Class has taken steps to maintain its one-design status by ruling out the big roached mainsails and deciding that hereafter all sails shall be made by one sailmaker and to exactly the same specifications. . . . This step became necessary when one after an-

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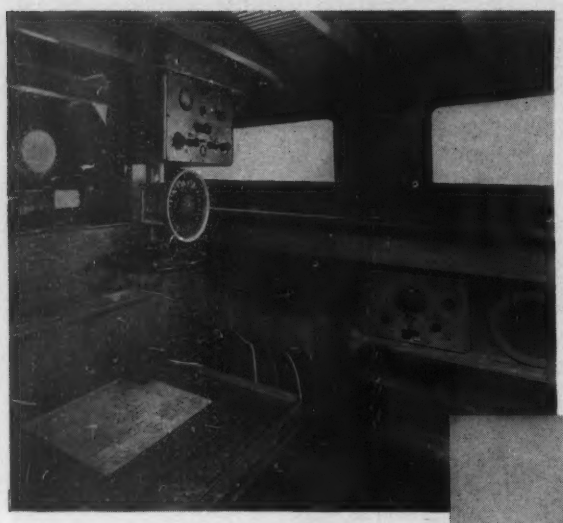
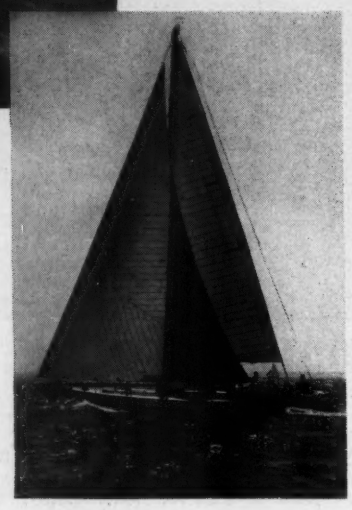


At left — Installation of Bludworth Direction Finder and Bludworth Radio aboard *Edlu II.*

Below — *Blitzen*, 1938 Class B Bermuda Winner, Bludworth Equipped.



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THE BLUDWORTH DIRECTION FINDER

other of the class members blossomed out late in the season with sails as big as sideshow tents. . . . It is years since a Long Island Sound yacht club had anything to do with speed boat racing, but Northport put on a successful state inboard championship regatta on August 13th and plans to do it again next year. . . . Pequot is justifiably proud of its junior crew of Bob Gorbon, Chuck Hayes and Rod McNeil. This trio made a clean sweep of all the junior prizes for which it competed — the Law Trophy at Indian Harbor, the Sound junior championship and the Sears Bowl.

INLAND LAKE YACHTING

By Walter P. Ketter

THE passing of Labor Day has brought the close of another successful summer of sailing for all the clubs of the I.L.Y.A. This year was marked by the keenest of competition, not only at the championship regatta, at Neenah, but also among the individual club fleets. The "A," "E," and "C" I.L.Y.A. championships were not decided until after the last yacht had crossed the finish line in the final race, and from the reports that have been coming in, the season championships on the home lakes have been as closely contested.

\+ + +

The ease with which the Inland bilgeboard scow type of boat can be loaded onto trailers and towed from lake to lake, has made invitation regattas very popular, and more were held this year than ever before in the 39-year history of the Inland.

\+ + +

The Calhoun Yacht Club, Minneapolis, was admitted to the association this year. While the club has been sailing approved boats for a number of years, their record this year was remarkable. Calhoun's ace skipper is Emmett Brennan, who made a clean sweep of everything he entered. His major honor was winning the I.L.Y.A. championship for Class C at Neenah. He also swept every series on his own lake for this year, won the Iowa-Great Lakes Regatta at Lake Okoboji, Iowa, and the Inter-Lake Regatta at White Bear Lake, Minnesota.

Miss Marjorie Benson, also from Calhoun, carried off the top honors in Class X, a one-design training boat, limited to skippers and crews under sixteen years of age. She won the championship at Pine Lake in the I.L.Y.A. Invitation Regatta, and placed third at Okoboji. A clubmate, Dick Fitts, placed second at Pine, and then won the Iowa-Great Lakes event.

\+ + +

The largest single class regatta was held at Oconomowoc Lake, Wis., when 75 "C" boats raced in the I.L.Y.A. Invitation Regatta. C. B. Goes, of the Delavan Y. C., won this regatta with a record of three seconds and one third out of the four races. Herman Nunnemacher, Pine Lake Y. C., finished second and Bud Sprinkman, Cedar Lake, was third. Box starts were successfully employed for the first time to get the large fleet across the starting line without mix-ups. They will be used for starting any fleet larger than forty boats at I.L.Y.A. regattas.

\+ + +

Seven other regattas, drawing as many as 35 entries, were held during the season, mostly on lakes where clubs have just formed and are building up fleets.

\+ + +

For the second year in a row, a select group of Barnegat Bay skippers beat three skippers and crews chosen from the 1937 Class E championship standings, in a series of team races at Neenah preceding the I.L.Y.A. event. The six boats were furnished by the association, three by the Inland skippers participating. Sam Merrick was the outstanding skipper, winning three of the five races sailed for the Barnegat Bay team. His team mates, Morton Gibbons-Neff and Runyon Colie, won the other two in compiling 60 points to the Inland's 45. Robert Winkler, James Friend, and Dan DeCoster represented the Inland. The losing of the series was not due to lack of skill, but largely to lack of experience in team sailing.

The defeats of this year and last have awakened the Inland clubs to activity. Already plans are being formulated for team racing between the individual clubs and also for seamanship races (a race in which the skippers draw the boat they are to sail by lot). The Oconomowoc Lake Club has already drawn up plans for a regatta in 1939 along these lines.

The majority favors the continuance of these series with the Barnegat Bay Club and it is hoped that the experience gained in team sailing will help to bring back this coveted honor.

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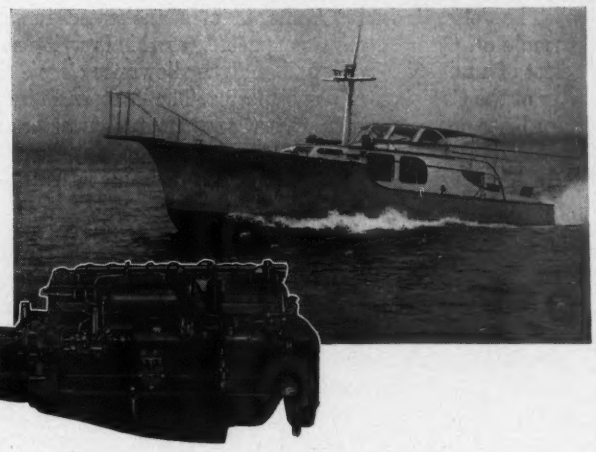

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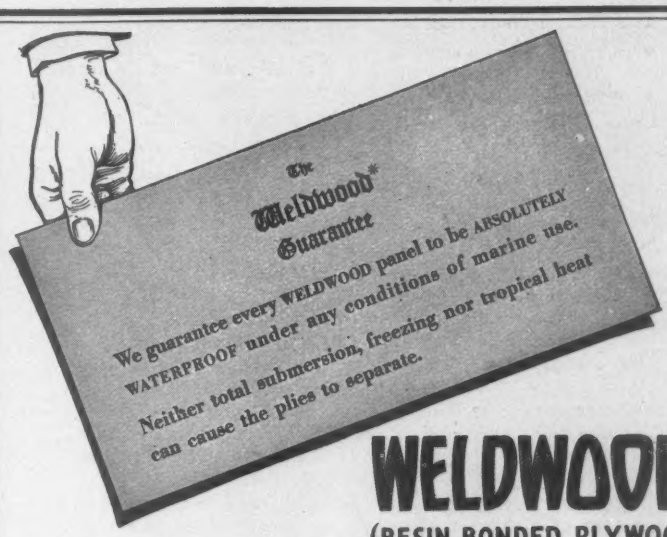
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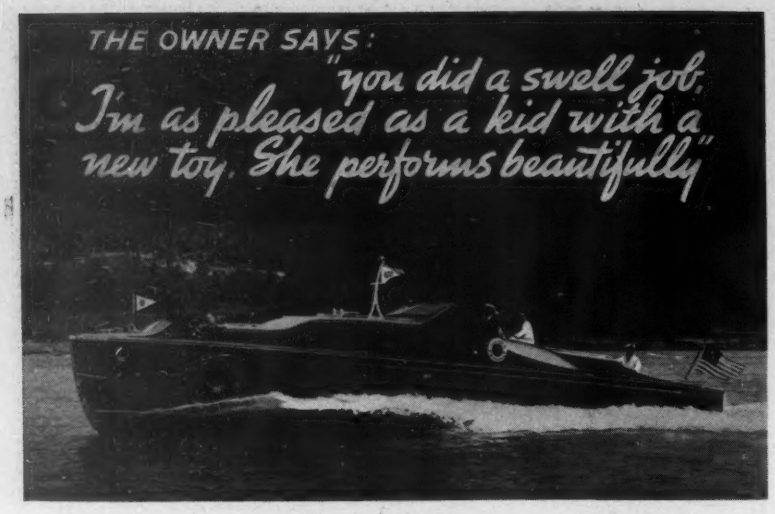

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MASSACHUSETTS BAY FLASHES

By Ed Earle

THE curtain drops this month on one of the most intensive racing seasons. Looking back, the keen racing of the octet of Eight-Metres at Marblehead and the growth of the Indian Marconi Class in Boston Bay were notable highlights. Charles Francis Adams, at the tiller of *Thisbe*, was, as usual, master of taking a boat up wind, while Harry ("Bob") Thayer, former Sears Cup winner, turned in a consistently brilliant performance at the helm of Edmund Gabriel's *Marbett*, the Fife-built "Eight."

+ + +

John S. Lawrence, perennial innovator of new ideas and expert tuner of racing boats, went great guns in the 30-Square-Metre Class with his *Moose*. *Moose* not only was selected as the outstanding boat of Marblehead Race Week to win the Fowle Memorial Trophy but made the U. S. team for the International 30-Square-Metre series against the Swedes at the Beverly Yacht Club. There was an all-Marblehead tinge to the U. S. team, with Alfred E. Chase's *Viking* picked as the other defender of the Beverly Cup.

+ + +

The national junior sailing championship and the Sears Cup just missed coming back to Massachusetts Bay through the splendid work of Capt. Harry McDonough and his South Boston Yacht Club crew. Capt. Robert ("Newt") Gordon and his Pequot Yacht Club sailors were hard pressed to defend the cup with the City Pointers bringing the Judges Cup, for the runner-up berth, back to Boston. McDonough took individual honors with three firsts and then returned to capture top honors in the Winthrop three-day regatta in the Snipe Class with his *Top Hat*.

+ + +

The Hull Yacht Club was back in the sun this season with nineteen of the Hull One-Designs, from the board of Fred W. Goeller, who also turned out the new Adams Interclubs. A drive is now under way to build a new clubhouse and next season the revived yachting activities will be on a bigger scale.

+ + +

The Jeffrey's Ledge Race out of Manchester, in search of the elusive needle off Cape Ann, was expected (as this is written) to bring out a big fleet of auxiliaries in the sail and gas allowance classic of the Boston Chapter of the Cruising Club of America. The Eastern Point Yacht Club Chowder Race and the annual invitation race to Gloucester and back to Marblehead for the "Eights" and "Thirties" by ex-Commodore William T. Aldrich, of the Eastern Yacht Club, were notable wind-up events of the season.

+ + +

The Medford Boat Club, located on the Mystic Lakes, celebrated its fortieth anniversary on September 10th. Noted for its canoe championships and ice boating, this club has sponsored sail boat racing and at the present time has the only fleet of Comet Class boats in Massachusetts. This fleet has grown from six to fifteen boats in the past five years. The officers include Commodore Samuel Lanze, Vice-Commodore Frank Bradley, Secretary-Treasurer L. E. Nichols and Club Captain Stephen O. Holt.

+ + +

Three days of strong wind marked the annual Labor Day series under the combined burgees of the Winthrop and Cottage Park Yacht Clubs. Almon E. Whittemore, veteran skipper, led the Manchester 18-footers. "Peggy" and Harry Colburn's *Mohawk*, sailed by "Bob" Dalrymple, took the hard fought Indian Class scalp. Plenty of bailing out was done, especially on that submarine spinnaker leg from Governor's Island to Deer Island.

+ + +

Eldredge-McInnis, Inc., are busy making sketches and obtaining prices for the 1939 season. A model has been cut for a 100-foot double-ended motor-sailer. This firm has three groups of boats to design for the Coast Guard. Twenty of them are 38-foot cabin picket boats to be built by Palmer Scott, of New Bedford. The power equipment is a 300 hp. Sterling engine which will drive the boats at 26 m.p.h. Four are 35-foot station boats to be built by Graves, of Marblehead, powered with 100 hp. Kermaths and making 15 m.p.h. Fifteen are rescue boats of the lapstrake, sea skiff type, powered with 200 hp. Kermaths. The engines are built with fresh water cooling automatically giving control of temperature. The corrosion of water jackets and manifolds and uneven temperature of salt

water all point to the successful use of the fresh water system. This office has sold the 35-foot sport fisherman *Patsy* from Guy R. Lewis to Foster M. Trainer, of Hingham.

+ + +

John G. Alden will continue building his two successful 1938 stock auxiliaries. Both the 36′ 5″ Coastwise Cruiser and the 41′ 8″ Off Soundings yawls and cutters have pleased owners and are pleasing to the eye as well. The Coastwise boats will remain unchanged while the Off Soundings craft will have a few minor changes for 1939. Orders for several Coastwise Cruisers have been placed with James P. Graves, of Marblehead. The Casey Boat Building Company, of Fairhaven, has started laying down a fleet of Off Soundings cruisers in which the owner will have the option of cutter or yawl rig and the choice of several interior layouts.

+ + +

The final racing duel of the season will be the "world's series" of the fishermen when Captain Ben Pine sails the *Gertrude L. Thebaud* against his old rival, Captain Angus Walters, and the 19-year-old salt banker *Bluenose* off Boston Lightship in October.

LAKE ONTARIO NOTES

By Charles F. Cole

THERE is hope of reviving the Eight-Metre Class at Rochester, where it flourished until a year ago. John Odenbach has sold his New York "30" *Amorita* to George Wilkinson and Winston Churchill (not the noted British statesman). John is now in the market for an "Eight," he announces, and plans to prowl around the Atlantic seaboard this fall to pick one up. John Van Voorhis, whose *Cayuga* is the only "Eight" left of the R. Y. C.'s once impressive fleet, is cheering young Odenbach on in his endeavor.

+ + +

The Douglas Cup, 20-year-old trophy emblematic of the individual dinghy sailing championship on Lake Ontario, remains in the United States for another year. It was won by George Ford, skipper, and Bill Tarr, crew, of the R. Y. C., in races with Toronto challengers, Jack Robinson and Dick Main. In fluky weather, the Americans won two straight races. Cat rigged, lapstrake boats were sailed. Judges were Gilbert Barber, R. Y. C.; Harold Christie, neutral, and Robert Mitchell, Canada.

+ + +

Delilah, W. T. Sampson Smith's entry from Otsego, is the 1938 Star Class champion in District 12. She won the title in a regatta on Seneca Lake from *Andiamo III*, of the Geneva Y. C., in a brilliant race series in which 23 boats were entered.

In the close competition, Peck Farley's *Deuce*, of the Lake Ontario (American) Fleet, was second with 48 points to *Delilah's* 50. *Deuce* was given the edge over *Bandit*, sailed by Charles Parsons, Lake Keuka, which also won 48 points, because of a clause in the racing rules which awards the place to the boat beating the other the greater number of times. *Andiamo*, skippered by Lansing Hoskins, was third, with 47 points. Seneca Lake Fleet garnered 91 points; Otsego, 88; Lake Keuka, 82; Lake Ontario (American), 81; Canandaigua, 71; Cayuga, 38; Hopatcong, 30; Lake George, 17.

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Tell Tales . . . Purchase of *Suzette*, Burt Harness' Star, formerly of the R. Y. C., by Harrison Bloomer, heralds a projected new fleet at Sodus Bay. Harness bought *Starlet*, formerly owned by Harry Nye, of Chicago, from Commodore Harold L. Field of the R. Y. C. . . . A major loss to Lake Ontario was the Richardson Cup for the Great Lakes "R" championship. It was won by *Gossoon II*, skippered by Malcolm Vail, Chicago, in races at Cleveland, with a total of nine points in what was said to be the finest series sailed since the trophy was put up by Commodore Richardson 26 years ago. *Shadow*, of the R. Y. C., sailed by Ken Castle, was second with 5 points, and *Lightnin'*, owned by Mason Rumney, of Detroit, third with three points. . . . Four Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. dinghy skippers defeated representatives of the R. Y. C. in a home and home series. The Americans won the first two races at Rochester by 37 to 33 but, in the return engagement at Montreal, the Quebec matelots scored 36 points to 25 for their rivals, bringing the score to 69 to 62. The contests at Montreal were sailed in a larruping northwest gale, and broken tillers and capsized boats were numerous for both sides. . . . Olcott Y. C. Snipe sailors won the Mayer Trophy for the third consecutive year in races at Olcott with the Nine Mile Point Y. C., six boats from each club competing in two races. Olcott won by 20,690 points to 17,323 for the Pointers.

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Second: Marblehead Race Week Trophy.

FOO — International Star Class, Durbin Hunter, owner. Has sailed 15 races in Western Long Island Sound Star Fleet (July 18th to September 10th). Average number of starters in Class — 20 to 25.

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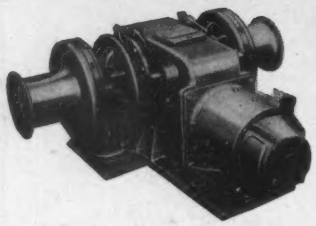

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COMET COMMENTS FROM THE NATIONAL REGATTA

By Malcom Lamborne, Jr.

IT ALL began, this idea of a midwinter regatta in Puerto Rico, when genial Commodore Luis Santaella and his party from San Juan decided to enter a Comet from the fast-growing fleet sponsored by the Club Nautico de San Juan in the Nationals at Skaneateles Lake. The Commodore extended a formal invitation to Comet sailors while at the championship regatta to come down this winter for what will be the first inter-fleet competition of the class outside of the States. The proposition has fired the imagination of racing enthusiasts and, from the discussion around the Skaneateles Country Club, it appears that the island possession is scheduled for a big time.

Preliminary plans would indicate a series some time in February with boats from the United States and Puerto Rico competing in an open regatta. The C.C.Y.R.A. would sponsor the affair and it would be under the auspices of the Club Nautico. San Juan Harbor appears a "natural" for racing. There is enough water at the western end of the harbor to lay out any number of courses. And should one of those northers be blowing, the hills of San Juan would afford a good lee. The courses have the advantage of giving the folks ashore a full share of the races. Enthusiasm for the class is rising among the island yachtsmen and there is every assurance of at least ten Comets by the first of the year.

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When you consider that they had only stepped aboard their specially ordered Comet two days before the first race and were competing against the best sailors of the class in waters and conditions completely foreign, Teddy Gonzalez and Ralph Christiansen did a bang-up job with their entry, the *Puerto Rico*.

Speaking of jobs well done, there was nothing that could be found wanting, as is mentioned elsewhere in this issue, in the arrangements for the Nationals as made by that hard-working group at the Skaneateles Country Club. The committee picked the right man in John Barnes for chairman and Barnes seemed to know how to select men, and women, too, for each task. There was Gordon Cronk and his crew, for an example. In two hours after the last race on Sunday they had hauled nearly forty boats, ready for the trail to home ports.

Thirteen-year-old Mary Mitchell, from the Ocean City, N. J., fleet, was the youngest skipper in the Nationals, while Lindsay Coon, ten years old, took honors as the youngest crew. Mary won a prize against two other fair entrants for the first lady skipper to finish. It was her first season in the Comet Class. Little Miss Lindsay was jib tender for her brother Harden, fleet representative from Lake Carey, Pa.

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Twelve skippers found time during the regatta to pair off for a team race of Lake Erie versus Chesapeake Bay. The lake sailors took the match with 40 points. Although Ernie Covert, from Washington, D. C., was first to finish in *Escapade*, the Chesapeake team had to be satisfied with 38¼ points. The *Aloha*, of Armand Adams from Cayuga, and O. C. Keller's *Diablo*, from Maumee River, scored the major tallies.

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Five fleets and eighteen Comets took part in the Bayside Yacht Club's

Inter-fleet Regatta at Bayside, L. I., on Labor Day. Competing under ideal weather conditions on Little Neck Bay, the two race series went to Bob Guastavino's *Kinkajou III*, from Bayshore, after a protest involving the *Jigs*, sailed by Henry Roe and John Skura, put the Bayside entry out of the running. A. N. Grant's *Red Don*, Perth Amboy, N. J., ended up in second place, one point behind *Kinkajou III*. Two Bayside skippers, Duke Dayton and Elaine Etches, tied for third position.

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A successful season on the Chesapeake came to a close at the Maryland Yacht Club Regatta on September 11th. *Frolic*, Bill White's Comet from Washington that has been going great guns since early August and giving Capital sailors something to worry about for the fall series on the Potomac River, took the series. *Frolic* also won the Labor Day Regatta of the West River Sailing Club and the Indian Landing Boat Club's first annual sailing races at the head of the Severn River on August 20th and 21st. Ed Merrill gave the bay sailors their first inkling of his ability when *Shu-Fly* won both the Gaetina Bowl of the Chesapeake Bay Yacht Club and the Panola Trophy series of the Tred Avon Yacht Club at the combined regatta off Oxford, Md. Phil Somervell, in the former event, and Lynn Hendrickson in the other, were the runners-up.

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With six new fleets, including the San Juan group, receiving charters, there are 47 enrolled to date. Another is forming at Everett, Wash. . . . Daniel Wynkoop, in his *Duchess*, won the annual Labor Day Regatta of the Bellport Y.C. on Long Island. . . . John Nelson's *Star Dust* was leading the fleet of the Medford Boat Club, West Medford, Mass., for the High Point Trophy.

GULF GOSSIP

By Goosewing Liz

HAVING missed last month, which was packed with news, to sail in the Chesapeake Bay Lipton Series, our season comes into full swing with this report. The Stars have run their most important series, the International eliminations, with the honors going to Bud Jahncke by a close margin over Ashton Majeau's *Rex* and Tommy Kemp's *Rebel*. *Sparkler*, sailed by Breanon Cleary, was in fourth place. Cleary, the only one of the first four who could leave town at the time, represented the New Orleans Gulf Fleet at San Diego in the Internationals. Jahncke surprised Star sailors by selling *Tempe*, which he has sailed for eight years, to Alfred Tharp, the week following.

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The district championship in the Star Class was won by Morris Newman, with *Chuckle II*. Jahncke, in *Tempe*, was second. Both are from the New Orleans fleet. Don Townsend, of the Houston fleet, took third. A more satisfactory series could not be imagined. In a series of three races, sailed by two boats from each fleet, *Spica*, sailed by Springer Tamm from Mobile, *Chuckle*, and Don Townsend, from Houston, in *Rebel*, each took one first, so that each fleet went home with a win. Houston was represented by Paul Richmond and Don Townsend, Mobile by Springer Tamm and Price Oliver, New Orleans Gulf by Edward Jahncke and Morris Newman.

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The cutter class honors in the G.Y.A. Regatta went to Stewart Maunsell with his yellow *Siren*, and he has earned them. Having come into the fleet just a little over a year ago, his crack crew, which began with little experience, have succeeded in cleaning up every week-end this summer. Racing against the other four Sound Interclubs, they have been beaten only once or twice during the season.

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In the Skipperettes' Regatta, "Coco" Jahncke repeated her yearly wins in Bill Hardie's 21-footer *Sorceress*, while Tita van Horn led the fleet with *Maheti* in the Star Class. Edna Gray beat "Sis" Rice in the Fish Class by about three seconds, and Rowena Duffy came home with the bacon in the gaff rigged "21" *Circe*.

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Free Sheet. . . . Ersten Reich started out with a bride and a new boat all in one week-end. . . . If any one ever had "International fever," it's Buddy Cross, who went with Breanon Cleary and the *Sparkler* to San Diego. . . . Al Tharp won his first race less than a month after he bought the *Tempe*. . . . "Sis" Rice beat the boys again in the "Yankee" trophy race. . . . The Southern Yacht Club won the Gulf Yachting regatta, in the Gulf One-Designs, against Mobile, Pass Christian, Buccaneer and Gulfport clubs. . . . Dave Wuescher, with *Chinook*, won the Gelpi Trophy.

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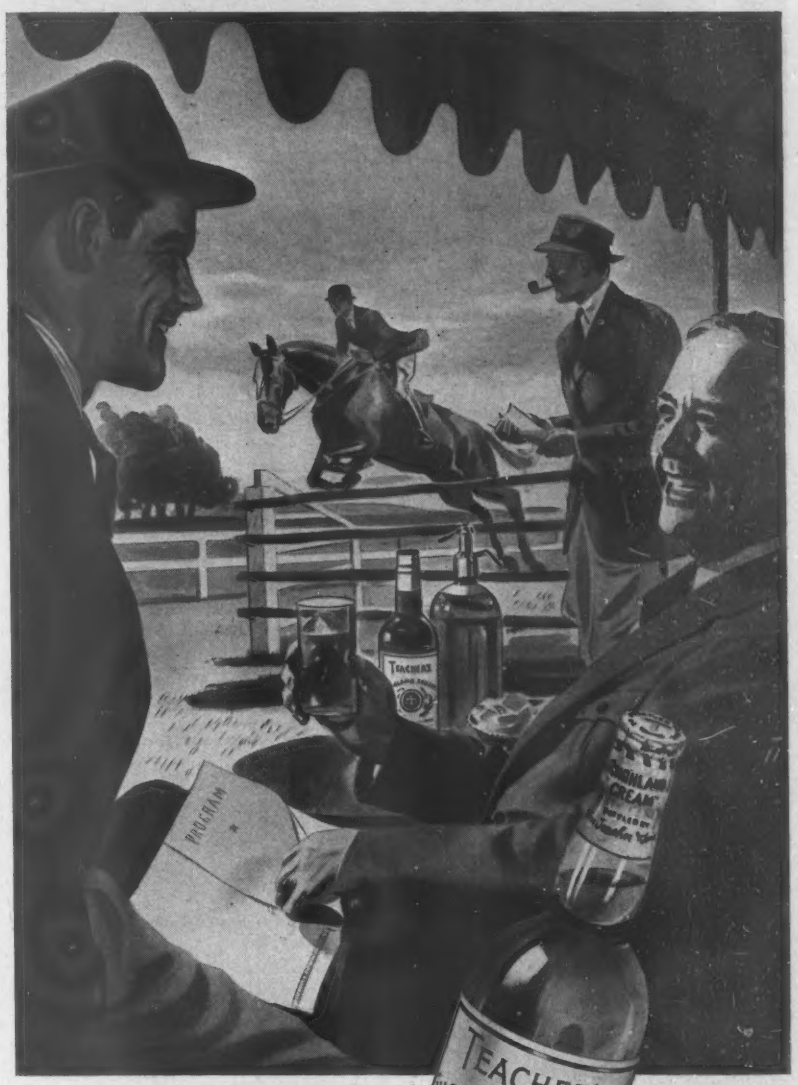

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NEWS FROM MAINE

By Elizabeth Cooper

THE annual meeting of the Maine Tuna Club, for the election of officers, was held early in September at Ogunquit. Bob Fisher, of Kennebunkport and Greenwich, Conn., was elected president, and the other officers for the coming year are as follows: Clifton North, Portland, vice president; Alden Shum, Portland, secretary-treasurer; Henry Strater and George D. Weare, Ogunquit, and Arthur W. Read, Portland, board of governors.

The Adams Cup for "high flash" of the year was given to Dr. Locke McKensie, of New York. A new trophy, the Eli T. Conner Cup, will be presented next year by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Strater to the member catching a tuna on the lightest line. Special honors were voted for Oscar Snow, of Ogunquit, for landing a 163-pound tuna with a light rod and reel, in a small boat with an outboard motor.

The club is planning to ask for legislation prohibiting the commercial seining of tuna within the three-mile limit. Such a law is in existence on the West Coast, and has been a great incentive to the sport.

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The semi-final tryouts for the Mrs. Charles Francis Adams Cup were won by the Northeast Harbor crew which defeated the North Shore Y. R. A. team in two straight races over a ten-mile course. The winning crew: Constance Bradley, captain, Convent, N. J., Lucretia Brooks, Boston, Marcia Stebbins, Seal Harbor, Polly Thompson, Devon, Pa.

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About 60 sail boats and 100 power craft took part in the annual fall regatta of the Southport Yacht Club at West Southport at the end of August. Richard Walker's Winabout *151* won in her class; Marshall Campbell's boat, *No. 2*, was first in the S. Y. C. Class; Stanley Freeman, with *No. 1*, took that place in the Brutal Beast Class; Alden Reed's *Fraulein* won in the Boothbay one-design Class, and Norma Clifford's *No. 1* was first of the Sheepscot skiffs.

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Now that Labor Day is past, and with it the end of the season here, the builders and storage yards are getting ready for the long winter. J. L. Brown & Sons, Northaven, report a record number of boats coming in for storage. L. A. Maker, Vinalhaven, is building several 34-foot fishermen to his own design, and Axel Gronros, Rockland, is building two 40-foot cruisers to his design for owners as yet anonymous.

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The third annual regatta of the Sebago Wohelo Yacht Club was held late in August at the Luther Gulick Camps, at South Casco. The boats were rated according to sail area, those over 100 square feet sailing in one class, and those with less in another. The first race in the morning, for the Class 1 boats, was won by a Camp Oatka boat, skippered by Robert Edwards with August Klein and Page Farnworth as crew. The same camp took second and third places in a fleet of 18 entries. The second race for the smaller boats was won by a Luther Gulick boat with Eleanor Strohm as skipper. Camp Timanous took second place and the White Mountain Camp was third. The third race, for Class 1, saw the Camp Oatka crews take all three places again. The last two races were a free-for-all with 25 entries racing in two classes. Camp Oatka, with Edwards as skipper, took first in Class 1, and the White Mountain Camp boat, skippered by Henry Sheele, won Class 2.

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Some Running Lights in the Monhegan Race: Side bets seemed to be the rule rather than the exception this year. It's hard to say just how many bottled goods changed hands after it was over. . . . *Tioga* got in too early for the committee but got plenty of salutes on her way out when she headed back for Marblehead, including a gun that didn't belong to her. . . . Every time that the committee boat hauled up the anchor to go out and look for the rest of the scattered fleet, another sail came in sight, and down went the anchor again. It worked like magic. . . . This time, the C. G. cutter *Algonquin* wasn't ordered away to tow schooners and Commodore Clifford had a fine boat ride. . . . There was the usual argument as to the best place to be, inshore or offshore. Some did one thing and some another, and still the question isn't settled — and probably never will be. . . . The committee hopes that everyone will be back next year to help do something about *Spookie*. This is the first time in the history of the race that the same boat has won two years in succession, and it can't go on indefinitely.

WEST COAST BUBBLES

By Waldo Drake

SOUTHERN California's thirteenth annual Midwinter Regatta will be sailed on San Pedro Bay next February 18th to 22nd, according to present plans of the Civic Regatta Association, sponsor, and subject to final approval of the Southern California Yachting Association in October meeting.

The four-race program, with a lay day before the Washington's Birthday finale, will include participation by no less than eight sloop classes, as follows: L, M and N Class; California "32's," Eight-Metres; Six-Metres; Class R; Stars; Pacific Coast one-designs and Pacific Inter-clubs. The open cruising classes will hold their usual two-race series on Saturday and Sunday.

The race week next February will be directed by William R. Hervey, Jr., president of the C.R.A., with the aid of the following: Willis Hunt, Jr., Arthur C. Stewart, Paul Whittier, vice presidents; William L. Horton, secretary; and Richard Cole, treasurer.

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Excellent weather prevailed during the third annual Newport-Balboa race week in late August, in which more than seventy entries competed in a six-race program.

The outstanding performer of the week was Bill Slater's veteran "Six" *Lanai*, winner of the Six-Metre series, in which she took four races and one second place, and the George P. Converse Trophy.

Commodore Shirley Meserve, of the Newport Harbor Yacht Club, presented championship trophies to the following other yachts:

California "32's": *Escapade*, John P. Hurndall (after sail-off with *Altamar*); Star Class: *Scout*, Myron Lehman; Pacific Coast one-design: *Ni-Ni-Nie*, Joseph Jessop; 45-foot Class: *Escape*, Russell Craig; L, M and N Class: *Serenade*, Jascha Heifetz; Universal Handicap Class: *Francesca*, Harold Barneson; Albatross Class: *Connie II*, Richard Rheems; Falcon Class: *Le.Mistral*, George and Barney Whitney.

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The Newport "32" title, as well as the honor of having first inscription on the new George A. Rogers Memorial Trophy, finally went to *Escapade* after she defeated *Altamar* by five seconds in a stirring sail-off at Catalina Island during the annual Commodores' Cruise, held at the Isthmus over the Labor Day week-end.

Hurndall got *Escapade* away with a slight lead on the 12-mile windward-leeward course and managed to preserve just that margin throughout the beat up to the West End and the spinnaker run home to Johnson's Landing.

Because *Lanai* fouled the judges' boat at the start, Willis Hunt, Jr., sailed his former *Mystery* to victory in the annual Six-Metre event, on Sunday, for the Wrigley Perpetual Trophy at the Isthmus. *Mystery* is now owned by Emerson Spear. Hunt is expected to import a new boat from the East Coast in time for the Midwinter Regatta.

Third place in the Wrigley event was taken by Alfred E. Rogers' *Synnove*, sailed by Bob Streeton, followed by Vernon Edler's *Caprice*.

Winning and placing yachts in the Forty-five Foot Sailing Association race from San Pedro to the Isthmus on Saturday were: Class A: *Commander*, Dr. William Rambo; *Flyaway II*, Edmond Grant; *Dolphin*, A. E. Hansen; Class B: *Lucky Star*, Stephen Newmark; *Tiada*, James Rounds; *Francesca*, Harold Barneson; Class C: *Allura*, Percy Brewer; *Winola*, Edward Munsey; *Seventh Heaven*, Peggy Slater.

Howard Wright, Jr., in *Skipper II*, won the annual 20-mile Star Class thrash across the San Pedro Channel. Bob Ziegler's *Win Blu* followed and Pat Patricio's *Penguin*. The race home, in feather-soft weather, was won by *Win Blu*, in just under ten hours.

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San Pedro's fifth annual "home town" regatta, sailed off Cabrillo Beach on the final August week-end, drew 82 "half-pint" entries in eight classes.

Winners and second and third place boats in order were: Flatties: *Rio Teer*, Ed Munsey; *Spree Gal*, Kovell; *Wind River*, Eager.

Skimmers: *Patricia*, Russell; *Joker*, Perry; *Surprise*, Gales.

Pacific Inter-clubs: *Challenge*, Fleitz; *Atlanta*, Pier; *Shangri La*, Johnson.

Sunrays: *X-Ray*, Sungan; *Mystery*, Shawver; *Rowdy*, DeWar.

Thirteen-footers: *Spinster*, Simon; *Marlin*, Cravath; *Jinx*, Johnson.

Sixteen-footers: *Lark*, Todd; *Corsair*, Ward; *Yanqui*, Erickson.

19-to-21-Foot Restricted Class: *Pinnochio*, Sinclair; *Hi-C*, Smyth; *V-H*, Prifogle.

Little Ship Class: *Mura*, Schultz; *Cirros*, Gasper; *Brant*, Sumner.

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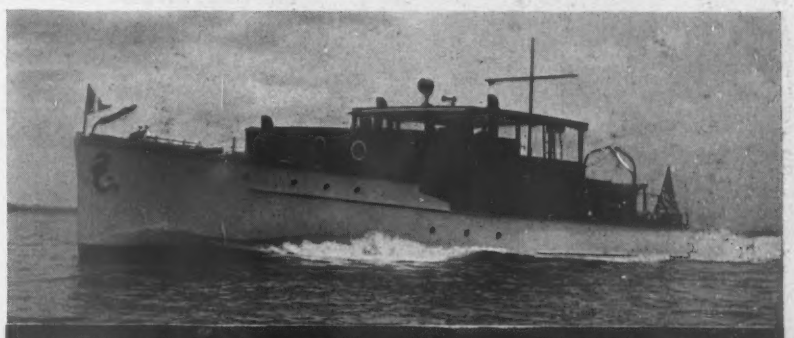

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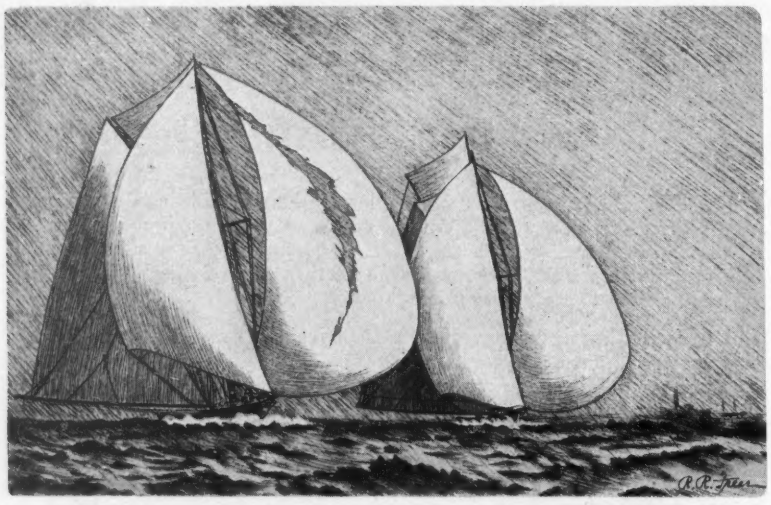

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Westrem, retired Los Angeles restaurant man, and his two sons, John and Robert, departed San Pedro early in September on a planned two-year cruise of the South Seas aboard the 29-foot sloop *Drifter*. *Drifter*, a sailing lifeboat type of Colin Archer design, was built in back-country Los Angeles by the trio with the help of a ship's carpenter. The Marquesas are their first objective. . . . Victory in the twenty-seventh renewal of the 19-mile annual Times Trophy Race, off the Palos Verdes coast, was won in August by Bill Slater's "Six" *Lanai*, followed by *Ay Ay Ay*, *Ripples* and *Yucca*. . . . Morgan Adams, with Mrs. Adams and six guests, returned to San Pedro in August aboard the 136-foot schooner *Enchantress* after a cruise north to Sitka via the Inland Passage, thence south to Hawaii and home. . . . Fellows & Stewart's yard, on Terminal Island, launched Stuart Babcock's 41-foot cruising sloop, aspirant for the 1939 Honolulu Race, late last month, and in October will send down the same ways George L. Craig's 73-foot "M" sloop *Apache*. . . . Sale of four of the South Coast's best known Diesel cruisers was announced last month by Harry C. Wilson, yacht broker, as follows: Purchase of the late Lee Phillips' 96-foot *Pasado Manana* by John Grant; the 84-foot *Dolphin*, sold by Arthur Letts, Jr., to Frank Morgan; sale of Morgan's 78-foot *Katinka* to M. I. Hill; and the late George A. Rogers' 110-foot *Memory* to Henry Bellows. . . . Winners in the annual five-race Labor Day small boat sailing regatta at Alamitos Bay, which drew 78 entries, were: Skimmers: *Goblin*, Jack Lough; P.D.Q.'s: *J.J.B.*, Winchell Boice; Rainbows: *Damit*, Bud Horton; Snipes: *Quien Sabe*, Darby Metcalf; Thirteen-footers: *Marlin*, John Cravath; Sixteen-footers: *S-Ray*, G. Duncan; National one-designs: *Aweigh*, C. W. Doyle; Flatties: *Rioteer*, F. B. Kroener.

NARRAGANSETT BAY GOSSIP

By Jeff Davis

IT'S the fag end of the busiest yachting season Narragansett Bay has ever seen. More races and more boats in them than ever before, and more youngsters taking part in the festivities.

I have just returned from Bristol Highlands where four crews of two "men" each, none of them 16 years old yet, sailed the last four of 16 races for the all 'round small boat sailing championship of Narragansett Bay. It was the fourth afternoon, hand runnin', that I had watched the same youngsters get wet in their pursuit of glory, and on each afternoon, rain or shine, they had sailed four races, in a different class of boats each time.

This series was born last year when the Barrington and Edgewood Yacht Clubs sent crews, and the Barrington crew won with ease and took the big Tilden-Thurber Cup. This year it was the Edgewood crew that took home the bacon by virtue of a 50-point total out of a possible 64, to 41 for the Barrington crew, 38 for Bristol, and 28 for Warwick Country Club.

Dick Nickerson and Billy Schmid composed the Edgewood crew. Bubsy Gladding and Fred Mason again sailed for Barrington. Bristol sent Breck Marshall and Martha Nicholson, and Ted Parsons and John Shepard, 2nd, sailed for the Warwick Country Club.

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Jack Tiplady, secretary of the Narragansett Bay Fleet, I.S.C.Y.R.A., bought one of the old 18-footers (Class I) that had been out of commission at Weymouth for a couple of years, changed her name from *Louise* to *Tip V*, brought her down here and proceeded to trim the rest of Handicap Class C. To be sure, Tip and Pop Arnold got their heads together on a few little details of rig and trim before they started to raise ructions, and all but one of the races were sailed in light or moderate breezes. In the only race in a stiff breeze and considerable slop, she lost to a couple of "30-squares." Anyway, just now she is at the top of the class on percentage basis and, with only one more race to be sailed, bids fair to stay there.

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The Triangles are slowly moving up the Bay from Jamestown to the Rhode Island and Edgewood Yacht Clubs, until what is left of the original class that was built for the Conanicut Yacht Club a dozen years or so ago is split 50-50 between Jamestown and the clubs at the head of the Bay. J. E. Tebbetts and George Parker have bought the *Naiad* from J. P. Crozer, making two at the Edgewood Yacht Club; there's another at the Rhode Island Yacht Club, and the tally at Jamestown is two afloat and one out of commission with an Edgewood member dickering to buy her.

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We had a great "race week," three days of sailing races at Bristol Highlands and a predicted log race run by the Power Squadron from the Rhode Island Yacht Club on the fourth day, with a party at the Edgewood Yacht Club that night. The governor presented the cup he had given to the winners, Gilbert and Robert Gelineau, owners of the *Buccaneer*.

We had more than 80 entries each day, every one of them Rhode Island owned. Not to compare with Marblehead or Larchmont, of course, or with some of the club regattas here where the entries ran from 100 to 150, but pretty good for a mid-week spatter in a place where the owners are not vacationists.

The predicted log race had a funny ending. Nine boats were entered. One boat got on fire and it was an hour before the owner got the fire out and his engine going again, but of the other eight, the skipper who suffered the most interruptions was the one who came closest to getting in on his predicted time. First his engine balked and he had to stop and clean his spark plugs. Then a party on a sail boat mistook him for a Coast Guard or something and made all kinds of distress signals. Of course, he couldn't leave a ship in distress so he headed 'way out of his course to see what he could do to relieve suffering humanity. What they wanted was a tow — which they didn't get. And, when all the mistakes he had made in his predictions of when he would pass about nine control stations and get home had been added, subtracted, multiplied and divided his percentage of error was only about four. Can you beat that?

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There's always something new in boat construction but the newest one came from a wee bit of a youngster in Riverside. He wanted a boat. He had paddled around on little rafts and gone in boats with other boys but he wanted one himself. One day he said to his Dad: "If I had two dollars, so and so would sell me his skiff, and it's a mighty good buy at two dollars." He got the two and swapped it for the skiff. Then he decided she needed more freeboard, so he built her up about six inches. Then he got some cloth and a couple of sticks and had a sail. But he couldn't go to windward. And he thought putting a centerboard in would be too much of a job to tackle. So what to do! Leave it to the kid.

Out in the back yard was an old ice chest. And it had a door and the door had hinges. He screwed the hinges to the bottom of the skiff and had a wobbly fin keel. So, to keep it from wobbling, he made lines fast to the bottom and led them over the side, one over each side, and made them fast to the thwart.

"That's an idea," I said to him.

"Hell — it works," he said to me.

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Well, to sum up — We have had 14 club regattas, and one to come; two long distance races, one 50 and the other 120 miles; one-design class series races galore; a new yacht club is to be organized at Sakonnet; and I understand a new one has been formed with its courses in Waterman's reservoir, out in the country and fully a mile long by half a mile wide in the widest place. But you never can tell what a small beginning may work up to.

Mile-O-Meter Announces New Instrument

S. C. LENNOX, sales manager of the Mile-O-Meter Company, of Michigan City, Indiana, has recently announced a new Diesel fuel measuring instrument. This device is similar in appearance and principle to their gasoline measuring device which shows rate of consumption of fuel per hour. It is suitable for consumptions of up to 28 gallons per hour.

Mile-O-Meter has also developed a new instrument for boats consuming gasoline at very low rates. It is calibrated in fractions of a gallon and should be most useful on auxiliaries and wherever small motors are used.

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Radiomarine Announces New Telephone

AMONG the most recent additions to the field of radio telephones for yachts is the new ET8013 5 watt set recently announced by the Radiomarine Corporation of America. This set is particularly suited to installations in which space is limited and where range requirements do not exceed 50 miles. Among the recent installations of this model is one on the tender of George L. Bourne's *Onwego* for communication between the mother ship and the tender while the latter is off on fishing trips.

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Wheeler to Show 1939 Models at New Basin

THE Wheeler Shipyard, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y., announces the establishment of the "Wheeler Boat Basin," at Lindenhurst on Great South Bay, L. I. All used boats taken in trade will be on display and afloat, together with a representative line of the well-known Wheeler Playmate Cruisers.

The basin is situated on the Montauk Highway and is readily accessible from all points by good roads and also by railroad and bus.

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For light craft and small cruisers, there's nothing to compare with this 20 h.p. Universal Utility-Four at only $295! It's 100% Marine Designed, with built-in reversing gear and electric starting equipment as standard. Before you buy any 4-cylinder motor in this class, you owe it to yourself to investigate the outstanding features which have made the Utility-Four famous throughout the boating world. Ask us to send you this bulletin today.

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THE success of the 1938 Week-Ender, sponsored by Donald B. Abbott, 23 of which have been built by Lawley from our designs, has prompted a 1939 Week-Ender with interesting improvements in the interior layout and additions to standard equipment.

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If an owner wants to race, Week-Ender affords excellent One-Design Class racing and in addition has shown up very well racing under the Cruising Club Rule.

We would be very glad to furnish further information or make arrangements to show the 1939 Week-Ender demonstrator.

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MORE and more boat builders of light craft—anxious to capitalize on this new trend and new market—are now planning new "inboard" models. They are quick, too, to see the decided advantages of powering their small boats with the sturdy, dependable Briggs & Stratton air-cooled inboard motors.
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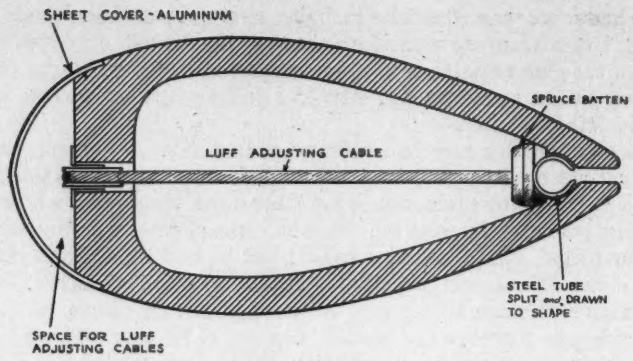
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SPACE FOR LUFF ADJUSTING CABLES

Cross section through mast of "Big Foot Too" showing method of adjusting luff

Minnesota Boats Clean Up on Inland Lakes

(Continued from page 41)

half of the fleet. Third place went to *Wild Cat*, with Jacob Nunnemacher at the helm. Nunnemacher started strong with a first on the opening day and was well in the running with a fourth and a ninth, but killed his chances with a bad finish in the last race. Another first place winner, Jack Ordway's *Pick Pocket*, representing White Bear Lake, finished in fourth place. Ordway won the race in Friday's gale but a sixth was his only other good finish. The most consistent boat of the lot was Bob and Dick Garwood's *Challenger III*, a Calhoun entry, which finished third, fifth, sixth, and seventh to end up in fifth place for the regatta. Sixth place went to *Waitansee*, sailed by John Cory, of Okoboji, while in seventh place was *Suzanne*, sailed by the Sprinkman Brothers, of Cedar Lake.

While the number of entries in this year's regatta was considerably smaller, due partially to the location of the contest and partially to reefed pocketbooks, every lake reported greater local activity than ever before. One new lake was added to the I.L.Y.A. roster this year and another club became active again after lapse of a few years during which smaller boats were sailed.

At the annual meeting, all officers were reëlected and two new directors were chosen. Officers are: John R. Kimberly, Neenah-Nodaway, commodore; Robert E. Friend, Pine Lake, vice commodore; Ernst C. Schmidt, Lake Geneva, secretary-treasurer. New directors are Jule M. Hannaford, III, White Bear Lake, and Walter Sprinkman, Cedar Lake. It was decided that the 1939 regatta will be held on Lake Minnetonka, and in 1940 the Association will meet at Madison, Wisconsin, on Lake Mendota.

While sailing conditions were not altogether satisfactory, the handling of the regatta was all that could be asked for and the thanks of the sailors are due the officers and members of the Neenah-Nodaway Yacht Club for the "fine time that was had by all."

Some Innovations in Class A Rigs

Scow sailing as developed on the inland lakes of Wisconsin and Minnesota is always interesting to watch and furnishes, perhaps, more real thrills to spectators and crews than can be had from any other type of boat. This is due to the speed of the boats themselves under certain conditions of wind and sea and the fact that they will climb up and plane in a hard breeze, so that they are constantly changing position. In no other type of boat is the phrase "a race is never lost till it is won" as true. A boat may be a mile behind the leaders and apparently hopelessly beaten, only to catch a puff that shoots her ahead at incredible speed into first place in less time than it takes to chronicle the fact.

The forty-first annual regatta of the Inland Lake Yachting Association, sailed this year on Lake Winnebago, off Neenah, Wisconsin, brought together a fine fleet of some 105 boats in three classes. While this number does not equal the record made at Lake Geneva a year ago, it was an exceptionally high class fleet, the only real falling off in number of entrants being in Class C, little 20-footers, and this was due to the fact that Lake Winnebago is a large lake, nearly forty miles in length, and the prospect of this big body of open water probably deterred some of the less experienced skippers in this class. The consequence was that the racing was harder and keener, with an absence of the many fouls that marked the racing in this class last year when over 80 boats competed. This year 59 of the 20-foot cat boats sailed the courses.

In Class A, the 38-footers, interest was particularly high. Seventeen boats raced, as against fifteen last year. Primarily an experimental class and hence not too closely restricted, the cost of racing is necessarily heavy and it looked for a time as if the class was falling off in popularity. But this year dissipated the fear. Two distinct innovations

appeared in the rigs of two of the boats. One of these was on *Gale*, owned and sailed by Harry G. Nye, and consisted of the application to an Inland Lake Scow of the recent development in the Star Class introduced by the Germans in the Star Class Internationals last year. This entailed some difficulties as the scows have larger and heavier spars and carry almost twice the sail of the Stars. But Nye worked it out well, using a straight spar, instead of the permanently curved one of the scows, in which he put the desired bend or curve by means of the headstay. He also carried a boom that could be bent downward as well as laterally instead of the plank boom used on the inland lakes which takes the lateral curve of the foot of the mainsail.

The other innovation was even more radical. It was an attempt to get the same results — that is, a flat sail when wanted and one with draft in it when on certain other points of sailing — by other methods and was developed by Henry Porter and tried out on Bud Gartz, Jr's., *Big Foot Too*, from Lake Geneva, winner of the 1937 championship.

In this case, a conventional curved spar was carried, pear-shaped in section and about 10 inches in greatest diameter fore and aft. The after side of the mast was slotted and the bolt rope of the luff fitted into a split steel tube inside the mast, the sail coming out through the slot in tube and mast. At various points, some seven feet apart, light wire adjusting cables were attached to the tube and led through sheaves on the forward side of the mast and down to the deck. By taking up or slacking off on these wire adjusting cables, the luff could be tightened or slacked at will, thus putting the desired draft in the sail. The maximum amount of fore and aft play inside the shell of the mast was about 6½ inches. The wires of these adjusters where they led down outside the mast were covered by an aluminum casing, shaped to the mast, and attached to an adjusting grid at the foot of the spar so that the tension at the various points of attachment could be adjusted as desired. The accompanying diagram of a cross section through the mast gives a better idea of the device than the description.

While somewhat complicated, the device apparently worked well in light winds and gave a most efficient sail. Also, *Big Foot Too* carried a masthead jib which was bought at the expense of area in the main, the total sail area of the boats being fixed and overlapping jibs being barred. Unfortunately, the rig was not tried at Neenah in strong breezes, for in mid-regatta the mast was taken out and the old rig was substituted for it and was carried the last day of the regatta when the wind piped up to 16 and 20 m.p.h. But the experiment holds possibilities if the mechanics of the device are not too complicated.

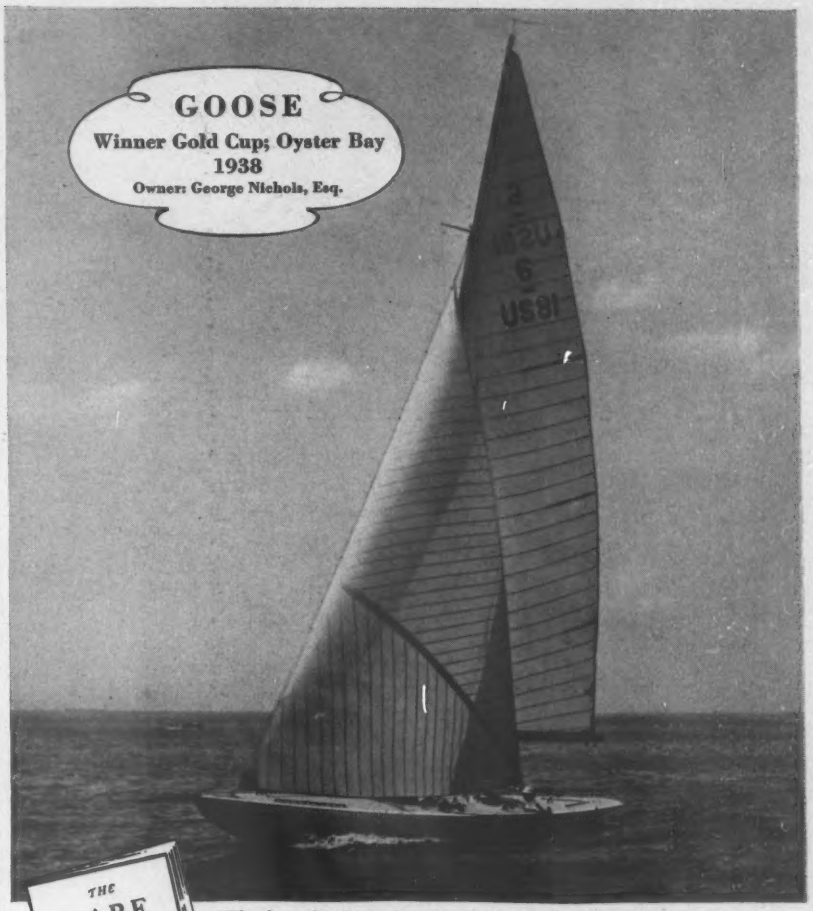
Gauging the Wind at Sea

(Continued from page 44)

It is noticeable that the velocity equivalents for the higher forces definitely fall below the corresponding values in Table 2. This is explained by the nature of the exposure of the anemometer on the *Gazelle*. The anemometer was held in the hand by an observer on the weather side of the ship. It is obvious that the obstructing effect of the masts, sails and rigging on a large square-rigger must have extended some distance to windward, and that even on the weather side of the ship there must have been a considerable reduction in the wind velocity as compared with the air motion at the same level well clear of the vessel. The obstructing effect would be more pronounced in strong winds.

At this juncture the reader may be wondering whether he should use the set of equivalents in Table 2 or those in Table 3 for converting Beaufort estimates into velocities. A brief consideration of the question will clear up any doubt on this score. What the yachtsman is primarily interested in is the speed of the wind in the free air, not the figure that an anemometer held in the hand at deck level would record. Therefore, he should use the equivalents set forth in Table 2, remembering, of course, that they refer to the velocity at an elevation of 30 to 35 feet above the water. If it is desired, for example, to know the velocity at an elevation of only 20 feet above the water, about 10 per cent should be deducted from the values in Table 2. If it is desired to know the velocity at the masthead, a plus correction must be applied to these values, in accordance with the formula for the variation of wind velocity with height. Thus, if the masthead is 70 feet above the water, the values in Table 2 should be increased by about 10 per cent.

It should now be clear that the determination of velocity equivalents of the Beaufort scale, if indeed it is possible to say at all that limits can be rigidly assigned, is by no means a simple problem, for the reason that there is no unique relationship between wind velocity as recorded by anemometers and estimates made on the Beaufort scale. But the sailor without an anemometer is concerned only with the avail-



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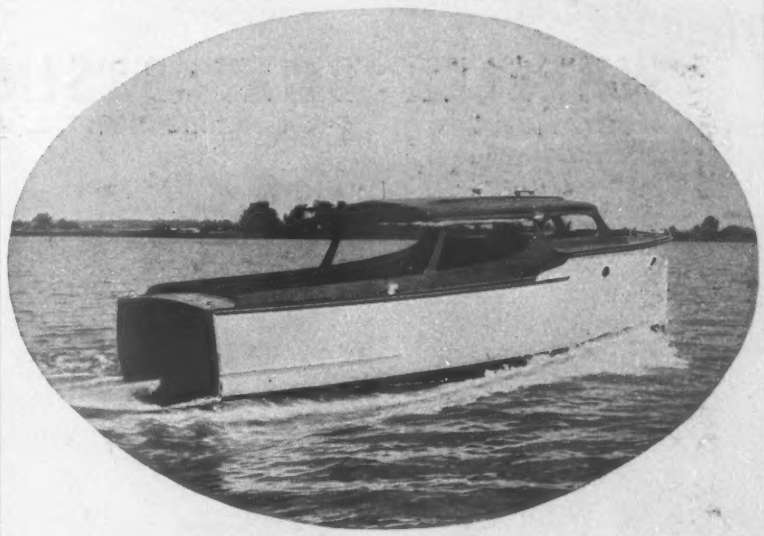

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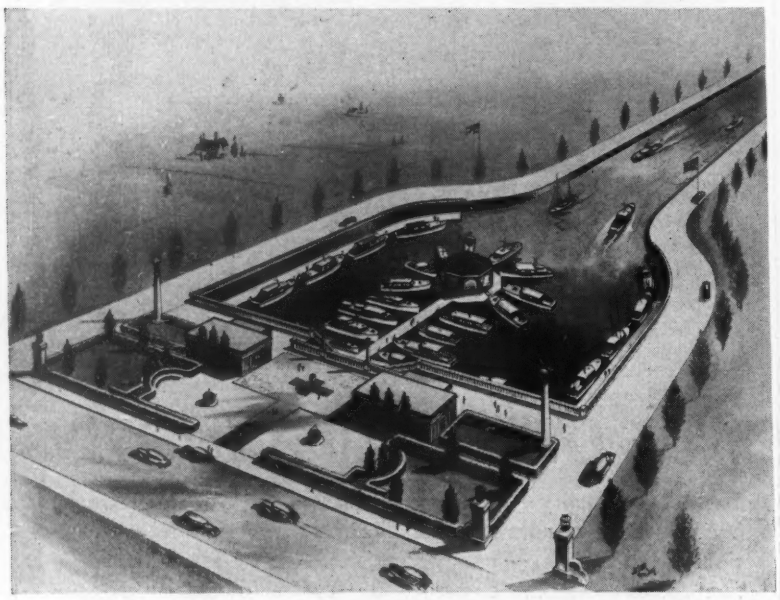

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ability of a reliable method of estimating the strength of the wind in terms of either velocity or force. As I have pointed out, the logical way is to estimate it in terms of force, not velocity. But how can this be done when there are no full-rigged ships to use as "yard sticks"?

With the gradual disappearance of full-rigged ships from the seas, it became increasingly apparent that new criteria for the units of Admiral Beaufort's scale must be developed. Much thought was given to this problem in England, with the result that the British Meteorological Office adopted a set of specifications based on the behavior of the typical British fishing smack in winds of different forces. A smack was defined as a "cutter or yawl-rigged average sized sailing trawler, loaded, with clean bottom." Table 4 gives the specifications for the behavior of fishing smacks in winds up to force 9.

TABLE 4. THE BEAUFORT SCALE SPECIFIED IN TERMS OF THE BEHAVIOR OF FISHING SMACKS.

Beaufort Number	*Beaufort's Description of the Wind*	*Criterion*
0	Calm	.....
1	Light Air	Sufficient to give good steerage way to fishing smacks with the wind free.
2	Light Breeze	Fishing smacks with topsails and light canvas full and by make up to 2 knots.
3	Gentle Breeze	Smacks begin to heel slightly under topsails and light canvas; make up to 3 knots full and by.
4	Moderate Breeze	Good working breeze. Smacks heel considerably on the wind under all sail.
5	Fresh Breeze	Smacks shorten sail.
6	Strong Breeze	Smacks double-reef gaff mainsails.
7	Moderate Gale	Smacks remain in harbor and those at sea lie to.
8	Fresh Gale	Smacks take shelter if possible.

TABLE 5. THE BEAUFORT SCALE SPECIFIED IN TERMS OF THE APPEARANCE OF THE SEA.

Beaufort Number	*Criterion*
0	Sea like a mirror — smooth.
1	Small wavelets with the appearance of scales are formed but without foam crests.
2	The waves are short and more pronounced; their crests begin to break; the foam is not white but of glassy appearance.
3	
4	The waves become longer; many white caps are formed; the breaking sea produces a short, continuous rustling sound.
5	The waves take a more pronounced long form; white foam crests are formed everywhere, the sea breaks with a considerable noise which sounds like a perpetual murmur.
6	Larger waves begin to form; the white foam crests are more extensive; the sea breaks with a duller, rolling noise.
7	The sea heaps up and the white foam from the breaking waves begins to be blown in streaks along the direction of the wind; the noise of the breaking sea is audible at a greater distance.
8	The height of the waves and their crests increases visibly; the foam is blown in dense streaks along the direction of the wind; the sea begins to "roll."
9	
10	High waves develop with long overhanging crests; the resulting foam, in great patches, is blown in dense white streaks along the direction of the wind. The whole surface of the sea takes on a white appearance. The rolling of the sea becomes heavy and shock-like.
11	The waves become so high that ships within sight drop so low in the wave troughs that for a time they are lost to view. The rolling of the sea becomes tumultuous. The sea is covered with white streaky foam lying along the wind direction; the wind blows the edges of the wave crests to froth. Owing to the violence of the wind, the air is so filled with foam and spray that distant objects can no longer be seen.
12	

Unfortunately, the criteria given in Table 4 are of little use in American waters. The ideal solution would be a set of specifications based on the amount of sail that could be carried by a standard type of cruising yacht. Since circumstances prevent us from being able to see how a modern yacht would behave under the various conditions specified by Admiral Beaufort for a full-rigged ship, it is not possible by direct comparison to specify the units of the Beaufort scale in terms of the behavior of a yacht. However, an enterprising individual with a scientific turn of mind could, if he were willing to take the time and trouble, make a series of measurements with a tested anemometer while under sail at sea, and thereby devise a new scale which would enable one to gauge the *velocity* of the wind directly from the amount of sail carried. In spite of the growing tendency toward the carrying of anemometers on small boats, such a scale would be valuable, because many of the hand instruments on the market are far from accurate. In many instances more precise determinations could be made if the boat herself were used as a gauge.

With no fishing smacks in sight and lacking an up-to-date scale in which the average cruising yacht is the object of reference, is there any other criterion available for estimating the wind force? Yes, there is the sea itself. As everyone knows, the ocean surface is extremely sensitive to variations in the strength of the wind and consequently serves quite satisfactorily as a reliable gauge of wind force. In fact, most professional seamen of the present day estimate the Beaufort number of the wind force by the degree of ruffling of the ocean surface, the number and character of the white caps, the amount of foam, etc. They have learned to do this almost subconsciously through experience and through the traditions which have been handed down by sailors of former generations who were in a position to correlate the appearance of the sea with the amount of sail carried by a full-rigged ship. Although it is remarkable how closely professional seamen agree in their estimates, which are made nowadays on the basis of inherited knowledge, instinct and experience, there is a real need for clearly defined specifications based on the appearance of the sea which shall correspond to each Beaufort number.

It is, therefore, quite natural that any attempt to draw up specifications of this sort should merit attention; in fact, the International Marine Meteorological Commission has given particular consideration to a set of specifications proposed by one Captain Petersen, a German sailing ship master. Captain Petersen's criteria have not been adopted by the commission as yet (they are still being studied), but they are considered by several European countries to be sufficiently valuable to warrant publication in the handbooks of instructions to marine weather observers issued by those countries. Inasmuch as Captain Petersen's criteria may be quite helpful (especially to a novice) in forming a correct estimate of the wind force, they are presented in Table 5, although they have not yet received international sanction.

It would appear that descriptions of the appearance of the sea surface to correspond with each number of the Beaufort scale cannot readily be worded more precisely than this, because circumstances vary considerably. The length of time the wind has been blowing, the area of open ocean over which it has blown, the rate at which it has increased or decreased its force, changes in direction, squalls, etc., affect the appearance of the sea. Depth of water and tidal effects must also be taken into account.

In spite of the somewhat vague way in which they are stated, Captain Petersen's criteria appear to be the best available for modern requirements. The most logical way of gauging the wind (for the sailor who has no anemometer) is, therefore, to determine which description in Table 5 best fits the observed state of the sea surface. The Beaufort number opposite this description is then noted. In order to convert the estimate of force into terms of velocity reference should be made to Table 2. That is the procedure which should be followed if accurate estimates are to be obtained.

Boats Unlimited

SAM REGISTER, who for several years has conducted a small boat sales and display room at 231 Park Avenue, New York, under the name of Dyer Dink Sales Company, has recently changed the name of the company to Boats Unlimited. Greater diversification of the business was responsible for the change.

In addition to the Anchorage Company's Dyer Dinghies, prams, and featherweight skiffs, Boats Unlimited is agent for Owens Cruisers, Lawley 15-foot sloops and prams, Skaneateles Comets and Snipes and boats built by the Palmer Scott Co., of New Bedford.

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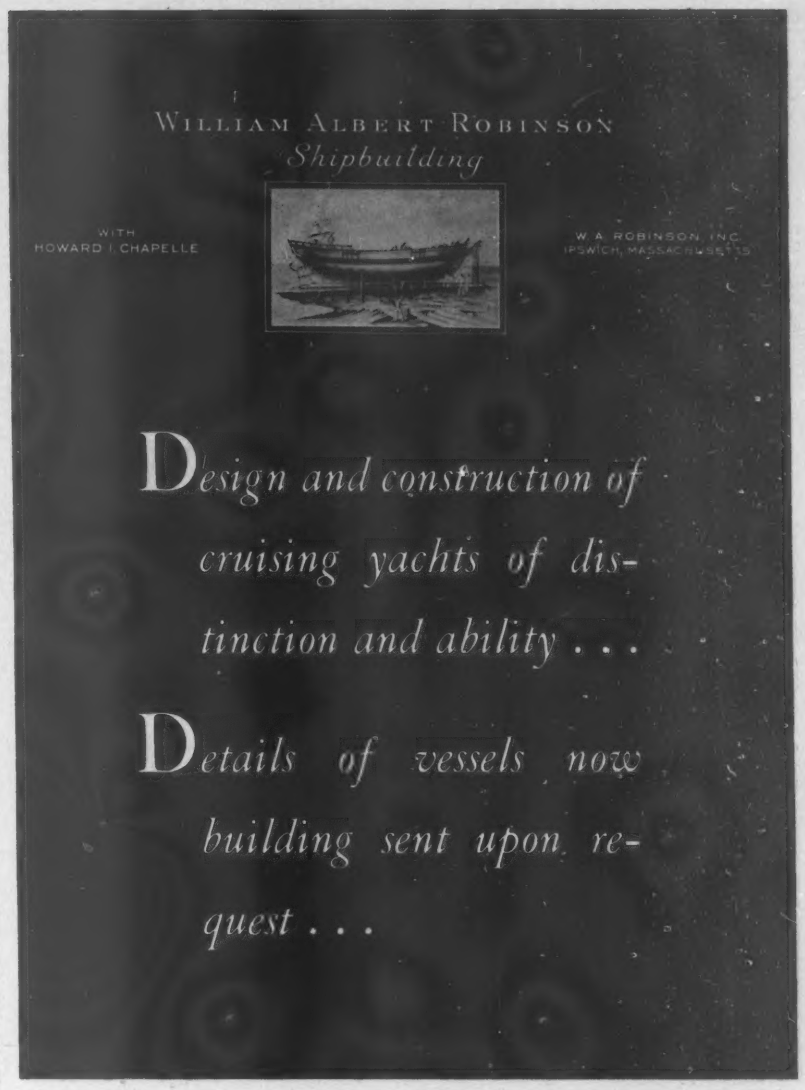
Ritchie Issues New Catalog

E. S. RITCHIE & SONS, INC., 112 Cypress Street, Brookline, Mass., have recently issued a new catalog describing and illustrating their line of liquid compasses and other nautical instruments. Among the new items shown in the 36 pages is the Ritchie Dialine Compass.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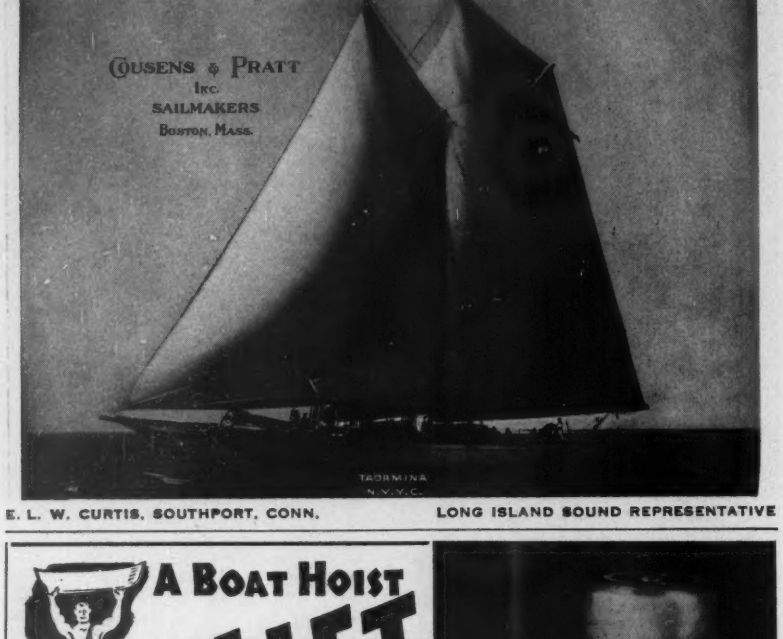

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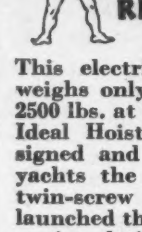

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Under the Lee of the Longboat

(Continued from page 53)

but while it does in fact give a vivid picture of a vessel caught in the fury of a mighty wind I'm not altogether sure that the comparison is justified. Divorces and separations are the order of the day, but it's next to impossible to alienate the affections of a Conrad lover.

The United States Maritime Commission has acquired title to two of the last three full-rigged ships under American colors (check me if I'm wrong as to the total number) and will use them as training vessels for sailors. They are, in case you don't read the papers in the summer time, *Joseph Conrad*, which was donated by Huntington Hartford, and *Tusitala*, formerly owned and operated by James A. Farrell and purchased by the Commission from a wrecking concern. By the way, I wish I knew for certain how many ships, barks, and barkentines there are left. A few years ago when I was cruising in the Baltic I entertained the notion that except for the grain ships the day of the square-rigger had gone — until I looked around one misty morning off the southern entrance to Kalmar Sound and saw half a dozen barkentines in one blink of the eye. They weren't grain ships, either. Just local cargo carriers.

The A. P. B. A. Gold Cup Turns to Brass Again

(Continued from page 31)

Excuse Me was wallowing along in fourth place when she began to come unstuck.

First, one of her sponsons, fundamentally important in three-point suspension, split and wobbled. Then, on the second lap, a piece of the deck blew overboard. The next time around, the nose of the boat folded back, snapped off and hurtled into the cockpit where it nicked Horn's chin and inflicted a knockout punch and a severely cut jaw on Taylor Parker, the mechanic. Then *Excuse Me* went to the bottom.

Miss Canada III was the boat that was making the running, as the turf boys say, for *Alagi* until she became the victim of a faulty engine accessory. She had just been passed by the Italian on the third lap and was going right after him on the fourth when the oil scavenging pump on her Miller motor gave up the ghost. Both *Miss Canada* and *Alagi* had been turning laps at better than 70 miles an hour before this mishap and everyone was keyed up in the expectancy of an all-time high for Gold Cup competitive speed.

But they were doomed to disappointment, the usual fate of those who go to Gold Cup regattas expecting to see the supposed *crème de la crème* of our speed boat crop whipped into a worth while froth of fiery competition. *Miss Canada* was towed back to the pits. She emerged for the second heat after emergency repairs but merely coasted around at 57 miles an hour in third place, astern of *Alagi* and *Miss Golden Gate*. She was in second place in the final heat, having passed the stricken *Miss Golden Gate*, when she quit altogether with less than a lap to go.

That, briefly, was the record of the lovely racing hydroplane in which Harold Wilson and his recent bride were hoping to give Canada its first leg on the 34-year-old cup.

Delphine IX, the big Miller-powered hull which Fred Cooper of *Miss England* fame designed for Dodge, once more proved to be a dud. She missed the first heat, ran one lap of the second and then folded up because something went wrong in the gear box.

While all this was going on, Rossi was tending strictly to his knitting, never within 300 r.p.m. of his peak speed and always going fast enough to keep *Miss Golden Gate* in her place. Despite the woeful lack of pressure, Rossi kicked in with two new Gold Cup records. He wrapped *Alagi* around the third lap of the first heat at 72.707 miles an hour for a new lap record and his total average speed for the 90 miles was 64.340 m.p.h. He made the previous lap record at Detroit a year ago, 71.446. The old total race record, 63.675 m.p.h., was established on the same occasion by the 1937 *Notre Dame*.

Eight entries, five starters, two finishers and a bumper crop of grief. That was 1938's Gold Cup Race.

It was fortunate that the Detroit Gold Cup committee did not depend entirely upon the Gold Cuppers over the week-end. Otherwise, the chagrined spectators might have run the brass hats out of town for luring them away from their firesides under false pretenses.

On Saturday, a flock of Division Two hydroplanes of the 225-cubic-inch Class put on a lively race which was won in three straight heats by J. T. Milliken's *Kay Jay* from St. Louis. Until *Kay Jay* came along, Division Two was made up of boats whose owners had been limited to $400 as the cost of a motor. Consequently, most of them were powered with conversions of Ford V-8

A group of cruisers get away on their race. Handling a boat in such broken water is a nerve racking job

engines. They were not fast as compared to the open 225 Class, where the price limit on engines is $700, but the boats had a lot of pretty even and inexpensive racing.

Then Gray reduced the price of its regular 225-cubic-inch racing motor to $395, Milliken popped one into *Kay Jay* and now it looks as though Division Two has a problem to solve. You can get some idea of how much superior *Kay Jay* is to her classmates when you consider that on Labor Day she was good enough to take second prize in the Edenburn Memorial Race for the major league "225's" which really have speed to burn.

The trophy, named for the little man with the big cigar who used to run Detroit's Harmsworth and Gold Cup carnivals, was won by John J. Taggart's *Tomiann*, a new boat from Canton, Ohio, which led in two of the three nine-mile heats. The fastest of the ten competitors, and the unluckiest, was Gibson Bradfield's *Bad News*. She caught fire in the first heat, jumped the gun in the second and won the third at 62.144 miles an hour.

A third heat breakdown cost Charles Wheaton's *Shadow II*, from Toronto, second place in the final standing. She had been second to *Tomiann* in the first two heats. Jack Cooper, the Kansas City veteran who has won about every other important 225 Class trophy, failed in the Edenburn again when *Tops II* broke a propeller shaft strut less than half a mile after the start.

And so another story of another Gold Cup regatta has been told; another record of haywire, flimsy construction and lack of preparation has gone into the books. But, despite the Italian victory, the Gold Cup remains in Detroit because the motor boating fraternity of that community had the foresight to exhume the long dead Miss Detroit Power Boat Association and prop it up as American sponsor for Count Rossi. When the A.P.B.A. rules were rewritten two years ago, to permit foreign entries in the Gold Cup Race, the legislators were smart enough to specify that visiting firemen must race under the burgee of an A.P.B.A. club and that the trophy must remain here in the custody of that organization if won by its protégé.

Too bad that we aren't as smart about such things as preparation, hull design and construction, and motor building. It would appear that the Canadians and Italians have something on us in those departments. With that pleasant thought we leave you to the summaries:

First Heat

Pos.	*Boat*	*Time*	*M.p.h.*	*Best Lap*	*Points*
1	*Alagi*	28:30.1	63.155	*72.707	400
2	*Miss Golden Gate*	32:57.6	56.319	63.868	300
..	*Miss Canada III*	Stopped, 4th lap		72.144	...
..	*Excuse Me*	Sank, 3rd lap		60.369	...

Second Heat

1	*Alagi*	27:14.4	66.080	69.912	800
2	*Miss Golden Gate*	29:07.3	61.809	65.415	600
3	*Miss Canada III*	31:15.6	57.582	63.276	225
..	*Delphine IX*	Stopped, 2nd lap		57.884	...

Third Heat

1	*Alagi*	28:13.1	63.786	69.400	2000**
2	*Miss Golden Gate*	34:20.3	52.420	66.720	900
..	*Miss Canada III*	Stopped, 9th lap		.....	225

* New Gold Cup lap record.

** Including 400 point bonuses for fastest heat and fastest elapsed time for 90 miles. *Alagi's* total time, 1:23:57.6 (64.430 miles an hour), is a new total race record.

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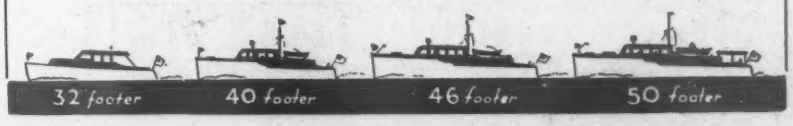

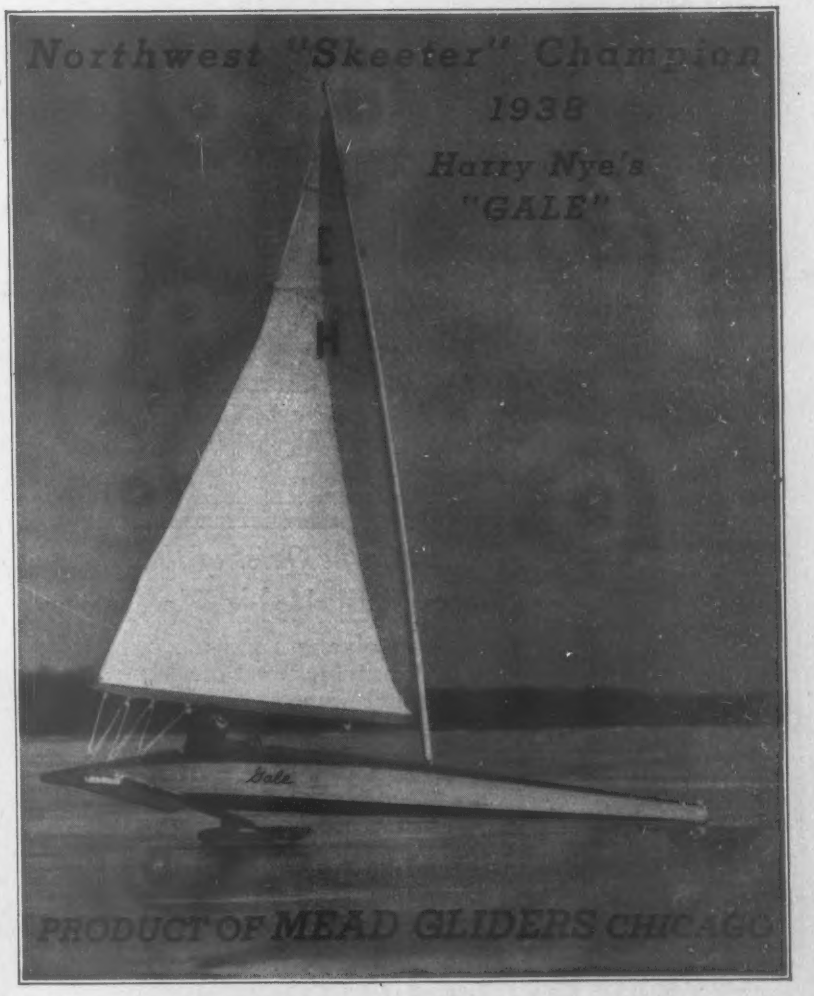

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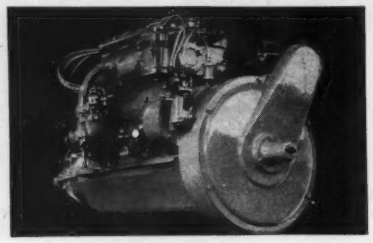

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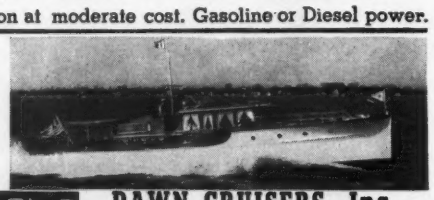

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A close finish

Riverton Sailors Win Comet Championships

(Continued from page 45)

Willcox put on another sail and gamely went after the fleet, he could do no better than last.

The winds the last two days were all that could be asked, from south to southwest, of some 15 to 17 miles' strength. For the first race, the wind came off the east shore of the lake and, while at times there was plenty of it, it was fluky in the extreme with many soft spots which played havoc with some of the sailors. In these conditions, W. Lynn Hendrickson, of the Barnegat Bay fleet, sailing a beautiful race, came from behind to catch Warner Willcox and take first honors by only eight seconds, with Jimmy Speer, from the Talbot County, Md. fleet, third, and Douglas McNitt's *Shadow*, from Raritan, fourth.

The second race was just as close and, in a fresh southerly blowing up the lake and rolling up a sizable sea, Roger Willcox had hard work to win from Ed Merrill by only 12 seconds. Phil Somervell's *Sirocco* was third while young Warner Willcox had to be content with fourth. The best Speer could do was eighth.

The last race has already been described. It was all Verner Smythe and *Sassy Too*. Taking a good lead on the first windward leg, there was no stopping the Washington flyer. He had a minute and four seconds on Merrill at the finish, who in turn was only four seconds ahead of Melko. O. C. Keller, of Maumee River, was fourth and Jim Speer sixth, with enough points to place him third in the championship standing with 127, three and a quarter points behind Roger Willcox.

For the first time in a Comet National series, a boat and crew from beyond the seas participated. The Club Nautico, of San Juan, Puerto Rico, sent an entry and Commodore Luis Santaella came up, accompanied by T. Gonzalez and Ralph Christianson, who sailed their new Comet *Puerto Rico*. In strange waters and sailing in a big fleet for the first time, the visitors did exceedingly well. They finished seventeenth in a fleet of 47 starters.

Never was a series better run and handled than was this one. Through the efficient committees of the Skaneateles Country Club, the facilities provided left nothing to be desired and the races were run with smoothness and despatch. Skaneateles Lake proved a fine body of water for the event. It is some eighteen miles long by one-and-a-half to two miles wide, with gently sloping hills making a picturesque background.

The standing of those boats scoring 60 or more points follows:

Boat and Number	*Owner*	*Club*	*Points*
Shu-Fly (265)	E. K. Merrill	Riverton	133
Scud (88)	Roger Willcox	Richmond County	130¼
Surprise II (733)	J. R. Speer, Jr.	Talbot County	127
Eight Ball (257)	Jack Melko	Raritan	126
Diablo (669)	O. C. Keller	Maumee River	125
Shadow (144)	Douglas McNitt	Raritan	122
Sassy Too (428)	D. Verner Smythe	Potomac River	119¼
Big Gus (670)	Milton Knight. Jr.	Maumee River	114
Sirocco (968)	Philip Somervell	Beverly	112
Sea Weed (65)	W. Lynn Hendrickson	Barnegat Bay Y.R.A.	100¼
Escargot (66)	Warner Willcox	Richmond County	100
Sirius (479)	Delos Humphrey	Lake Delta	98
Foxy (k-50)	Charles Fox, Jr.	Keyport	92
Gigs (1041)	John Skura	Bayside	86
Southerly II (730)	George Barnes	Skaneateles	80
Boga Ciega (829)	William Doxey	Princess Bay	79
Puerto Rico (1112)	Teodoro Gonzalez	Club Nautico de San Juan	74
Restless (131)	Richard Claver	Irondequoit	73
Can't Get Started (522)	George Carter	Crescent A.C.	73
Culver (909)	William Sandow	Conesus Lake	73
Zefr (856)	MacLee Henney	Leatherlips	72
Yankee (899)	Harden Coon	Lake Carey	72
Chip II (545)	Robert Doane	Lorain	71
Escapade (25)	Ernest Covert	Potomac River	70
Little Burp (648)	W. W. Knight, Jr.	Grosse Ile	66
Fire Bird (381)	Jack Eiman	Stone Harbor	65
Quest (922)	Westcott Barber	Skaneateles	62
Popover (509)	David Bailey	Ninigret Pond	60

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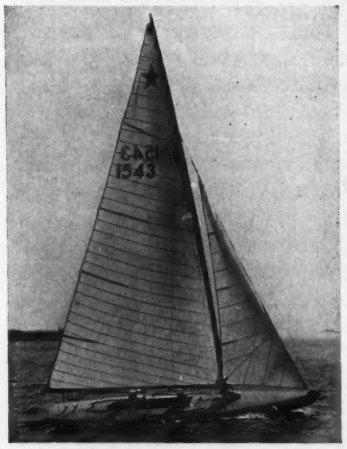

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Foreign "Sixes" Do Battle On Sound

(Continued from page 29)

brought looked very sleek indeed. They were *Circe*, owned by J. H. Thom; *Erica*, owned by Ronald M. Teacher, and *Vrana*, owned by J. H. Maurice Clark, the owner in each instance being the master of his craft. While *Goose* had already taken the measure of the fourth boat in the team, the Bermudian *Solenta*, the ability of two of our defenders in international competition on the Sound had not been as conclusively determined. These were *Fun*, owned by F. T. Bedford and sailed by Briggs Cunningham, and *Djinn*, owned and sailed by Henry S. Morgan. *Rebel*, with Corny Shields at the helm, had in 1937 retained the Seawanhaka Cup in three straight races; but she was a year old and, as has already been intimated, this racing was largely a battle of design.

The first race began in a northerly breeze that ranged from 6 to 15 knots, and when pairing took place, as it did promptly after a close starboard tack start, *Goose* covered *Vrana* on a starboard tack toward Great Captain Island, and *Fun* sat on top of *Circe* on a long port hitch to the eastward. In shorter tacks up the middle of a windward-leeward course (three miles, twice around), the American *Djinn* worked out ahead of *Erica*, and *Rebel*, after a tussle for supremacy, weathered *Solenta*.

As they all converged at the weather mark, *Djinn* was in the lead, and *Goose* was second. Then, in order, came *Rebel*, well ahead of *Solenta*, and *Fun*, followed by *Circe*. The easterly gamble had not worked too well.

This order was maintained at the leeward mark except that *Vrana* overtook her team-mate *Erica* and at the windward mark, after a beat in a freshening breeze, *Erica* dropped below *Rebel* and *Solenta*. Thus the race ended on the second spinnaker run, *Djinn* finishing nearly a minute and a half ahead of the hitherto unbeatable *Goose*, and *Vrana*, *Rebel*, *Solenta*, *Erica*, *Fun* and *Circe* widening out the distances so that the last was nearly fourteen minutes behind the first. Victory in this four-out-of-seven match being determined on the point basis, the American team won by 22¼ points to their competitors' 14.

The next race, twice around a six-mile triangle, was sailed in an east-southeasterly which was quite steady between 10 and 13 miles an hour. The result was the same, although the order of finish gave the winning quarter-point to *Rebel*, with *Fun* 1 minute 21 seconds astern of her and *Djinn* third nearly two minutes later. *Solenta* was the first British boat to finish. She was followed by *Erica*, *Circe*, *Goose*, and *Vrana*. The score was 23¼ to 13.

The next attempt at a race was frustrated by calm, the committee calling a halt to the leisurely affair when 2 hours 35 minutes had passed and *Goose*, leading boat, had not yet completed the first round of the six-mile windward-leeward course. An episode which had an important bearing on the next day's completed race occurred on the spinnaker run. *Djinn*, which had forced *Solenta* and *Circe* over the starting line in the pursuit of team tactics and which, like them, had had to recross and start again, was in last position at the windward mark. In attempting to overtake *Circe*, *Djinn* fouled the Scottish boat and withdrew. This rendered her ineligible to start in the next day's race, and so gave the British team an initial advantage of racing four boats against three.

E. Levick

Start of a race in the Scandinavian Gold Cup

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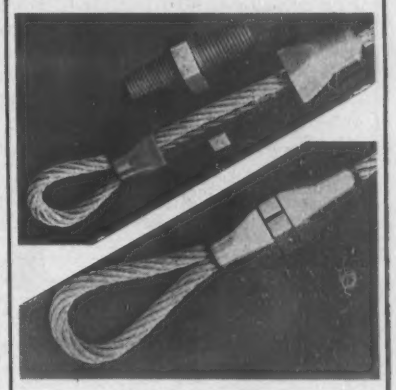

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The re-sail began with three of the British boats on top but, in the progress of the windward leg, *Fun* worked through *Erica* and had a lead at the first mark which she maintained to the end. *Solenta*, meanwhile, had been sitting comfortably on *Goose*, which had not shown her usual ability. Close to the first mark *Goose* luffed sharply when the two were on converging courses. Trimingham, at the helm of *Solenta*, attempted a quick response to Nichols' luff but the two boats collided. Each protested the other and carried on. Various shifts of position lent interest to the race, which ended with *Rebel* in second place only 6 seconds ahead of *Solenta* and with *Goose* on the Bermudian's heels, followed in short order by the three Scottish entries, *Circe*, *Vrana* and *Erica*.

On the return of the competitors to Seawanhaka's clubhouse, the genius of this Corinthian aggregation at amicably settling disputes was abetted by the manner in which the *Goose-Solenta* protest was filed. It was signed jointly by George Nichols and Eldon Trimingham, who agreed completely as to the facts of the collision and, after the deliberations of the race committee had ended, entered the council room arm in arm. The decision, rendered under Clause K of Rule XXX, held that *Goose* had fouled *Solenta* by not giving her, the windward boat, sufficient opportunity to respond to *Goose's* luff. Thus *Goose* was disqualified, and the combined score of the British team, totaling 18 points, was enough to overcome the two-boat advantage of *Fun* and *Rebel*, 15¼ points.

On the succeeding day there was insufficient air even to start the boats but on the sixth attempt a 10- to 13-knot easterly finished the triangular race in rapid tempo. Pairing took place quickly after the start, which was won by *Solenta*, and the first beat began with *Solenta* and *Rebel*, *Djinn* and *Erica* on the port tack, and *Goose* and *Vrana*, *Fun* and *Circe* on the other board. *Djinn* came first to the windward mark, and was followed after nine seconds by *Solenta*, always a consistent performer and today doing her best. *Goose* and *Fun* rounded almost together, their opponents, *Circe* and *Vrana*, outdistanced but ahead of *Rebel* and *Erica*.

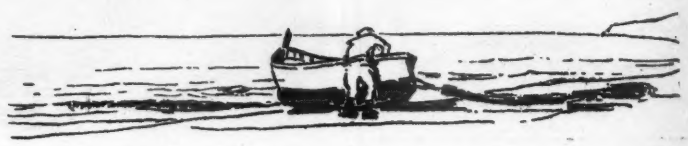
On the first reach of a port hand triangle, *Goose* slipped past *Solenta* and, before completion of the first round, overtook *Djinn* and reached into first place. The closest racing of the series was shown at this time, five of the eight boats completing the first round within 60 seconds. *Goose*, *Djinn*, *Solenta*, *Circe*, *Fun*, *Vrana*, *Erica* and *Rebel* was the order at the windward mark and unremitting work with spinnakers on the last two reaches was insufficient to better anyone's position. Thus the fourth completed race ended with 20¼ points for the Americans and 16 for their competitors.

The final race, sailed September 15th, in a light southwesterly, showed the British contenders in as favorable a light as had yet been seen but still not good enough to retain the key positions in the finish order. *Solenta* had the start at the leeward end of the line and, for a bit, retained the lead. Then *Erica* slipped slowly ahead, while *Vrana* tacked to port in a vain search for wind under Great Captains Island. *Fun* covered the red-hulled Scottish boat and thus it happened that, when the air renewed its strength from the Long Island shore outward, these two which had shunned that shore were hopelessly outclassed. *Erica's* tenure of first place was short-lived, *Goose* beating her by 80 seconds to the first mark of a windward-leeward race. But it was news that two more British boats rounded before *Djinn* and then *Rebel* made the turn. At this juncture, the putative point score stood at 19 for the British to 17¼ for the defenders.

The fact is worth mentioning for, on the first leeward leg, *Circe* had difficulty making a wet spinnaker draw and was overtaken by *Rebel* and *Djinn* before reaching the leeward mark. At that mark the order was *Goose*, *Erica*, *Solenta*, *Rebel*, *Djinn*, *Circe*, *Fun* and *Vrana*, and the American team was on top again. Its position was further strengthened in the latter half of the race when *Fun* picked up a place on *Circe*, and the match ended with a day's score of 20¼ to 16, and a total score of 101¼ to 77.

Although individual point scores have little significance in team racing it is interesting to see how evenly the honors were divided for the Americans — namely: *Rebel*, 26¼ points; *Goose*, 25½; *Djinn*, 25¼, and *Fun*, 24¼. Curiously enough, *Solenta*, with three thirds, a fourth, and a fifth, amassed the high score of 27 points. But the payoff came with the relatively poor showing of her team-mates *Erica*, *Circe*, and *Vrana*, which totalled 19, 16, and 15 points respectively.

[Contrary to our author's prediction, *Circe* made a clean sweep over *Goose*, taking the Seawanhaka Cup in three straight races. EDITOR]



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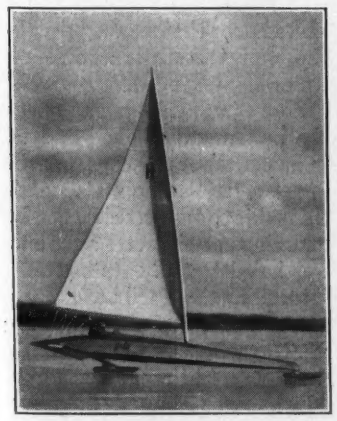

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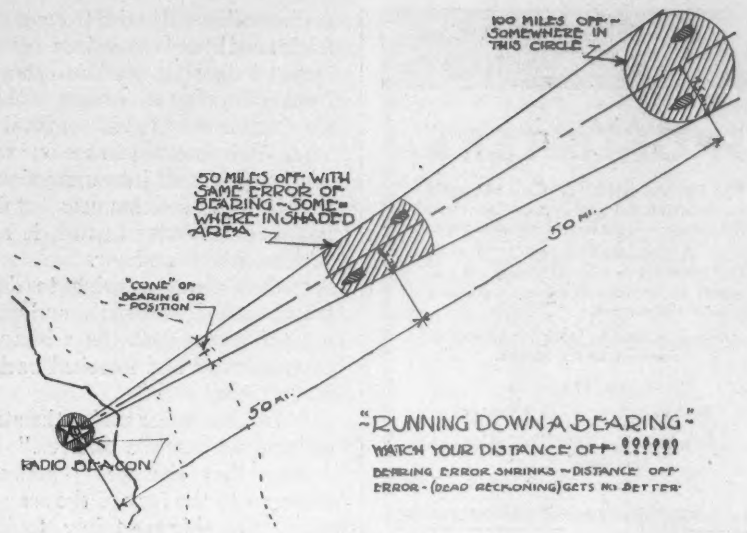

100 MILES OFF — SOMEWHERE IN THIS CIRCLE
50 MILES OFF WITH SAME ERROR OF BEARING — SOMEWHERE IN SHADED AREA
"CONE" OF BEARING OR POSITION
50 MI.
50 MI.
RADIO BEACON
"RUNNING DOWN A BEARING"
WATCH YOUR DISTANCE OFF!!!!!!
BEARING ERROR SHRINKS — DISTANCE OFF ERROR - (DEAD RECKONING) GETS NO BETTER

Figure 1

Radio Navigation Is Easy

(Continued from page 35)

is silent about two minutes, then repeats. As you get each "null" (or minimum), read the bearing under the pointer and note it down. For the best results, close your eyes while fishing for the null because if you watch the pointer you will be unconsciously influenced to stop it at the same bearing you got before. Closing your eyes eliminates any danger of this common cause for error and keeps you from kidding yourself. For rapid and accurate work, the best plan is to have someone standing by with a pad and pencil, to take down the bearings as you call them off.

11. You may expect to find some difference in your bearings — in fact, it will be remarkable if you don't. The range of bearings will depend on the movement of the vessel, the skill of the man at the helm, and *your own skill as a radio compass operator*. After practice, you should be able to take from six to ten shots a minute. When finished, look over your bearings. If one or two are wide of the mark and the others fairly close, discard the wide ones, as probably due to excessive yawing or other momentary disturbance, and average the others. Or you may take the range the bearings cover and draw radial lines from the beacon, as shown in Figure 1. This is called a "cone of bearing" or of position. The broken line between the solid lines is the mean line of bearings.

In Part II, we shall discuss how to avoid errors, and in general the practical use of the bearings.

(To be continued)

Tropic Landfall

(Continued from page 38)

now while it's light than later on."

So we did things and the steering became almost easy enough for Watson to manage. That is, until four in the morning when, with a crackling burst, a following sea bounced over the stern, filling the cockpit and seeming to cause *Uldra* to stop and gasp for a few astounded seconds. Nick, just out of her bunk, stared up through the hatch enquiringly.

"One of those chance seas," I said as light-heartedly as possible. Nick sniffed at the weather. "Not so good," she muttered.

"Blowing up a bit. I'll give you a call if it gets much worse." I continued to root my attention on the dimly lit compass. The wind had swung dead astern and steering was becoming difficult. "We're in for a nor'wester, damn it," I said savagely to myself.

Less than half an hour after our first pooping, a second deluge crashed aboard. Time to go carefully. We lowered the trysail and meandered on under the mere spread of staysail and mizzen. The glass continued to fall, the wind increased, the waves became unreasonable and a depress'ng gray pall took the place of chasing clouds and occasional stars. Soon after dawn, we stopped our lurching race before the sea, pushing the helm down and facing up to the driving wind and mounting crest-torn waves. Except for a violent motion, *Uldra* behaved herself commendably. With the tiller lashed, she remained hove to, looking after herself while Nick cooked a jumpy breakfast in the

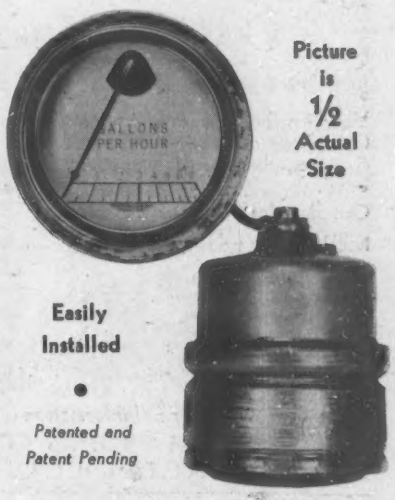
At a Glance

MILE-O-METER

ELECTRIC-INDICATING FLOW-METER

An instrument that measures and indicates fuel consumption rate

Shows Engine Efficiency



Picture is 1/2 Actual Size

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"The above consumption taken from your gauges indicates 1.245 miles per gallon. At the time of my last filling, I had run 116 miles, and required 94 gallons to fill my tanks. This gives an actual consumption of 1.238 gallons per mile, or a difference in results of only about one-half of one percent!!

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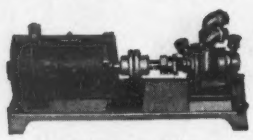

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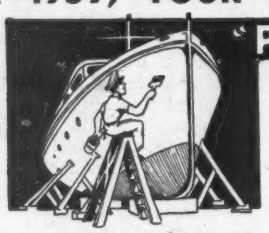

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reeling galley and I tried to comfort a frightened little Watson in the cabin.

Not long after we had eaten, a frantic flapping of canvas sent us clawing our way to the companionway. We looked out to see our mizzen tearing itself into unrepairable shreds. A tiny sail that usually takes but a few minutes to furl, it now took me nearly an hour.

"What are you going to do?" asked Nick as, exhausted and quite a bit frightened at the mishap, I slipped below and knocked back a stiff whiskey.

"We'll leave her under the staysail and see how she behaves."

Now that she was practically beam on to the fury of the sea and wind, the ship certainly took a punishing. We blessed her designer, we blessed the shipwrights for their honest work thirty years back. Not that she wasn't leaking through her hull and through her cabin top. The hull leak we took patiently, being, as it was, entirely due to the inferior installation of our new engine and entailing an hourly pumping. The cabin top and deck leaks were a different matter. We stood them resignedly for a ship of *Uldra's* age and one that has banged about the world as she has was bound to weaken a little under the submarine conditions she was now battling. But this explanation made those drips no less infuriating. Sleep was impossible.

In spite of these drawbacks, the cabin was more comforting than the cockpit. Outside, the magnitude of the seas, the wind screeching in the rigging and the hopeless murk of the sky were too depressing to withstand for long.

At six that evening, the gale piped all hands and got down to a thorough job of work. I looked at the barometer by the chart table. It had dropped another tenth to a new low. In shivering hand I made my entry in the sodden log book. "Glass 29.30. Full gale NW. Ship heading SW, roughly. Seas breaking green aboard occasionally. Motion awful."

By midnight, the wind had eased, the barometer was on the rise and so was our morale. And so, too, were our tempers! A gale at sea in a small craft may add one or two gray hairs but the calm that follows is maddening enough to make you bad tempered for life. As long as your gear holds out, you can do something while the wind is high but there is little you can do when it drops, leaving a topsy-turvy jumble of seas which cause your ship to buck around like an angry goat. The more sail you can raise to check the gyrations, the better, of course, but the constant flapping and sudden jerks on sheets and halliards cause tremendous strains on sails and gear.

At the end of that day, Nick, in the galley, must have felt that going over Niagara in a barrel would be child's play. We were heigh-hoing it for St. Thomas by this time with the nor'wester slowly blowing itself out and the sea gradually attaining sensible proportions.

Over a rather warm cocktail with which we toasted our survival of the gale — not forgetting to include *Uldra* as we raised our glasses — we began again to think about the Caribbean.

"If only this nor'west wind holds, we'll be clear of the Gulf Stream in another day," I said cheerfully. "Then we'll have the doldrums, variable winds, annoying perhaps, but if the U. S. Hydrographic Office knows its stuff, no more gales!"

We refilled our glasses. "To no more gales," we said solemnly.

I shan't go into too many details as to how that last toast of ours was a wasted one. The second gale that sprang down on us, less than twenty-four hours after our burst of optimism, was shorter but far more awkwardly furious than the first. Starting from the SE in the evening, it lasted the twelve hours of the night. And what a night! Each hour saw it swinging consistently 'round, through south, southwest, west, finally stopping in the northwest. Try and imagine the kind of sea this wild veering of the storm created, especially in this neighborhood of the famous Stream, which can be treacherous enough in fine weather.

Once more reduced to our staysail, we hove to and lay down to receive our beating — literally. Impossible to stay put on either bunk, Nick and I, with Watson shivering between us, wedged ourselves on the cabin floor. Periodically one of us staggered to the hatch to look out. Just before dark we had seen a tanker lumbering north and we realized we were probably in the accustomed track of the traffic from the south. But visibility, hampered by a driving rain towards which it was impossible to open the eyes, was so poor that we soon decided on the more fatalistic course of "if we're hit, we're hit."

So we jammed ourselves between the bunks and smoked and talked in an endeavor to keep from shivering — a deplorable state only partially due to our drenched condition. Smoking one cigarette after another we half-heartedly talked of the future but the Caribbean, coconuts and coral seemed difficult to visualize. Nevertheless, we must have felt there was still a chance, for every hour saw us vigorously pumping the ship.

Morning brought about a record. It was the only occasion Nick has resolutely refused to attempt to cook a meal while cruising. And small wonder! The gale had fallen suddenly to a moderate breeze, leaving *Uldra* to cope with the biggest muddle of breaking seas I have ever seen. Tortured by the veering of the wind throughout the night, steep waves heaved themselves up

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from all directions, clattering down with bursting crests, running to meet one another with a furious intent that developed into upflung cascades of spray. A sight I shall never forget! *Uldra* might have been bouncing around in the center of some vast, boiling cauldron. We forgot our apprehensions as we marvelled at her buoyancy. But Nick still refused to cook breakfast and so did I. We crawled, instead, to the food locker, pulled out some cereal and milk and ate what we did not spill. In another hour, the sun came out, the breeze freshened and we were off for the third time.

\+ + +

Had we been wise we would have hove to when we reached the quieter weather beyond the Stream a day or so later. Hove to and indulged in a good, sound sleep. Those two gales had taken a lot out of us and we were thoroughly fagged. But we kept on sailing, watch and watch about. Certainly, *Uldra* often sailed herself for hours on end but we never caught up on our sleep. Night time proved the hardest. After the first hour, it became a continual battle to keep our wits alive.

One beautiful sunny day we spied a steamer crossing our track, northbound. She altered course and came down to us. We must have proved a queer sight to those aboard her; two people and a barking terrier on a (what probably appeared to them) tiny yacht racing down the long swells of the Atlantic, red sails swaying to an exaggerated roll. It was drying-out day aboard *Uldra*. The cabin top was spread with soaked clothing, on the hand lines along each deck fluttered shirts and towels and, crowning all, hanging limply from the rigging, two pairs of long woollen underdrawers danced their mildewed legs to each lurch of the yacht. The steamer almost rammed us in her inquisitiveness; then, with a final wave back to us and our washing, turned on her heel and proceeded northward.

Christmas morning, a scorching day of little breeze, I said to Nick: "Look in the chart locker and you'll find something." It was the most inappropriate of deep sea presents, a bottle of her favorite perfume. To show her gratitude, she spent the entire forenoon preparing a dinner. Although our motion on the windless swell was jerkily trying, she produced a meal unequaled by many a cook on firm land.

Three hundred miles or so north of the Virgin Islands, these doldrums, across which we had been wandering since leaving the Gulf Stream, give way to the NE Trades. Towards this point we had been slowly making our way, knowing that once we sailed into the region of the trades we could romp joyously south for St. Thomas. Held up first by the Gulf Stream gales and then by the fluky winds of the doldrums, we did not gain the long looked for trades until January first, fifteen days from Beaufort. Still well stocked with food and with plenty of water left in our tanks, our only concern was the scarcity of cigarettes. We had worked too heavily into our supply in the Gulf Stream. Now, a possible three to four days from port, we discovered, to our dismay, just one cigarette left.

"You have it," said Nick generously.

"No, you," I countered.

"We'll keep it," she suggested. "The first one to sight land wins it."

For three days and nights we traveled south, the steady NE breeze bellying our sails, enlivening *Uldra* into a final sprint. Each afternoon I noticed Nick sacrificing part of her watch off in a fastidious manicuring of nails and that unfathomable business of doing things to her face. *She*, at least, apparently had faith in my navigation and ability to find St. Thomas.

On that third night, I began to get worried. I always do when nearing land after weeks at sea. By my magic navigation, we could be approximately only thirty miles from the island of Anegada, most northerly of the Virgins. But then came the disturbing thought: suppose I was grossly out, suppose I had made a fool mistake and we were much nearer? Anegada, low, with far outlying reefs, might possibly be dead ahead and on such a night, dark, with scant help from a thin slice of moon, what chance had we to spot broken water? In a fit of nerves, we hove to, heading the yacht north and away from danger.

With the first streaks of light, I was clambering up the mast but, even with the sunrise, nothing was to be seen. Perplexed, we set sail. The trade was fresh and we clipped across the white-topped deeps at a merry speed. Wonderful sailing, but for the anxiety regarding our landfall.

Noon came — and still no land. I got out the sextant and took a sight.

"Something's wrong somewhere," I proclaimed, after I had worked out the sight. "We're in the same latitude as Anegada but, as we haven't seen it, I believe we're miles to the west of it. In which case, St. Thomas should be about twenty miles ahead."

Nick, who, quite justifiably, has not too much faith in my mathematics, did not reply. Every so often she raised our hopes by sighting "land" only to find, after a few minutes' careful observation, that it was being chased rapidly westward by a colorful rainbow. When she at last gave an extra loud yell of "I see it!" I was inclined to be skeptical but this time the gray hump away on the port bow stayed resolutely fast.

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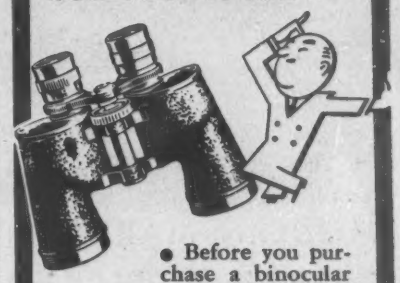

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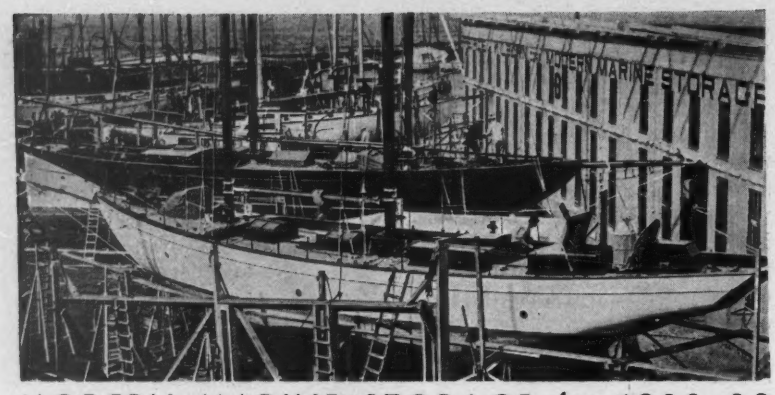

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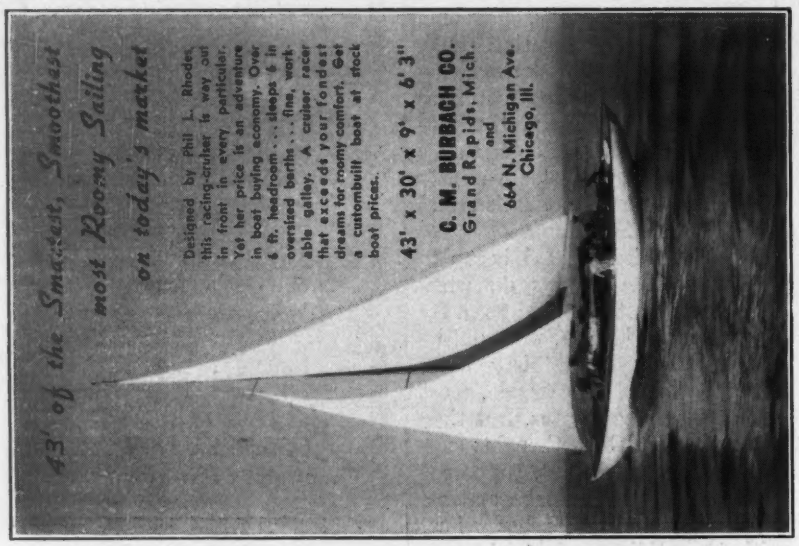
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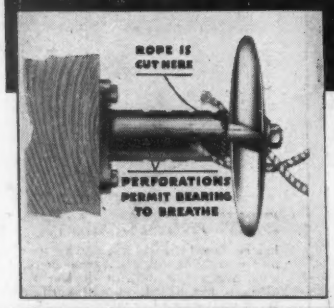

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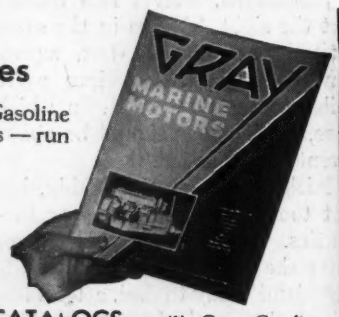

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"It's the visibility that's tricked us," I said seriously. "Ordinarily, we should have been able to see these islands at least forty miles off. Visibility and our chronometer." I was trying hard to vindicate my navigational errors. "It may easily be minutes out after those jumps in the Stream. No wonder I. . . ."

"What about my cigarette?" interrupted Nick.

As she magnanimously gave me a puff or two, she said: "I suppose that *is* St. Thomas?" The suggestion sobered us in a hurry. I dived below and scanned the chart feverishly.

Another hour and our doubts were relieved. Between the frequent rain squalls, the rest of the Virgins unshrouded themselves to the eastward. Gradually, as we drove nearer to the land, we began to feel the influence of the squalls. The wind became gusty, then light, and our progress in similar manner, fast and then slow. But we didn't grumble. With the smell of the land in our nostrils, the sight of green mountains, their deep valleys accentuated by the black shadows of late afternoon sun, the long white beaches backed by the lazy waving of palms and the brilliant emerald of the shallows in the bays, we felt happy and excited.

Watson jerked us back to reality by barking. He stood on the deck sniffing the land and his yap, though a joyous one, was the outcome of a practical thought. He probably realized that the balancing on a lurching deck was almost over.

"You've a while to wait yet, Watson," I said.

"How long do you think before we reach the harbor?" asked Nick.

"Four or five hours maybe."

"Well, then, let's start the engine."

Having lain idle since taking us over the bar at Beaufort, it surprised us by good naturedly starting with a minimum of coaxing. Although it helped a great deal, we were many hours beating up through the short seas of the Caribbean to the beckoning lights of Charlotte Amalie.

At three in the morning, our anchor, which had remained lashed on deck eighteen days, splashed overboard. In spite of our weariness, the harbor of St. Thomas and its hilly town seemed so romantic that we sat on deck for half an hour after we had anchored.

It was wonderful to have arrived and, perhaps for our heads later that day, it was fortunate we were out of liquor. We can do the most foolish things!

"Motu" Goes to Andros

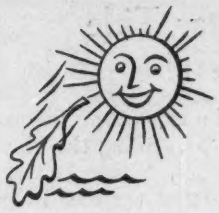
(Continued from page 52)

light on its rocky bluff, and then stood out across the bight to close the shore again off Ocean Point. Avoiding the "boilers" that spouted high off Ocean Hill, we eased in toward Little Harbor Bar, only to ease out when we saw the bar breaking all the way across. Though local knowledge had informed us that the bar was easy of passage, the good *West Indies Pilot* had not. We made for the entrance through North Bar Channel. The reef off Lynyard Cay, nearly a mile offshore, presented a marvelous sight in the heavy swell, growling so loudly that from a mile off it could be heard plainly over the unmuffled splutter of our exhaust.

Here you close the north end of the cay to within 300 yards of the rocks, continuing on a northerly course until the reef off the north end, with its attendant breakers, is passed and then stand in on a range bearing 290°. The range marks are two white concrete obelisks, eight feet in height, on two small cays lying well to the westward, the near beacon being about one mile from the edge of the reef. With excellent eyesight and a pair of $400.00 glasses, this range might be made out from seaward provided a sisal stem or clump of grass did not intervene. As range marks, they are a frost and should have large arrows, hung on skyhooks, to point them out. Once past Channel Rock, which may be passed within 50 yards with impunity and no more than eight feet draft, the sea eases. Nice judgment must be used so that the turn to the northward is made soon enough to avoid the nest of rock and coral heads off Sandy Cay upon which the outer beacon is situated.

We continued on past the north end of Channel Island, feasting our tired eyes on the smooth water ahead. Once within the reef, the eye must be the sole guide. The charts indicate about where the best water may be expected, but the soundings are at about 1½-mile intervals and much can happen in that distance. Too much reliance cannot be placed on any of the charts of the Bahamas. Many years and hurricanes have intervened since the surveys and the scale is such that only rocks and islands bigger than cathedrals are shown at all. Soundings have changed considerably and many channels and small anchorages exist which are not indicated. This adds to the pleasure of cruising here; one can always enjoy the delights of discovery even though finding a pile of conch shells indicates prior visitors.

Experience will soon enable you



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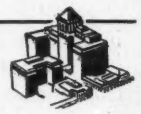

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to distinguish the types of bottom where heads and rocks may be expected; also, after a bit, you acquire a depth perception that develops in some to the point where the lead might be discarded altogether. This is the case with my wife; I honestly believe her the equal of the average sponger, if not the better. Rarely do their boats draw more than four feet and this fact, coupled with the almost universal lack of knowledge as to exactly how much their boats draw, makes them somewhat unreliable as pilots. Only too often local knowledge's "plenty water" will merely mean plenty water for their boats — and probably not for yours.

"White Banks," over which the water is nearly pure white, are shoal and apt to be bumpy, particularly where they occur near channels and breaks in the reef. Dark, grassy bottom is generally deep, the water being dark blue-green. Light green water over grass indicates shoal water. In this latter condition, met often in harbors, the best water is found over chains of "white lakes" (patches of white bottom), these being tidal scourings. The best channel will usually be found by following them.

Well in toward the main shore, we found smooth water, good anchorage and trouble in the form of a barracouta which grabbed a feather I foolishly trailed astern in hopes of a mackerel. Being tired, I was not in the mood for heavy angling and was enraged over that 'couta. They're mean devils to unhook, slime up the cockpit and smell like a brass doorknob. We got rid of him, dropped anchor and jumped into bed without further interest in Abaco for that day.

In the early morning following, our enthusiasm returned and we gazed in delighted anticipation at the little visited land before us. Low, pine clad hills, irregular, odd shaped bumps with many castle-like rock outcroppings, show the position of the main island; along here a string of cays hides the shore itself. Behind these cays are lagoons, mostly shoal. In our later cruising thereabouts, we found that deep channels exist between some of these cays and good anchorage behind their rocky ends. In one, known as Deep Sea Hole, we spent enjoyable hours with the glass bottomed bucket, peering into the depths at the great multitude of fishes that inhabit the rocky caverns below.

Locating this hole, along with a trip to the Great Cistern at Bostic, we owe to the most competent local knowledger in Abaco, the Reverend Dr. Stratton, of Marsh Harbor, an American missionary of 25 years' residence in the islands. Should you have a toothache while in these parts, the good doctor is the only relief this side of Nassau. The same is true of any other aches and pains. He raises vegetables, feeds his chickens on corn instead of fish, grows the biggest avocados in these parts and is so generous you will leave Marsh Harbor in shame after two days. The last two generations of Abaconians have left their teeth in his dooryard.

Enthusiasts over Nordhoff and Hall's *Hurricane* might stop here. Marsh Harbor enjoyed a hurricane in '32 that has become the dating point for everything since. Should you desire to meet people who spent their night of terror in trees, while homes and possessions washed away in the tidal wave that engulfed the settlement, this is the place.

This being the dread season when the radio is liable at any moment to emit remarks about "centers moving slowly westward with an increasing circulatory movement," we were intent on locating the much touted harbor at Hopetown.

When under way, we proceeded under power, the breeze being light. I also had a hankering to do my investigating and navigating in a manner that would permit hasty stopping and backing should need arise. So, with me on the spreader and my anxious mate at the wheel, *Motu* proceeded slowly northward in the great lagoon behind Tilloo Cay and Lubber's Quarters, following closely along the Angel Cays near the main. Witch Point, shown on the chart as being the south tip of the large Cay southwest of Elbow Cay Light, is wrongly indicated. The point is on the main shore due west of the Cay; there are outlying rocky "hats" and rocky bottom covered with fans and feathers. Coming past Witch Point and in a mere six feet — *Motu* draws 5½ — and just when the masthead navigator should have been most intensely on the job, the whole responsibility was dumped onto the long suffering wife at the wheel below. Five large turtles, moving about like giant polka dots on the bottom, captured all interest and no attention was paid to cries of: "Hey, where to?" from the distracted lady. It didn't much matter; she is a better eye-on-the-bottom navigator than I shall ever hope to be and we stayed afloat and moving, though precariously and with but few inches of water under the keel.

Above Witch Point, the best water is close to the main shore until you reach the small concrete and rock pier off the "Cut" through the narrow peninsula at Marsh Harbor. Here you turn due east for the light at Elbow Cay. Care must be taken not to become embayed behind the "Point-of-Bank" that lies off here, a most remarkable long sickle of a shoal terminating in a narrow sharp point. Though your chart will show one and three-fourths fathoms, do not proceed too confidently through here at low water or a bit of bumping might be your reward.

(To be Concluded)

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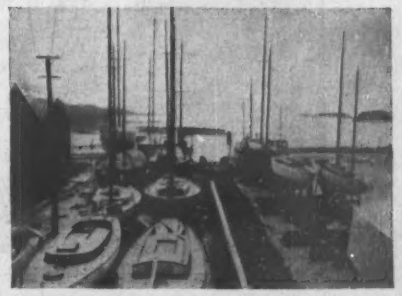

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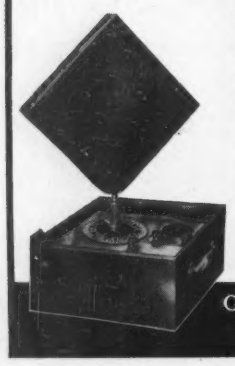

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"Pimm" Wins Star Title

(Continued from page 63)

Came the third day, with oppressive heat and light variable winds. Again on the triangular course, *Rambunctious* soon emerged from the rest and held her lead for the entire course. *Gale* crowded out Santa Barbara Channel's entry, *Phar Lap*, for second place, with *Stormy*, the blue hope of Newport Harbor, close behind, and *Pimm* fifth. The hands of the clock were creeping up toward 5:00 p.m. — the limit on the race — when the wind freshened a bit. But it was too late. Well out in front, *Rambunctious* had what appeared certain victory snatched from her by the expiration of the time limit. Meanwhile, *Pimm* had, incidentally, pulled herself up into fourth position. And so the following day, Friday, became a re-sail day, instead of the day of rest which had been planned.

Friday's re-sail failed to add misfortune to the lot of *Rambunctious*, which crossed the finish line nearly four minutes ahead of *Phar Lap*. Third came *Pimm*, with *Three Star Too* not far behind. *Gale* trailed Waterhouse's entry by more than two minutes. And so the intended day of rest closed with *Pimm* still leading the series with 63, *Gale* two points behind and *Stormy* showing 54 for third place. Although the race was started an hour earlier, the wind was but little better, at that, Cuba's *Kurush* and Hawaii's *Yaca* — both heavy weather craft — found it a bit more to their liking and finished thirteenth and fourteenth respectively.

The ill fortune which a few years ago overtook Dr. Neils Martin, of Santa Barbara, and Mrs. Martin, who was his crew, apparently had not run out this year. They were the couple who were dropped from a pier when a hoisting cable parted, and both were critically injured at the time. This year, in the last tune-up before the regatta, Mrs. Martin crushed her hand while coming alongside the float and Bud Gardner was pressed into service as crew.

Milton Wegeforth, whose *Lecky* won the 1937 event, was not racing this year. Sailing the vintage Star *Windward*, Victor Doyle, veteran secretary of the San Diego Yacht Club, and Jack Bone, his crew, nosed out *Lecky* to defend the title. After the elimination, however, *Lecky* was substituted for *Windward* with Doyle and Jack Bone as crew.

Convergence of the competitors on San Diego was what might be termed a parade of the trailers. Only two entries, *Pimm* and D. C. Porterfield's *Trece*, from Lake Maracaibo, came into San Diego aboard ship. Others were trailed down from San Pedro or came across the continent on their own wheeled trailers.

The appearance of W. Glenn Waterhouse, representing East San Francisco Bay in his *Three Star Too*, probably marked the final series wherein this outstanding sailor from the windy Golden Gate will be with the Stars. Waterhouse is casting his lot in future with the Pacific Coast One-Design Class.

One thing is certain, the heavy weather craft did not find things to their liking in the variables off the entrance to San Diego's harbor. Particularly noticeable was the inability of the well-sailed *Kurush* and *Yaca*, the latter brought over from the Hawaiian Islands by G. D. Crozier and Paul Withington, to live up to the reputations they had made in strong and steady winds.

A feature of the regatta was the daily award of prizes. The local Star fleet, the San Diego and Coronado Yacht Club, San Diego's sea-minded city council, and local business men saw to it that there was ample silverware.

As usual, the Coast Guard and the Navy were aces in the hole. The Navy provided the U.S.S. *YP-38* as committee boat, a big motor-launch from the Naval Air Station, and other facilities. The Coast Guard intended to have the cutters *Itasca* and *Perseus*, as well as a patrol boat, on hand, but you know what happens to the best-laid plans of firemen and the Coast Guard.

1938 WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP

Yacht	*Fleet*	*Skipper*	*Points each day* 1	2	3	4	5	*Total Points*
Pimm	Hamburger	von Hutschler	21	22	20	22	21	106
Gale	So. Lake Mich.	Nye	22	21	18	21	22	104
Mercury	W. San Francisco	McAleese	20	17	15	20	19	91
Stormy	Newport Harbor	Baxter	19	19	16	15	18	87
Phar-Lap	Santa Barbara	Martin	18	13	21	14	17	83
Rambunctious	Santa Monica	Cowie	0	20	22	19	20	81
Jay	Western L. I. S.	Ogilvy	14	15	17	18	14	78
Three Star Too	E. San Francisco	Waterhouse	10	14	19	13	15	71
Sachem	Long Beach	MacKenzie	15	12	7	16	16	66
Draco	Great South Bay	Ketcham, Jr.	11	16	14	17	4	62
Cene Too	Puget Sound	Ross	16	6	12	9	13	56
Lecky	San Diego	Doyle	17	10	13	12	0	52
Star Dust	Barnegat Bay	McNeely	0	18	4	11	11	44
Black Roger	Nantucket Sound	Waller	13	9	6	10	0	38
Nassau Star	Nassau	Symonette	8	5	11	3	9	36
Nomana	English Bay	Day	9	11	1	4	10	35
Trece	Lake Maracaibo	Porterfield	12	8	5	5	3	33
Seadler	Moriches Bay	Murray III	7	4	3	8	6	30
Peggy Wee	Lake Ont. (Amer.)	Baker	5	7	2	2	12	28
Kurush	Habana	Cardenas	4	0	10	6	8	28
Yaca	Hawaiian Isl.	Crozier	3	2	9	7	5	26
Sparkler II	New Orleans Gulf	Cleary	6	3	8	1	7	25

NOTE: *Jay* — Distant Fleet Trophy; *Nassau Star* — Invaders Trophy.

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EVINRUDE

Racing News of the Month

(Continued from page 61)

North Hatley Club. The series has been held annually since 1934: four races are sailed at each place, using the boats of the home club, boats being changed after each race. Each team was made up of three crews.

Since 1934, North Hatley has won three times (1934, 1935, 1936) to twice for Pointe Claire (1937–38). In the first half of this year's series, sailed on Lake Massawippi, the two teams divided points evenly, ending in a 40-all tie. The final four races saw a decided change, and P.C.Y.C. crews swept through in decisive fashion to win by 57 points to 26. Fresh winds prevailed throughout the races.

The P.C.Y.C. sailors made good use of their greater weight and knowledge of how to sail the little sloops in a choppy Lake St. Louis sea with plenty of wind. Pointe Claire crews finished first and second in every race, the best their rivals could do being two thirds. Under the circumstances, the lighter Hatley crews made a creditable showing but for the most part they could not hold the P.C.Y.C. boats on the wind.

"BEAVER"

\+ + +

Cohasset Wins Mrs. Adams Cup Again

BY WINNING her fourth straight National Women's Sailing Championship at Edgartown early in September, Miss Frances McElwain, of Beacon Hill, Boston, with her veteran Cohasset Yacht Club crew, established a new record for the Mrs. Charles Francis Adams Cup. In the number of titles she is still one shy of the five scored by Miss Lorna Whittelsey, of Indian Harbor, which were not, however, in succession. It was the ninth women's championship captured by Cohasset since the event was launched in 1924. With Miss McElwain were Miss Katherine Johnson, her main sheet hand since the start, and Mrs. Richard P. Waters, Jr., who signed on in 1936. Mrs. Philip Benson was pressed into service by the four-woman crew requirement, as the races were sailed in Vineyard Interclub 18-footers, a larger craft than usually used.

In the final scoring, Edgartown, with Miss Claire F. Dinsmore, 1932 champion, again captain, tied for second with Westhampton Beach, headed by Miss Patricia Henson. Edgartown won the toss up. Larchmont, piloted by Mrs. James B. Brickell (Allegra Knapp), was fourth; Northeast Harbor, by Miss Lucretia Brooks, of Milton, Mass., fifth; and Watch Hill, by Miss Emma Larkin, of Westerly, R. I., sixth.

The judges were Dr. Seth M. Milliken, C. Sherman Hoyt and Commodore J. Herbert Ware of the Vineyard Haven Yacht Club. The Race Committee of the Edgartown Yacht Club, headed by Alexander M. Orr, was in direct charge.

It was expected that the six races, beginning September 7th, with crews changing boats as usual after each contest, would be run off in three days but a northeast gale the second day delayed the third race until the afternoon of September 9th, which necessitated jamming the last three events into the 10th.

Miss McElwain, taking the first race from Westhampton Beach without much difficulty, established a point lead at the outset which kept increasing to the finish. The unusual feature of the first race was the dead heat for third place between Northeast Harbor and Edgartown, the two teams splitting the seven points. In this race, the Larchmont boat lost a spreader and withdrew.

The second race was mostly Larchmont, which beat Cohasset by a minute and 27 seconds. This time it was Watch Hill that broke a spreader.

After a 30-hour wait for the gale to subside, the girls went out late in the afternoon of September 9th for the third race in which Cohasset beat Westhampton Beach by a minute and 43 seconds.

The fourth affair was started early in the forenoon of September 10th. Edgartown beat Westhampton Beach by 40 seconds, Cohasset being a poor fifth. Miss Dinsmore won the fifth race also, this time outsailing Cohasset by 48 seconds.

The last race was over a short course, Cohasset defeating Edgartown by 39 seconds.

The order of finish in the six races was as follows:

First Race: Cohasset, Westhampton Beach, Northeast Harbor, Edgartown, Watch Hill. (Larchmont was disabled.)

Second Race: Larchmont, Cohasset, Westhampton Beach, Northeast Harbor, Edgartown. (Watch Hill was disabled.)

Third Race. Cohasset, Westhampton Beach, Northeast Harbor, Larchmont, Edgartown. (Watch Hill was disqualified.)

Fourth Race: Edgartown, Watch Hill, Westhampton Beach, Larchmont, Cohasset, Northeast Harbor.

Fifth Race: Edgartown, Cohasset, Larchmont, Westhampton Beach, Northeast Harbor, Watch Hill.

Sixth Race: Cohasset, Edgartown, Westhampton Beach, Larchmont, Watch Hill, Northeast Harbor.

Total Points: Cohasset, 30¾; Edgartown, 25; Westhampton Beach, 25; Larchmont, 19¼; Northeast Harbor, 15½; Watch Hill, 10.

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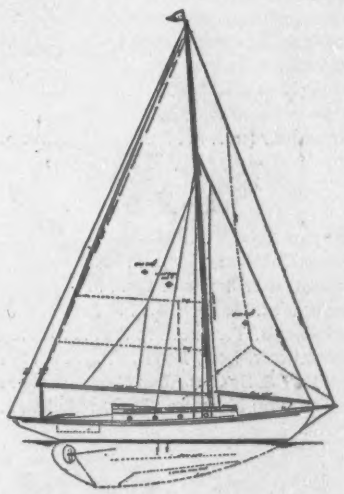

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